

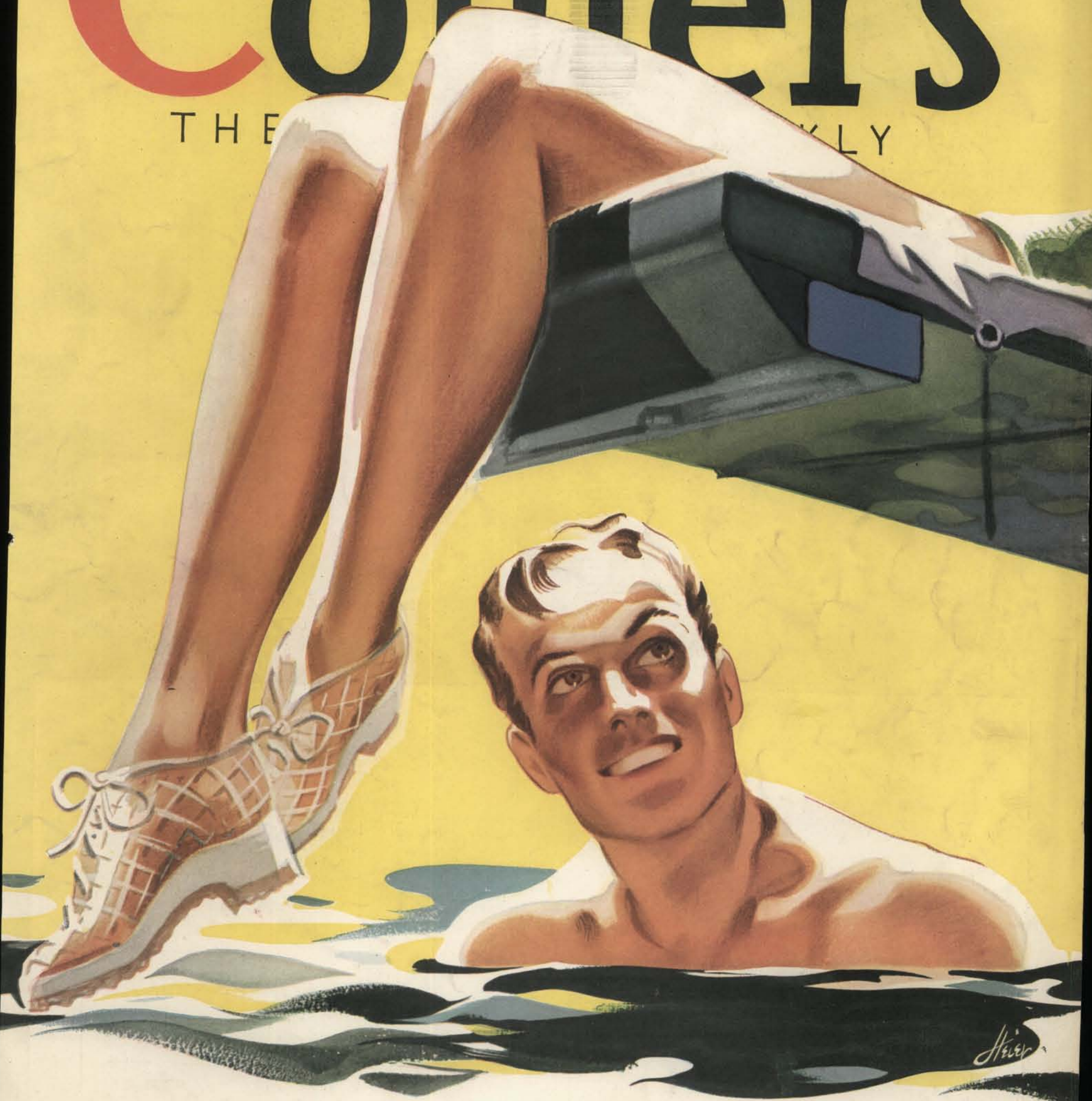
August 19, 1939

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Collier's

THE WEEKLY



FACE VALUE a Short Story by **MARGERY SHARP**

AUGUST 19, 1939



How three cooling words became four....

EACH YEAR, more and more people are discovering that, simply by changing *three* well-known words to *four*, they can add new magnificence to their favorite mid-summer drink...

Instead of just saying "whiskey-and-soda," these connoisseurs of coolness say "*Four Roses-and-soda*"... for they maintain Four Roses-and-soda is different from any whiskey-and-soda you ever tasted.

And it is! It's just *bound* to be—because Four Roses itself is so different...

Four Roses, you see, has the virtues, not of just a *single* straight whiskey, but of *several* selected straight whiskies. Each of these whiskies is *at least 4 years old*. Brought together, they give to Four Roses a matchless flavor,

aroma, and smoothness—qualities that have won for it the reputation of being the finest whiskey in America.

Why it's so fine in a Highball

Four Roses is *ALL* whiskey—every drop! That's why it *stands up* in a highball—holds its delicate flavor, right down to the bottom of the glass. Yet Four Roses is *mild*, because all of the whiskies in it have been reduced to 90 proof, especially for mildness.

Sometime today, at home or at your favorite bar, enjoy a Four Roses-and-soda. Listen a moment to the tinkle of the ice in the glass—like small silver bells calling you to a rare pleasure...

Then obey the summons. Sip—slowly...and

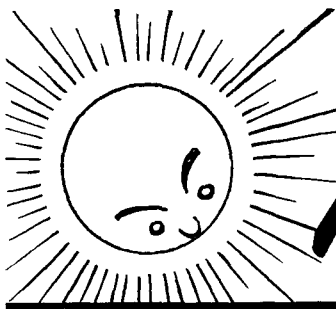
be thankful the world affords such solace in hot weather as... a Four Roses-and-soda! Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.



TRY A
FOUR ROSES
—and—soda!

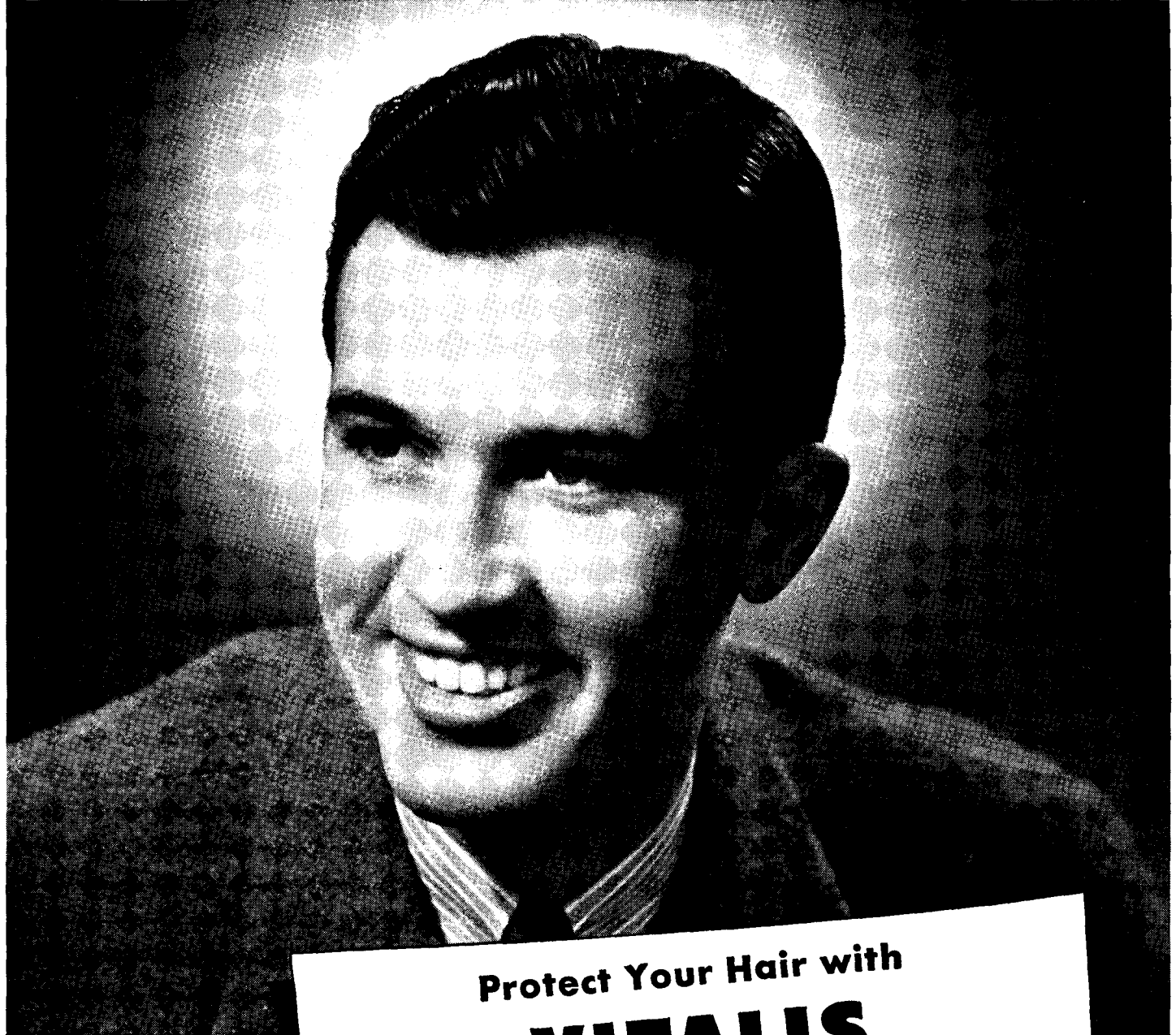
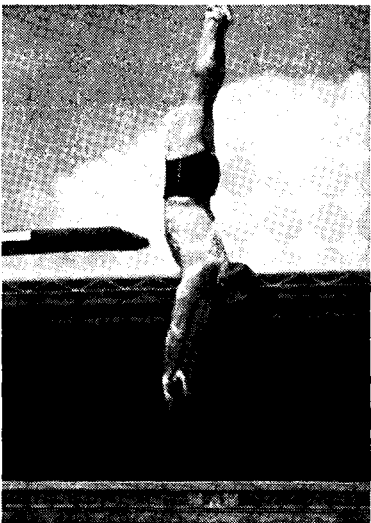
EVERY DROP IS WHISKEY
AT LEAST 4 YEARS OLD

A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES—90 PROOF—THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN FOUR ROSES ARE 4 YEARS OR MORE OLD



Protect your Hair from the gaff of

Broiling Sun and Water

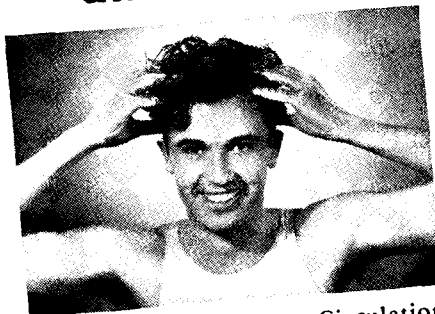


A SUN-BRONZED, healthy body attests the splendid exercise you get from summer sports . . . but did you ever stop to think what a terrific beating the broiling sun and soaking showers give your hair? Days outdoors leave you with hair that's lifeless, that feels dry and brittle—hair that needs Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout".

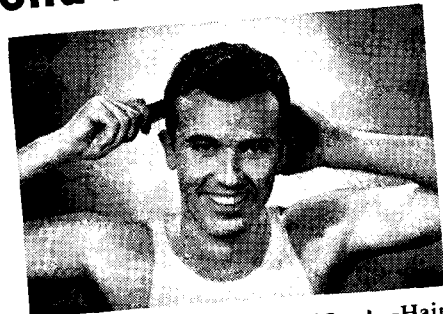
For Vitalis combats the damaging effects of those arch-enemies of good-looking hair—sun and water. Apply Vitalis to your scalp and rub briskly. There's a healthful tingle as circulation increases and the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis come to the rescue of your oil-depleted scalp. Hair takes on a rich lustre. It's easy to comb and keep in place. And there's no objectionable "patent-leather" shine!

For the sake of the health and good looks of your hair, use Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" *regularly*! Get a bottle of Vitalis at any drug store today.

Protect Your Hair with **VITALIS** and the "60-Second Workout"



1 50 Seconds to Rub—Circulation quickens—flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!



2 10 Seconds to Comb and Brush—Hair has a lustre—no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"
helps keep Hair Healthy and Handsome



WARNING—For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis now comes only in the new, sanitary Seal tubes—sold by barbers who display this seal. Accept no substitutes. Insist on Seal tubes!

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
 Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK
 Editorial Director

Collier's

August 19, 1939

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Transportation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art

DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editor

Next Week

RICHARD ENGLISH, a reformed clarinet, gives out next week with a story called "Trombone from Heaven." The riffs and ride-outs of the yarn defy transcription, so instead we'll tell you about Mr. English.

Mr. English was born in Illinois and has lived in California since he was 18, which was ten years ago. When he sold his first story to Collier's a year and a half ago, he gave up his job as a movie-script writer and became an author. He has a twelve-inch chest expansion, which usually keeps him out of fights. On the side, he is Pacific business manager for Rudy Vallee and also manages two swing combos of his own. He's getting so he doesn't hit the licorice stick any more.

BOOSTING and boosters once were as typical of the West as silver dollars. But of late the gentle art has fallen into quiescence, if not disrepute. The Far West, particularly the Pacific Northwest, doesn't care if the rest of the world just stays home. But over the Oregon Trail into this "Poor Man's Paradise" the immigrants are pouring, with ten million more on the way in the next decade, and nothing, apparently, will stop them. Jim Marshall, who lives up there, tells about it.

WHILE Johnny Weissmuller is breaking female hearts at the New York World's Fair, Peter Fick is breaking practically every swimming record Johnny ever set. The saga of the truck driver who became the world's fastest "Water Boy" is told by Arthur Daley.

AND speaking of world's fairs—there's always Sally Rand. Quentin Reynolds, who has a nice eye for figures, has cast up a trial balance on Miss Rand. He manages to ignore her artistic accomplishments and introduces us to Miss Rand the successful "Business Woman."

WHY J. Richard (Dixie) Davis turned state's evidence in defiance of the code he had lived by during most of his adult life is told in the concluding article of "Things I Couldn't Tell Till Now."

THE fiction editor certainly has no apologies to make for his offerings next week, including as they do the works of Courtney Ryley Cooper, Ben Ames Williams, Erich Maria Remarque, Frederick Hazlitt Brennan and Duane Decker. But the story he's been bragging about all week is "Undertow," by Henri Troyat. It's a Parisian story, translated from the French, and the fiction editor says it is "formidable."

This Week

SHORT STORIES

MARGERY SHARP

Face Value. The love story of a man who lived in a mask. Page 9

BURKE BOYCE

Wedding in the Clove. A stirring romance of the days when America was young. Page 14

MILDRED CRAM

Pioneer Lady. Glamor, like nail polish, comes off easily. Page 18

GROVER JONES

Big Moment. Misty was a lady, but you couldn't do her wrong. Page 24

THE SHORT SHORT STORY

Quiet Campaign, by Frederic Mertz. Page 22

SERIAL STORIES

ERICH MARIA REMARQUE

Flotsam. The seventh of twelve parts. Young love in Lucerne. Page 16

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN

Some Like It Here. The second of six parts. But not the Corrigan. Page 20

ARTICLES

HOWARD TAUBMAN

Rare Musical Bird. Meet Leopold Stokowski. Page 11

J. RICHARD (DIXIE) DAVIS

Things I Couldn't Tell Till Now. The fifth of six parts. Autobiography written in blood. Page 12

J. D. RATCLIFF

Insect Menace. Some very active enemies of mankind. Page 15

WALTER DAVENPORT

The Lord and Little Dick. His Excellency, the governor of Michigan. Page 17

HOWARD W. TURTLE

Shooting Gal. Mrs. Lela Hall, who never misses. Page 23

FRELING FOSTER

Keep Up with the World. A little knowledge—but safe. Page 6

EDITORIALS

The CCC—Indispensable? "Flotsam." Page 62

COVER

HENRY HEIER

Any Week

WE HAVE the pleasant feeling of having read some other person's mail. Come to think of it, it wouldn't be a bad idea to make the practice general. We're pretty sure that your mail is much more interesting than ours and we have it on the authority of Miss Winnie Brusch of Knoxville, Tennessee, that "it must be fascinating to read letters from all parts of the world." We would, for example, be glad to exchange our mail for Miss Brusch's. She'd wonder what ours was all about and we'd be completely baffled by hers. And both would have excellent excuses for going around looking like mystified penguins.



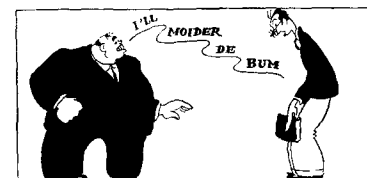
BUT we've just read a stray letter from a lady named Irene in Marquette, Michigan. It informs us that Elsie is married and that Caroline "has been home from the hospital two weeks where she had quite some work done." Fervently we hope that both of the operations come up to expectations and that the results will endure. How much more romantic to hear from Irene about Elsie and Caroline than to ponder this one from Mr. John K. Leury of Schenectady, New York. Says Mr. Leury, "You are the Brooklyn Dodgers of journalism, pleasing the customers but not taking yourselves any too seriously. It is when you try to get important and feed us a lot of tripe from stuffed shirts that you don't get my nickel. When I want to raise a pain in the neck I read your competition."

WE REGRET more than we care to say that the best we have to offer on the war situation this week is the Civil War or, as the movies call it, the war between the states. This will force you, alas, to the more trivial columns where you will doubtless read all about what England is going to do, what's on Hitler's mind and how broke Japan is. So the best we can do is cite what Mr. Durwood Armstrong, a young man of what appears to be Diascond, Virginia, has to say about a war which we foolishly imagined to be over. With some heat, Mr. Armstrong protests against the expression used by one of our fiction characters—"Like Grant took Richmond." This expression, says Mr. Armstrong, is "not based on facts."

The fact is, we discover, that General Grant did not take Richmond at all but merely "entered it after Lee had left." We've heard from Mr. Burleigh Stewart of Charleston, South Carolina, on the subject too. And he's much more to the point: "You damyankees never did have the guts to give us a return fight," says Mr. Stewart.

THIS writing business takes its toll of those who, either for art's sake or for the enormous monetary returns, indulge in it. Mr. Ted Freeland of Carmel, California, discovered only recently what authorship does to one. "Last week," says Mr. Freeland, "I was doing a swell piece for you, only to find after three hours of intense work that I had no ribbon in my typewriter."

AND a very good idea that was too. Something similar is suggested by Mr. William M. McNinch of Columbus, Ohio, and we hope the idea is not dismissed lightly. Mr. McNinch cannot make up his mind on this third-term problem. And yet he cannot bring himself to see the complete and permanent retirement of Mr. Roosevelt. So he has worked out a solution. "Let Mr. Roosevelt step down temporarily," says Mr. McNinch. "Let us elect somebody he designates with the understanding that if that man does not come up to snuff Mr. Roosevelt will step in in 1944." Then Mr. McNinch adds a line that is not wholly clear—although ours is not the fastest intelligence we've ever met. "This," says Mr. McNinch, "would cost us only fifty cents a head."



BELATEDLY but righteously Mr. C. Dinn Welcome of Atlanta, Georgia, notifies us that Dan Parker's article about Mr. Joe Jacobs, manager for Mr. Tony Galento, the one-man war, "was probably accurate as to facts but an inexcusable offense to all those who love the noble English language." While we, silly japes, were laughing, Mr. Welcome was busy thinking about the rising generation. "Do you realize that a few more such atrocious displays of ignorance and illiteracy might easily influence the tongues and vocabularies of scores of sons of educated parents? You are contributing nothing to literature."

CAN spell it though. . . . W. D.

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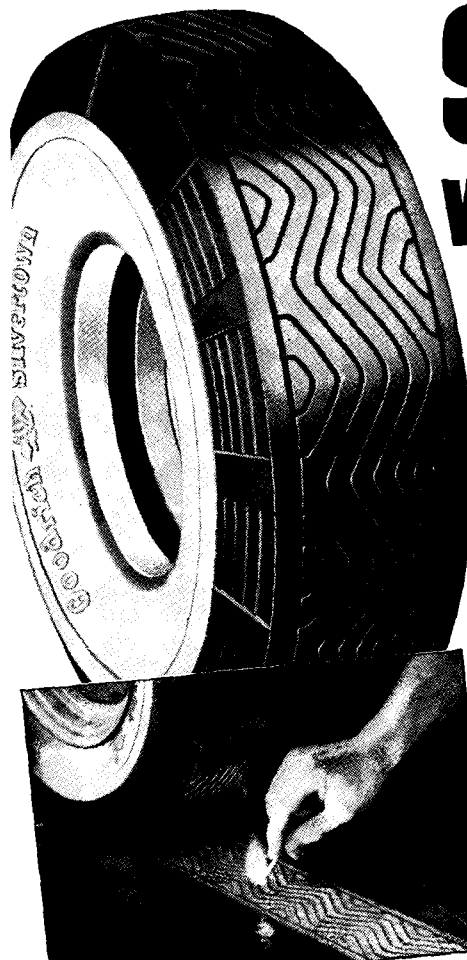
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DOLA KANAS

SKIDS PACK DYNAMITE!



GET THE *Quickest* NON-SKID STOPS YOU'VE EVER HAD WITH NEW GOODRICH ROAD-DRYING TIRE



SWEEPS WET ROADS SO DRY YOU CAN LIGHT A MATCH ON ITS TRACK!

• Maybe you never thought of it before, but *skids can be as deadly as dynamite!* No wonder thousands are killed or injured every year when cars skid. There's bound to be something in the way. Oncoming cars, or a telephone pole, or even a child! Yet there you sit, utterly helpless to stop the wild flight of your car. All because *your tires won't stop on wet, slippery pavement!*

How About Your Tires?

Are they slick, smooth and unsafe? Will they give you the protection and grip you need when the going gets skiddy? Because, don't forget, there may be many times when you'll need quick, sure stops—times when a traffic light changes suddenly or you want to avoid hitting a child or somebody who carelessly gets in your way.

Dries As You Drive

Before a skid threatens your family's safety—before you have repair and medical bills on your hands—switch to Goodrich Safety Silvertowns. If there ever was a tire to

stop you *quicker, safer* in an emergency, it's this new kind of tire with the Life-Saver Tread—the tread that acts like a battery of windshield wipers—sweeps right and left, across a wet surface—leaves a track so dry you can *light a match* on it.

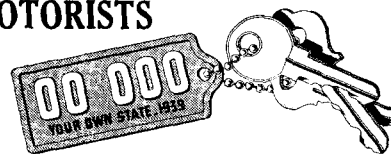
Remember, too, this new Silvertown is the tire that won "hands down" in competitive non-skid road tests conducted by Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory, the largest independent testing laboratory in the country. In these exhaustive tests of the regular and premium-priced tires of

America's six largest tire manufacturers, including *new* tires which have recently been introduced, *no tire tested* came up to the new Silvertown's LIFE-SAVER Tread in non-skid action. If you want the quickest, safest stops you've ever had on a wet pavement . . . if you want the real *blow-out* protection of the famous GOODRICH Golden Ply—BOTH AT NO EXTRA COST—equip your car with these new life-saving Silvertowns. See your Goodrich Dealer or Goodrich Silvertown Store today.

SPECIAL OFFER TO ALL MOTORISTS

Your own LICENSE PLATE

ON A KEY CHAIN for only **10¢**



This miniature reproduction—with your own number and state color combination—couldn't be more your own if you made it yourself! Made of brass with smooth, rounded corners, embossed

numerals. Drive in to your nearest Goodrich Dealer or Goodrich Silvertown Store and ask them to get one for you. No obligation—nothing to buy. Only 10 cents to cover cost of handling.

The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

LIFE-SAVER TREAD SKID PROTECTION  GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION

HISTORIC "DOG-FIGHT"

in the early days of

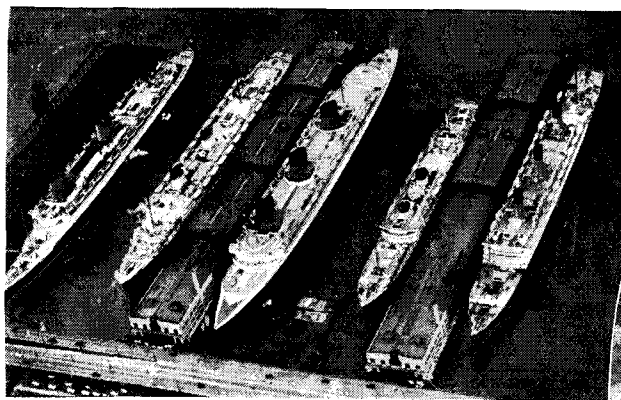
PENNSYLVANIA OIL



PHOTO FROM THE LUTHER D. FULTON COLLECTION

This scene looks peaceful enough—but it is an actual photograph, taken in 1865, of a bitter transportation war. Like dogs wrangling over a bone, railroads and pipe lines fought (and both fought the teamsters) for the right to carry Pennsylvania Oil. Railroads refused to let pipe lines cross. Note locomotive blocking tank wagons which pipe lines had to use to cross tracks. Bloody battles occurred... but today every form of transportation carries Pennsylvania Oil. And almost every form of transportation—cars, buses, trains, steamers, airplanes—uses Pennsylvania Oil for safe, sure lubrication.

THANKS TO
PENNSYLVANIA
I DON'T KNOW WHAT
OIL TROUBLE MEANS!



A rare picture of five giant ocean liners. Modern ships are tremendous users of lubricants—and they rely on Pennsylvania Oil for smooth, friction-free operation. Pennsylvania Crude makes the oils that provide safe, low-cost lubrication to almost everything that moves... and naturally that includes your automobile.

Q: Which type of oil do you consider best for your motor?

A: Why, Pennsylvania, of course!

Independent nation-wide survey, made by approved fact-finding methods, proves that 82% of America's motorists prefer a Pennsylvania Motor Oil.



A "shot" fired in the interest of better motoring—deep down in the oil-sands a torpedo is exploded in a new Pennsylvania well to loosen sands and start more of world's finest oil on its way to you.

This is the official emblem of the Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association. It is not the mark of a brand. It is a guarantee to you that a motor oil is made entirely from Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil and that the oil is up to this Association's rigid quality standards in every possible respect.

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION
OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA

This advertisement is published in the interests of producers, refiners, wholesalers, retailers, exporters and users of 100% Pure Pennsylvania Motor Oils protected by our emblem. Watch for new announcements in this series

BETTER OILS FROM THE GROUND UP!

Copyright 1939, Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

During the four-months siege of Paris in 1870-1871, 56,000 official dispatches and a million private letters were brought into the city by pigeons. The messages had been set in type, photographed in microscopic size and printed on thin films of collodion, so that a bird could carry as many as forty thousand letters at one time. Such a cargo, at the pigeon-post rate of ten cents a word, would have cost \$56,000 in postage.

Typhoid fever is now so uncommon in this country that many of our younger physicians have never seen a case of it.—By Dr. Iago Galdston, New York, New York.

The amount of nervous energy involved in reading may be realized from the fact that the average person makes from twelve to six muscular adjustments of the eye to see and comprehend every word.—By Margaret E. Hockaday, New York, New York.

New York City has a society that lends money without interest. Persons of any race or religion may secure a loan up to \$500, for six months or longer, by obtaining the signatures of two responsible endorsers. The borrower is not investigated and the check for the money does not carry the name of the institution.

Oysters catch more rats than do cats on the islands in Donegal Bay, Ireland. The rodents go down to the beaches in search of food when the tide is out and poke their noses into the partly opened shells of the bivalves, which instantly close and capture them; then they are held in the oyster's viselike grip until the tide returns and drowns them.

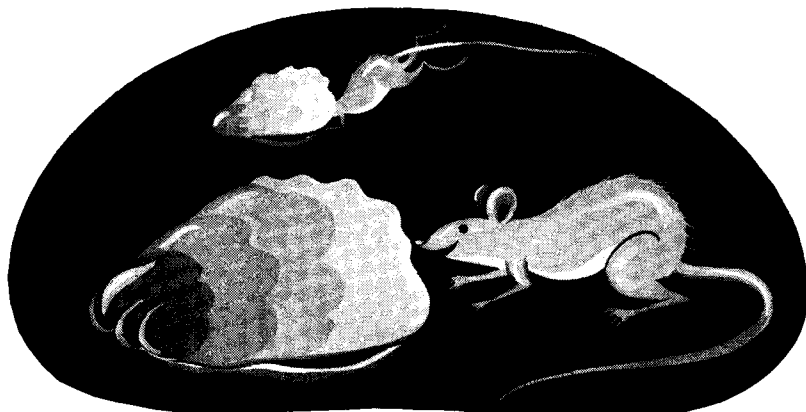
There are only 12,000 licensed veterinarians in the United States and nearly 3,000 of them are employed by the Bureau of Animal Industry in the Department of Agriculture.

The costliest murder trial of modern times was that of Sacco and Vanzetti in Boston, which started in May, 1921, and ended with their execution in August, 1927. Not only did their defense committee spend \$325,000, but millions of dollars were expended throughout the world in newspaper space, mass meetings and petitions to urge clemency.

America's shortest major-league baseball game, played in New York on September 28, 1919, between New York (6) and Philadelphia (1) of the National League, required only fifty-one minutes. The longest game, also a National League, played in Boston on May 1, 1920, between Boston (1) and Brooklyn (1), lasted 26 innings and required three hours and fifty minutes.—By Ben Gray, Spicer, Minnesota.

Phonograph records of tapped-wire telephone conversations may easily be faked—in the man's actual voice and words. Many innocent conversations can be recorded, transferred to movie film, the desired words cut and rearranged in incriminating order and the new film played back onto new phonograph records, a trick as simple as it is convincing.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's. The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.





“Unfair to scarecrows... that’s what it is!”

LADY: Who said that?

SCARECROW: I did. I’m going to strike. Look at your husband over there. He’s scaring away more crows than I am.

LADY: He scares me. I don’t know about the crows.

SCARECROW: Why don’t you get the guy some decent-fitting shirts? Look at his arms—dangling a mile out of those sleeves. Look at his collar—tighter’n a hangman’s noose. Lady, you oughta be ashamed!

LADY: Really I do my best! I buy him shirts that say “pre-shrunk” but you just can’t depend on them.

SCARECROW: Of course not. Anybody knows that. But have you ever insisted on the label *Sanforized-Shrunk*?

MAN: *Sanforized-Shrunk*? What’s that?

SCARECROW: Sanforizing, my dear innocents, is the process that’s *patented* and *controlled*. In fact, it’s terrific.

The *most* any *Sanforized-Shrunk* fabric can shrink is a paltry little 1%, by Government Standard Test. That means that no garment labeled *Sanforized-Shrunk* can ever shrink out of fit.

MAN: Wow!

LADY: How much do they cost?

SCARECROW: Not a red cent extra. You can get *Sanforized-Shrunk* shirts and pajamas and shorts all over

town now, at popular prices. Why, most of the shirts in the stores are *Sanforized* this year, I hear.

LADY: Here’s where I go dozentzen and buy George a raft of new *Sanforized* stuff, from the skin out. And that shrunk shirt goes into the ash can!

SCARECROW: Hey, what about giving it to me? With my face and his clothes, I’ll bet I can scare those danged old crows *white*!

Here’s something else to “crow” about—

Other things besides shirts, shorts, and pajamas now have this shrinkage protection. Look for the words *Sanforized-Shrunk* on anything made of cotton, linen, or spun rayon.



Women’s Dresses

Children’s Garments

Work Clothes, Overalls

The New Flannelettes

Wash Uniforms

Trousers, Slacks

*To be sure of permanent fit...look for the words... **Sanforized-Shrunk***

Only PHILCO has the Built-in Super Aerial System!

Eliminates all installation, bother and expense. Gives you a new purity of tone, new enjoyment of American and Foreign reception . . . even in noisy locations. And at new low prices!

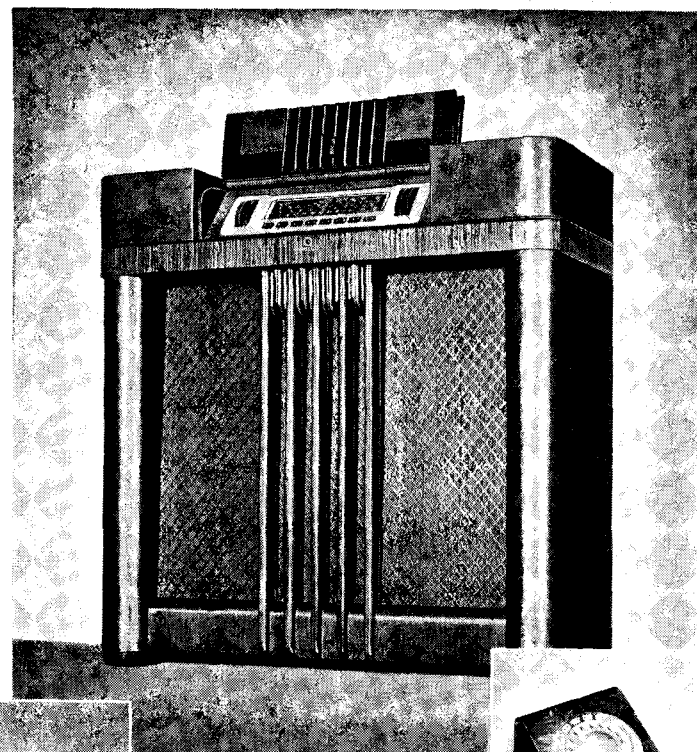


The Built-in *Super Aerial System* is an exclusive 1940 Philco invention. It is a *combination of three features*, not just one alone . . . bringing you revolutionary benefits which you enjoy for the first time.

One feature does away with all radio installation . . . eliminates the expense and bother of external aerial and ground wires. You place *any* 1940 Philco exactly where you wish in your home, plug it in . . . and play! But *the other two* exclusive Philco features give you *amazing performance* in addition to this new convenience . . . and it is this *combination* which is yours *only* in a 1940 Philco.

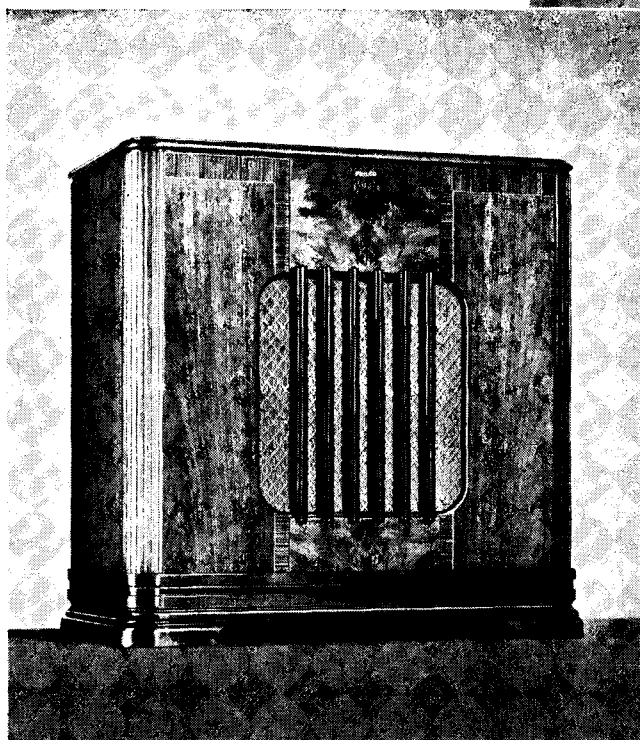
You now enjoy undreamed-of power and pure, clear, beautiful tone, even in noisy locations where good reception was unknown in the past. Not only standard broadcasts but American and Foreign short-wave programs are more enjoyable than ever.

The 1940 Philco is yours in a great variety of lovely new cabinets . . . *at the lowest prices in Philco history!* Visit your nearest Philco dealer today—see and hear the 1940 Philco models—ask about his liberal trade-in allowance, easy-payment offer.



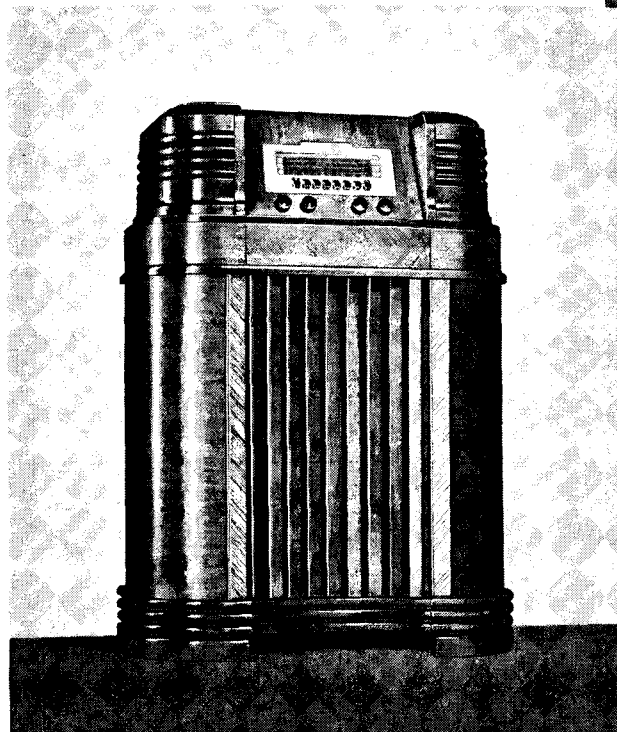
PHILCO 216RX with WIRELESS REMOTE CONTROL (above).

A new achievement of Philco engineers. New inventions give you radio's most glorious tone and thrilling performance. *Wireless Remote Control* operates the radio from any room in your home without wires, cords or connections of any kind. American and Foreign reception. Built-in *Super Aerial System*. Built to receive Television Sound. Luxurious cabinet of costly woods. Easiest terms.



PHILCO 509 RADIO-PHONOGRAPH

(left). Philco offers for 1940 a complete selection of radio-phonographs, presenting new triumphs of tone, operation, cabinet beauty and *value!* Model illustrated has new Philco *De Luxe Intermix Record Changer*; plays 14 ten and twelve inch records, intermixed in any order, at one loading . . . a full hour of continuous record music without attention. Exquisitely designed cabinet of richly figured, hand-rubbed Walnut. Yours on convenient monthly terms.

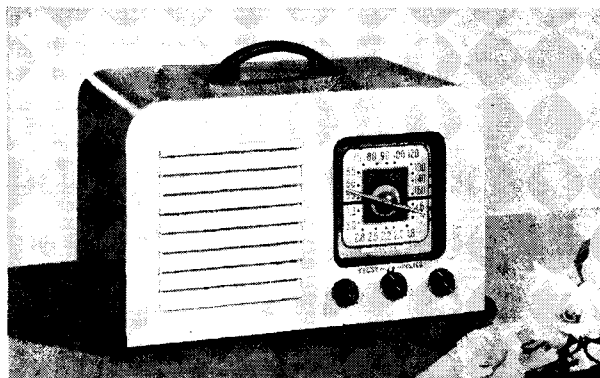


PHILCO 180XF. Sensational value in tone, performance and rich cabinet beauty. Has the new Philco Built-in *Super Aerial System* . . . place the radio anywhere, plug in and play. Gets American and Foreign reception. Electric Push-Button Tuning. Large, impressive cabinet in richly finished, hand-rubbed Walnut. Only \$6.95 down. Many other consoles to choose from.

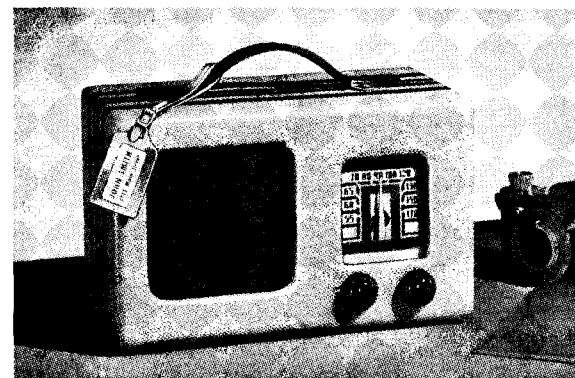
... and built to receive Television Sound

The Wireless Way!

The 1940 Philco you buy today is ready for Television when it arrives . . . and in a new, different and better way! It is built to receive Television Sound. And, when used with a Philco Television Picture Receiver, *you need no wires, plug-in or connections of any kind.* The *wireless way*—another achievement developed in the great Philco laboratories.



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Face Value

By Margery Sharp

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The author of *The Nutmeg Tree* tells the love story of a young man with two faces—both of which were highly irresistible

RIGHT from the beginning of his career there was trouble about Jimmy's face. It was a good enough face in its way—roundish, freckled, topped by a brush of light brown hair; but Jimmy Bolt happened to be one of the best dancers in the world, and above his superbly nimble body and marvelously intelligent feet that ingenuous countenance was out of place. However sophisticated his feet, his face was irretrievably small-town; and from the point of view of his employers this was a grave disadvantage.

"It's no use, Jimmy," said Mr. Cartwright. "You may be the best dancer in the world, but you haven't any glamor."

Jimmy sighed. Mr. Cartwright was his manager, and Jimmy had a great respect for him. Later, when Mr. Cartwright had his big idea, that respect amounted to reverence.

"You've got to wear a mask," said Mr. Cartwright. "Always."

"Always?" repeated Jimmy uneasily.

"Well, not at home, perhaps," conceded Mr. Cartwright. "But whenever you appear before your public. I know the very fellow to fix you up."

The fellow known by Mr. Cartwright turned out to be a Frenchman named Lerougetel, who listened to Jimmy's tale with much interest, and who within the space of two weeks produced a mask so admirable as to be cheap at fifty guineas. It was worldly, yet wistful. It hinted at secret sorrows and a wide experience. It was so slightly conventionalized that at a little distance it could be taken for a real face, and Mr. Cartwright rapidly spread a rumor that the mask was indeed but a replica of the dancer's own visage. In complexion the mask was olive; the eyebrows and cap of patent-leather hair were bluish-black. Down the left cheek—and this was the crowning touch—ran a faint scar such as might have been left by a saber stroke. It was a peach.

To suit the new face Mr. Cartwright thought up a new name; and as Jan Brock, Jimmy Bolt started his career afresh. Whereas he had been a success,



From Miss Drew came a startled gasp. She was staring first at his face, then at the photograph



he now became a sensation. He was starred in revue, and also appeared at the more expensive night clubs. Debutantes sighed for him, and their elder sisters maneuvered cocktail and supper parties to which he could be invited. Even matrons and dowagers asked him to tea—with the purer ambition of listening to his troubles and giving him the benefit of an older woman's advice. But all these advances Jimmy rejected.

He had to. His mask could do a lot for him, but it could not eat, and Jimmy was always too hungry between shows to care to go to a party where he would have to sit about unfed. His real face, moreover, was the true index to his character: apart from his dancing he was a simple soul. His heart's desire was for a motorcycle, which Mr. Cartwright refused to let him have, on the ground that his limbs were too valuable to risk at seventy miles per hour, and ever since an unfortunate experience in early youth, when the girl of his dreams had likened his face to a currant bun, he had fought shy of women; so society frightened rather than allured him.

Even when he was making four hundred pounds a week he lived with his mother and sister in their little house at Streatham. It was a very nice little house, but even so his scale of living remained fundamentally modest. He was saving hard. He knew how short the life of a dancer could be and he calculated that if his luck and talent held for another three years his mother and sister at least would be safe for life. . . .

Jimmy also thought a great deal, of course, about his dancing; but apart from that he thought about his mother, and his sister, and his money.

Until one night he met Caroline Drew.

HE MET her at a big charity ball, where he was appearing as the high light of the cabaret. Royalty was present, and royalty applauded him. Jimmy bowed for the last time and scudded away behind the bank of azaleas that covered the entrance to the improvised dressing rooms; and there, as he paused to get his breath, he saw this girl standing by herself.

She had very smooth fair hair, and a black dress, and Jimmy at once felt drawn to her because she was so unlike all the other women present. She was just as well-groomed as they were, and far prettier than most of them, but there was something about her that Jimmy recognized as akin to something in himself. She had an air of responsibility, of having to earn her own living and being a little anxious about it; and oddly enough (since this was what attracted him) Jimmy at the same time felt she oughtn't to have to work at all.

"Mr. Brock!" she said. "You—you were wonderful!"

Jimmy had of course heard that identical phrase more times than he could remember, but now it sounded different. He grinned with pleasure, and then realized that she couldn't see his expression because of his mask. He said, "Thanks. Thanks awfully."

His voice sounded queer even to himself. It always came rather hollow and impersonal through those papier-mâché lips, and he felt that to this girl he must seem as expressionless and uncordial as a dummy. She was still looking at him with admiration, but also with distinct nervousness. He tried again:

"Are you—are you enjoying the ball?"

"Oh, no!" cried Miss Drew, surprised. "I'm not really at the ball. I'm describing the thing for my paper. And I stayed

longer than I should have, to see you dance. It was such an opportunity."

Behind his mask Jimmy looked surprised in turn. After all, he appeared on the stage eight times a week, besides doing a night club afterward. . . .

"Can't you get seats?" he hazarded.

"Oh, yes! I've seen your show four times—but always from the gallery or pit, because stalls are so darned expensive. And I wanted to see you close. It's awful to go on saying it—but I do think you're wonderful!"

"Thanks," said Jimmy. "Thanks awfully. Look here, if you'll tell me your name, and what night you can go, I'll leave a seat for you at the box office."

HER face lit up. She stammered with excitement:

"Will you really? My name's Caroline Drew, and I could go this Thursday—or Monday. Monday would be better, wouldn't it?"

Jimmy liked that. It showed that she appreciated the economics of the box office. But Monday was a full week off.

"Thursday," he said. "Could you use a couple?"

"Of course! I'll take my sister!"

Jimmy wanted to go on talking to her, but Miss Drew looked at her watch and uttered a small wail of distress.

"I've got to go!" she cried. "I've got to go and write up my stuff!" But she paused an instant longer; she looked at Jimmy and drew a deep breath. "Mr. Brock," she said, "I'm going to do something terrible. I'm going to ask if I can come around after the show and get an interview. I know you never give them as a rule—but just three sentences—just one—and a description of your dressing room—would be such a break for me! I hate asking, but in my job you've got to. Please, Mr. Brock—"

"Of course," said Jimmy. "I'll expect you." He never even considered, until after Miss Drew had disappeared, what Cartwright would say to this casual breaking of a hitherto inflexible rule.

In the end Cartwright said nothing, because Jimmy did not tell him. He decided that if his manager were about he would introduce Miss Drew not as a journalist, but as a friend. As things turned out, however, Cartwright was not even in the theater, and when Jimmy came back after six curtain calls he found Caroline in his dressing room alone.

"I thought I'd be here waiting," she said, "so as not to waste your time. In case you want to get me over at once, before you change."

"That's grand," he said vaguely. "Sit down. Have a cigarette. Where's your sister?"

"Mary? She's gone home. We thought—we thought you might have a crowd."

"I DON'T like crowds," said Jimmy. He hesitated, and then went on: "As a matter of fact, you're the first person, except chaps connected with my work, who's ever been in this room."

"Oh," said Caroline.

Her businesslike air suddenly deserted her. But she smiled with frank pleasure, and Jimmy grinned back—until he remembered she could not see his face. He turned to the mirror, reaching up to take off his mask, and through the glass met her eyes, watchful and adoring. She flushed and at once shifted her gaze to the solitary photograph stuck in the mirror's frame.

"Is that your family?"

(Continued on page 48)



"I've seen your show four times—but always from the gallery or pit, because stalls are so darned expensive. I do think you're wonderful!"

Walt Disney, Deems Taylor and Leopold Stokowski inspecting Disney's new multi-plane crane, which helps give the illusion of depth in animated cartoons. The camera is at the top; the movable stages carry transparent picture elements which appear as successive levels of depth in the finished cartoon



Rare Musical Bird

By Howard Taubman

Our leading ambassador of the arts, Leopold Stokowski, who wants not only music but also all human experience to be pulsing with life

STOKOWSKI stopped the rehearsal with an abrupt gesture because it was going sluggishly. He surveyed the Philadelphia Orchestra's 100-odd players seated before him in a semi-circle like an open fan. His look was icy, and he seemed ready to tell the boys off. But Stokowski, in a soft preacher's voice, spoke a parable, and the hard-boiled musicians who were braced for a frontal assault began to feel uncomfortable. Presently they were listening like a faithful flock to the voice of the shepherd. When Stokowski finished, the boys plunged into the music like Jimmy Durante putting over a gag.

This was the parable that Stokowski spoke:

"I was climbing up a mountain and was high above the timber line among the barren rocks. I turned around and

saw a flower looking up at me. It was beautiful in shape and brave in coloring. I was amazed that such a beautiful flower could grow out of the hard rocks and I found myself speaking to the flower. I said, 'Why do you display so much beauty when there is no one to see you?' The flower replied, 'Because I have so little time.'"

"Because I have so little time." The moral of the parable was not thought up by Stokowski on the spur of the moment to give the players a shot in the arm. It was the winnowing of a lifetime philosophy. The idea that he has "so little time" is a driving force in Stokowski's character and career.

Stokowski budgets his time and energy as if he were an efficiency expert standing guard over his own productivity. He is one of the half-dozen out-

standing symphonic conductors of the world, and that should be achievement enough for one man. Not for Stokowski. He is also a scientist of parts, a moving-picture actor and, above all, a specialist in making good music available to the largest number of people.

This spring and summer he has been barnstorming through Europe, where he has been virtually an ambassador of the arts for us. For he is that rare musical bird—a conductor whose worldwide fame was made in America. He has been our top cultural export of the year. We usually import fame on the hoof—from surrealist painters and Eng-

lish novelists to Arturo Toscanini and Hedy Lamarr. Our export business in celebrities is limited—a few actors, an occasional poet, some blues singers and maybe a couple of opera stars like Grace Moore and Lawrence Tibbett. But now we have been represented by Stokowski, who has conducted in Paris, Stockholm and Copenhagen, for the first time.

Stokowski is not American-born, but he is 100 per cent American by training, instinct and absorption. You can throw out as immaterial the fact that he was born in London and did not get here until he was twenty-three.

If you go to a Stokowski concert, the first sight of him sums up the man's pep. He rushes out of the wings like a high-powered executive on the way to a million-dollar conference. Some conductors

(Continued on page 57)

Things I Couldn't Tell till Now

By
**J. Richard
(Dixie) Davis**

Dutch Schultz came to the end of his murderous career in a blast of the gunfire by which he had lived and prospered. In this, the fifth part of his autobiography Dixie Davis describes the dramatic ending of the big racketeer's life and empire

Setting for massacre was this back room of a Newark bar that was Schultz's office. Here he was shot with three aides



IFOR THOMAS



PICTURES, INC.

Charlie Lucky, right, tried to mop up the rackets after Schultz died, but Dewey sent him to prison for 30 to 50 years. Above is Hope Dare



LAST OF THE MOB

This is Louis (Lepke) Buckhalter, key man of the combination which once ruled the New York underworld. In asking that the reward for his capture be increased, District Attorney Dewey charged that Lepke was waging a war of extermination against all who might testify against him despite the fact that there was a price on his head of

\$10,000

DUTCH SCHULTZ was marked for murder. Everybody in the mob sensed that his number was about up—except Schultz. It got so I couldn't spend five minutes in his company without getting an attack of the jitters that left me weak.

The only question was from what direction the bullets would come. Schultz's own mobsters hated him because he clipped them, humiliated them and laughed in their faces. He forfeited a chance for a lasting peace with the downtown mobs when he disposed of Bo Weinberg, for years his most trusted and faithful accomplice. And his noisy arrogance and notoriety made him a menace to the whole underworld. He gave the mobs a bad name.

The Dutchman kept alert guard, watching out for avengers, for a short time after he got rid of Bo, but as the weeks wore on he got careless. It was only through long habit that he kept Lulu Rosenkrantz with him always, toting a .45 gun; it was mere habit that he sat always with his face to the door.

"You see, Dick, Bo didn't have so many friends," the Dutchman told me. "He's as good as forgotten already. Those downtown guys are my friends, not Bo's. They're one hundred per cent for me."

"Yeah?" I said.

"Yeah," said the Dutchman. "They sent me word."

There was no use warning him—he was falling for his own line of stuff. Right at that time he was patting George Weinberg on the back while plotting to kill him as he had his brother Bo, but at the same time he was trustfully lapping up flattery from his own enemies. You'd think the most stupid guy in the underworld would know that when gangsters get

DATE	Name	Gross	Comm.	Net	Paid	Shortage	Expense
1							
2							Reconciliation Sheet
3							Prison from Sept 2, to Oct 27, 1935
4							Expenditures
5	826,916.12						Prison (Prison)
6	337.42						Cash Paid (Prison)
7						236,295.96	Commission
8						313,711.99	Net
9						148,369.39	Cash Now
10						428.17	Auto adjustment
11						500.00	Room & board
12						4536.50	Auto. Bonds
13						143.36	Bad Debt
14						90.25	Cash Sales
15						38.00	Cash Sales
16						824.00	Wages
17						1695.00	Overseas (Columbus)
18						4509.78	General Expenses
19						2416.00	Extra help (extra pay)
20						4403.55	Fire
21						521.21	Food
22						40.00	Flowers
23						2278.25	Gas
24						9898.85	Gas Month August
25						9912.25	Gas Month September
26						11101.00	Lawyer fees
27						68.50	Confiscated by K
28						13594.00	Outside Payroll
29						245.34	Office Supplies & Stationery
30						26004.50	Office Payroll
31						1310.00	Pick-ups
32						2914.03	Phone
33						348.64	Stationery
34						390.00	Sup. Bonds, Cash, Imp. Bonds
35						888.98	Telephone
36						983.65	Auto Cabs
37						500.00	McKram Campaign (Critic)
38						350.00	Normal Campaign (Critic)
39						419.02	Gas & Oil (Auto)
40						767.05	Auto - Repair, Wash, Wash
41						47.00	Benefit Fund
42						87.75	U.S. Taxes
43						109.00	Settlement account
44						481.75	Flight tickets
45						42.50	Repairs on dressing room
46						426.50	Bad Coins
47						8770.00	Cash Paid Bonds
48						377.00	Fines
49						491.00	Loans
50						130.00	Bank Clerk
51						885.25	Traveling Expenses
						37.51	Electricity



PICTURES, INC.

Above is the policy business balance sheet Schultz was examining the night he was shot. It shows, for seven weeks, a gross income of \$827,253. Line 2 in the right column shows players' winnings (hits) of \$313,712 (or 37.92 per cent of the total), and Line 3 shows net profits to Schultz of \$148,369, despite lavish "expenses." Entries against "Ice" are Schultz's personal withdrawals. Right, Schultz and Dixie Davis

friendly it's time to beware. But the easiest guy to con is a con man.

Week by week my terror multiplied. I hated the Dutchman, but I had been a witness to things too dangerous to know, and that mere fact enslaved me in his service. For months I had lived in fear that he would kill me. Now I feared I might be in the way when somebody started shooting at Schultz.

He had been growing crazier and crazier. Ever since we had fooled twelve farmers into acquitting him on his federal income-tax charge he thought that he, personally and singlehanded, had licked the whole United States government.

"We got 'em licked, Dick," he insisted. "What we gotta do now is challenge 'em."

Vainly I pleaded with him to go easy, urged him to stay in Bridgeport, Connecticut, where no one was bothering him, until we had a chance to straighten out his remaining indictment. No, he had to have action. He moved to Newark, New Jersey, right on the front doorstep of New York City, and defied the government to move him to New York.

There he set up his own court in the back room of a saloon, where he sat afternoons and evenings, available to all who had business with the boss. He got Lulu a local deputy sheriff's badge, so it would be all right for him to carry his gun.

The Palace Chop House and Tavern was just an ordinary second-rate bar, about a block from the Robert Treat Hotel, where the Dutchman was living. Run by a friend of his, it made a convenient meeting place.

There was a long, narrow front room with a bar along the left side. At the rear a little passage turned

sharply to the right and led into a back room with bright green walls and mirrors, which was supposed to give the joint its status as a restaurant. The Dutchman took over this room. It was abandoned immediately by whatever eating trade there may have been. Schultz always sat at a table in the open, on the far side, where he had full view of the entrance passage. That was elementary precaution but it did not alter the fact that the room was a dead-end trap.

The Dramatic End of Dutch Schultz

Schultz was a fat cat, to be envied as well as hated, and cold evidence of this lay on the table before him on the night of October 23, 1935. Abba Dabba, who fixed the numbers for the policy racket, had just flown in from Cincinnati, and Abe Landau had brought over to the Dutchman a complete set of figures that showed the cash results of Abba Dabba's wizardry. During the preceding seven weeks the policy players had paid a total of \$827,253.54 into the lottery, and had been permitted to win back \$313,711.99. Even with lavish withdrawals and expenses, the seven weeks showed a cash surplus of \$148,000.

At 10:30 that night the Palace Tavern was practically deserted, except for the little group in the back room. The bartender was polishing glasses and the Chinese cook was broiling a steak for Schultz. The Dutchman had got up and gone to the toilet, out in the main room, at the end of the bar.

Three men came in the front door, and at the sight of a pistol the bartender ducked. The trio were strangers, but they knew where they were going and they walked rapidly to the rear. Without a word, rounding

the end of the bar, they took quick aim and blasted loose at the little knot of men at the far side of the rear room.

At the first shot Lulu was up and coming at them, spreading his broad belly to the raking fire of .38 slugs; his .45 was out and blasting back. Bullets nicked his left elbow, his left foot, his right wrist. Four of them tore through his torso as he plunged at his assassins' feet. Abba Dabba was down by the table, his abdomen riddled. Landau was up and shooting still, his legs still good, as the invaders turned and ran. He came after them, staggering, and collapsed in the gutter as their black car tore away.

Cowering in the lavatory stood the Dutchman, safe. All this banging and shooting was for him, and it never touched him. Trust him, old experienced fighter, to hold his cover. Now all was quiet, the executioners were gone, and Schultz came out.

There on the floor lay the trusted Lulu, mortally wounded, filled with slugs, his .45 clutched in his hand. As the Dutchman stepped toward him, Lulu, in one last convulsive effort, fired at the moving form. One slug tore through Dutch Schultz's abdomen.

Vengeance for Bo Weinberg's murder, as well as greed, had sent the executioners there that night. But the Dutchman actually died at the hand of his own bodyguard, the same man who had gone out for him and slain Bo. To this day, no living man knows why Lulu shot Schultz. Some like to believe that he knew he was done for and, blaming Schultz for his plight, decided to take him with him. Others think he fired convulsively, taking Schultz for another enemy shooter.

An hour later, while the (Continued on page 34)

Wedding in the Clove

By Burke Boyce

A romance of the days when General Washington and the British were saying it mostly with bullets



ILLUSTRATED BY
WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE



ELIAS COCHRANE lay sprawled on a rock in the sunlight, waiting for the parson to come up the road through the Clove, and considered that if he got himself wed to Johanna Bernt before night there would be nothing else he could ask out of life.

Nothing as important as Johanna, that was. There were other things on his mind, too, such as the proper end of the war. But six years of that had dulled the excitement of it, and the excitement of loving Johanna had lasted for almost as long as he could remember.

By turning his head and looking down from where he lay he could see the weathered logs of her father's house, set under the scarred face of rock a little back from the track of the road. That was where it had started, when Elias, fifteen at the time and big for his age even then, had come down into the Clove with his uncle from the farm farther north along the Walkill, heading for John Bernt's iron furnace.

Wiry John Bernt had stepped out to greet them, not yet crippled in those days, and he and Elias' uncle had talked smelting and roasting while Elias stood by the well, trying to drink water out of the gourd Johanna fetched for him. The water had been good, but he spilled most of it down the front of him for staring at her.

After that, hardly a month went by that he didn't find some excuse for getting himself down past John Bernt's house.

So that when at last the colonies' delegates at Philadelphia said that the colonies were free and independent, and Mr. Peter Townsend began to form a company of rangers to protect the Ramapo iron mines from Tory raids, Elias was glad for more reasons than one. He had joined with the rangers, and dropped by the Bernt house the next day to tell Johanna that being in the Ramapo hills would mean seeing her oftener now. That had been five years ago. He had been nineteen then.

A crow cawed, its noise sudden in the still air above the Clove.

Elias stopped thinking and rolled soundlessly over on his side. He drew his knees up and balanced forward on them, listening. Nothing stirred in the valley below him. The Ramapo creek glistened among its rocks with the road running beside it, slack and empty, curving away to the north; to where the farm was on the Walkill, his since his uncle's death three months before. He would take Johanna there after they were married.

He reached behind him for his rifle, his fingers falling into the grip he liked, just back of the thumbpiece on the hammer.

The crow cawed again, and from down the road came the clink of a horse's shoe striking against a loose stone.

"I'm not standing by you," she cried. "Not after this." Pride and shame blazed in her cheeks

Elias gave a sharp look around him, and searched out over the ridges opposite. He made certain there was no sign of movement along them before he dropped quietly down to the road to meet the parson.

Parson Montanye was riding slowly, keeping his horse at a walk. From the way he jumped when Elias stepped out from a wild grape tangle and laid his hand on the bridle, it was clear he had forgotten about the wedding.

"I've been waiting for you," Elias reminded him. "When we spoke last, you were to ride back this way as soon as you could." He added, seeing the parson's wild stare. "I didn't mean to come at you so quick, though."

The parson didn't talk. He kept staring, one hand still clapped to his chest, the fingers clawing stiffly, as if there was a guilt on his conscience.

"Elias Cochrane!" he managed finally. "A rock in a dry and thirsty land! I was expecting a different sort of welcome in the Clove."

"You'd have been right before you got much farther," Elias told him over his shoulder. "The Cowboys did another murder last night, up north of Schunne-munk Mountain. They'll be watching this road all day."

"God forbid!" cried the parson. "God forbid it today, of any days!"

He fell silent after that, only clucking under his breath to his horse once or twice while Elias brought them through the path to the clearing by John Bernt's house. They could see Johanna by the house door. She was facing toward them and shading her eyes with her hand.

ELIAS lifted an arm at the edge of the clearing, and she waved in answer and went in at the door of the house to tell her father.

Elias turned to the parson: "About the wedding." He tried not to be too eager and to put it just right. "About the wedding. Don't listen to John Bernt too much. He's sour sometimes, with his foot. But it's only talk."

He was readying his muscles for the run across the open space of the clearing when the parson put a hand on his shoulder and stopped him.

"I must tell you, Elias," said the parson, and his voice made a kind of grating sound. "It's not because of the wedding I came into the Clove."

Elias let go of the bridle and stepped around beside him, tall and lusty-framed, his head bare above the butter-nut-dyed shirt, one hand on the muzzle of his rifle.

"If it wasn't to marry Johanna and me," he said, "why did you come?"

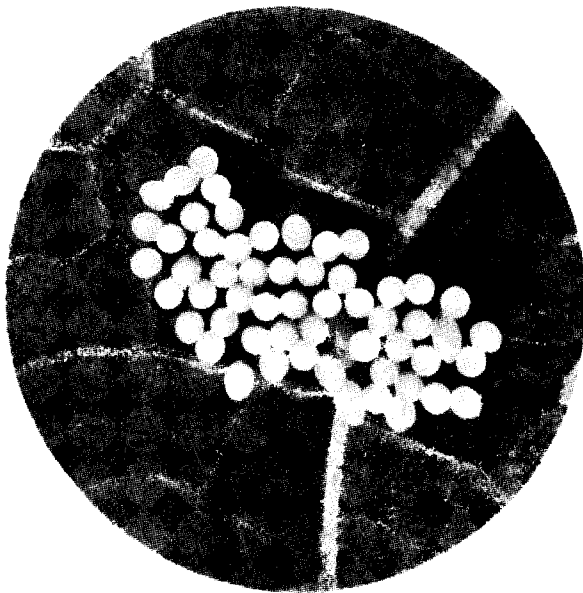
The parson blinked at Elias hard for a minute. When he spoke it was with a quick jerk that made his words burst out of him: "I have just left the army's camp at Haverstraw, over on the Hudson. General Washington sent for me to see him there. We were alone while we talked. He gave me a letter to carry to Morristown. A military letter."

(Continued on page 52)

Insect Menace

By J. D. Ratcliff

We're playing host to an expensive horde of household and agricultural pests. Let's see how they can be controlled and eradicated



Eggs of the bean beetle, one of our worst insect pests and an emigrant from Mexico

THE young housewife had just seen a sight calculated to throw terror into the stoutest heart. She sprinted to the telephone and dialed a number. A laconic, noncommittal voice came over the wire: "United Sanitation Company."

The conversation that followed has become classically familiar to exterminators.

"Do you have workmen in plain clothes?"

"All of our men wear plain clothes and the truck has no name on it."

"We seem to have . . ." The prospective customer's voice usually falters at this point.

"Bedbugs?" It is more of a statement of fact than a question.

Bedbugs it is.

Such conversations take place several thousand times each day in the United States. Sometimes they involve bedbugs and other times the ugly beast that lives happily in the cracks behind kitchen shelves—the cockroach. Or it might be beetles bent on chewing up the carpets, slithering, elusive silverfish trying to eat their way through the five-foot bookshelf, clothes moths, fleas, ants or any one of a dozen other pests that challenge man's right to a comfortable existence.

They enter even the cleanest homes and are elusive once they have crashed the gate. Fleas ride in on the wagging tail of the dog, cockroaches come with the groceries, and moths sneak in on guests' coats. Bedbugs come home with the mistress from the movies, and with the master from sofas in office reception rooms. There is no escaping these unwelcome additions to the household. But the exterminator working with tools already available and the research man always looking for new and more potent ones are doing their best.

About the only favorable thing that can be said for the bedbug is that he doesn't spread disease. Beyond that everything is on the red side of the ledger. He is a savage biter; a bloodsucker that requires ten to fifteen minutes for feeding. Although primarily a nocturnal biter, the bedbug, like most insects, can adapt himself to varying conditions.

He prefers warm-blooded creatures like chickens and dogs, but when hungry he'll nip a snake. Man, however, is his choicest dish.

The bedbug can survive as long as a year without food, but considers a meal every three days ideal. When famine strikes he will migrate short distances,



A major household pest is the ubiquitous cockroach, here enlarged about 14 times

but this wanderlust doesn't appeal to him. He prefers cracks in walls, cotton tufting on mattresses, chinks in the furniture. The inaccessibility of these hiding places makes the bedbug a top-ranking problem for professional or amateur exterminators.

Kerosene, gasoline or boiling water kills them. Two pounds of sulphur burned in a cup of wood alcohol will fumigate the average room—and it will also tarnish metal fixtures and bleach draperies and wall-paper.

The procedure preferred by most exterminators is to seal a house and pump it full of hydrocyanic acid gas. A few whiffs of this will kill anything—including man.

Some Simple Antivermin Measures

The householder can do an equally effective job if his home is equipped with a good furnace. Bedbugs—and clothes moths as well—are quickly killed by heat. If inside temperature can be raised to 120 degrees and held there for a few hours they perish. Likewise, two days of zero temperature will be fatal.

Like bedbugs, cockroaches are night workers. One usually can locate their homes by switching on the kitchen light at night. They scurry for cracks around water pipes, baseboards and sinks. If these cracks are well dusted with sodium fluoride, it usually means the end of the roach invasion. This poison irritates the feet of the insects. It has been suggested that they lick it off and once it reaches their stomachs they quickly die. After this treatment all cracks should be closed with plaster, putty or plastic wood.

Moths, though gentle and germless, do \$100,000,000 worth of damage a year. They are as fond of furniture as of furs, and it is a good rule to remember that they will eat anything of animal origin.

The real enemy isn't the adult moth, but the larva or caterpillar. By some curious twist of nature the adult has only the most rudimentary mouth, which is all but useless. The moth starves to death once it has exhausted the food stored while in the worm stage. In her two weeks on earth as a flying insect, the moth deposits her eggs—in blankets, in the lint collected between cracks in the floor, in feather pillows, in father's dinner jacket.

A vigorous brushing with a stiff whisk broom will mash the eggs, and the sun will destroy them. A saucer of carbon disulphide placed on the top shelf in a closet will destroy all forms of moth life within 24 hours. As it vaporizes, a heavy gas sinks through the closet, doing a complete job. Care should be taken in using it, however, because this gas is explosive.

Naphthalene balls or flakes are also effective if sufficient quantities are used. The cedar chest, the time-honored approach to the moth problem, is effective only if tight enough to prevent the entrance of the egg-laying female. If eggs are already present in the clothes when they are stored, the aroma given off by cedar probably won't prevent their hatching.

New and better approaches to all these problems are constantly being sought by the U. S. Department of Agriculture's Bureau of Entomology and Plant Quarantine, and by various commercial concerns. One of the most complete is maintained by Du Pont a few miles out of Wilmington, Delaware.

At the Du Pont laboratory everything is provided for insect happiness. Japanese beetles, which like the hot midday sun, are kept under floodlights and in an even temperature of 90 degrees. Houseflies are provided white bread, sodden with milk, on which to deposit their eggs, and bedbugs are nourished on blood supplied by rabbit ears. (Continued on page 51)



"Darling," Ruth said, "you probably have no idea what notions men get when they see a woman is defenseless"

Flotsam

By Erich Maria Remarque

TRANSLATED BY DENVER LINDLEY
ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

The Story Thus Far:

MEETING in Vienna, young Ludwig Kern and Josef Steiner—both exiled from Germany—form a warm friendship. Neither has a passport. But Steiner is clever enough to avoid the authorities. He remains in the great Austrian city. Working in an amusement park, he sleeps in a gypsy wagon. A Russian woman known as Lilo attends to his simple needs.

Kern is not so fortunate. He is arrested, sent to Czechoslovakia. There, in Prague, he meets and falls in love with a charming girl—Ruth Holland—who has also been forced out of Germany. When Ruth's permit to stay in the country expires, she goes to Vienna. Kern follows and Steiner gets him a job in the amusement park.

Attempting to protect Ruth against some student rioters, Kern is arrested. When he is finally released from prison, he is ordered to leave Austria. He obeys the order, but returns immediately—only to learn that Ruth, also deported, has gone to Zürich.

A short time later, he incurs the enmity of a policeman. Certain that he is to be arrested again, he makes his way into Switzerland. In Zürich, he succeeds in finding Ruth. Unfortunately, the Swiss authorities pick him up and inform him that he must return to Austria. Having learned much in the course of his adventures, he resorts to a clever trick. Forced into Austria, he plays cards with some of the Austrian officials at the border—and wins. When the Austrians send him back to Switzerland, he plays cards with the Swiss—and wins. Both Austrians and Swiss (hoping to win back their losses) give him a warm welcome as he is shuttled back and forth.

Finally he realizes that he must leave

Switzerland. Going to Zürich, he telephones Ruth. It is midnight, but Ruth insists that he come up to her room. When he reaches the room, Ruth tells him that everyone is out. "So," she says, "if you are dirty, I'll run you a bath."

Kern is dirty. While hot water is pouring into the tub, he says thoughtfully: "The luck I've had recently!" Then: "I only hope it lasts."

VII

YOU must leave Zürich," Ruth said. "And I'm going with you."

Kern was sitting on her bed wrapped in a big white bath towel. He was shining with cleanliness. Ruth had washed his hair and was now manicuring his nails. "I'll have to leave all right," he said. "That's in accordance with the theory of my professional friend Stern. It's based on the political divisions of Switzerland. If you're picked up in one canton you must move on to another. If they nab you there, there's always a chance that your first deportation will not be discovered. Stern calls this the technique of informal immigration."

"Then we'll leave tomorrow."

"You stay here. You don't belong on the road."

She put down her scissors. "I have to leave. Sylvie's parents have said so. The

doorman downstairs has threatened to tip off the police."

Kern shook his head. "The same old story. But why?"

"Darling," Ruth said, pushing back the cuticle. "You probably have no idea what notions men get when they see a woman is defenseless."

"They ought to get the notion of helping her," said the nineteen-year-old Kern.

Ruth laughed bitterly. "Yes, of course. We wanderers get over using the word horrible. Otherwise we'd soon have nothing left."

"Then did the doorman—" Kern started to ask breathlessly.

"Nincompoop," Ruth said affectionately. "Yes, he did. He and a lot of others, and a few days ago Sylvie's father too. That's another reason I want to leave."

"Why, it's horrible," Kern spoke with difficulty.

"It's simply tiresome, nothing more. We wanderers get over using the word horrible. Otherwise we'd soon have nothing left."

"Now you have me," Kern said shyly but with determination.

"Yes, now I have you."

"I know that's not much," Kern said. "You have no idea how much it is." She raised her dark head. "You are the only one that's different."

They did not eat in the little white room. Ruth set the dining-room table with the Neumann family's very best china. To be sure, they had only tea and sandwiches, but the crystal chandelier was on, their knives and forks were of heavy silver and they sat in eighteenth-century chairs.

"Would you like some cognac?" Ruth asked.

"Yes," Kern replied, remembering the lessons of Marill, Steiner and the blond student.

Ruth got up. "I've never stolen before, but I'm going to this time." She brought out two big brandy snifters and a bottle. "I'm going to have some too."

"Marvelous," Kern said. "Now it's almost as though we were in evening clothes."

"I could put on an evening dress," Ruth said. "One of Sylvie's; our size is the same. Shall I?"

"Yes, but then what will I do? Under no circumstances will I put on a tuxedo that belongs to Herr Neumann."

"You stay the way you are."

SHE ran out and in a few minutes returned, confused and a little uncertain. She was wearing a simple saffron-yellow evening dress which revealed her beautiful dark shoulders. For the first time Kern noticed the proud column of her throat and how it carried her cleanly molded little head.

"Why are you looking at me that way?" Ruth asked.

"You're beautiful."

"I'm not beautiful. But the dress is."

"You're beautiful too. You're like"—he hesitated—"like a hazelnut—"

She laughed. "Yes," he said, "I'm not sure myself what I mean. But it has something to do with a hazelnut. And something to do with you, Ruth. How beautifully that dress goes with your eyes and your hair! Everything about you shines—"

"That's the light—"

"When we're married and everything is different and I am a famous surgeon you shall wear dresses like that every evening. I'll give you lots of them and I'll not be running around in a bath towel like John the Baptist; I'll be wearing a frock coat, with certificates of honorary citizenship in every pocket."

"Come, we'll have our drink now."

"You have to warm it first in your hands. I read that—in prison. They gave me a few magazines, among them one called *The Elegant World*. That's where I found out about it. It's a good thing to pick up information wherever you can."

They smiled at each other over the rims of their glasses. "Your good health, Ruth."

"Your good health, darling."

"How long has it been since we first met? Years and years, I sometimes think."

"Yes, our life goes fast," Ruth got up. "I have some coffee left. Shall I make some for us?"

"The *Elegant World* calls that taking mocha. Go ahead and make it, Ruth. We'll take mocha in the drawing room. That's what *The Elegant World* of the Vienna jail prescribes."

They went into the other room and turned on the lights. Kern thought of putting on Herr Neumann's tuxedo; but he had no white shirt to go with it. And even a clean blue one, he felt, was not quite the thing. He was afraid the editors of *The Elegant World* might, even at a distance, curl up and die.

"It's better the way you are," Ruth said. "You're an Arabian sheik who has come out of the wilderness and is going to carry me off."

(Continued on page 42)

The Lord and Little Dick

By Walter Davenport

His Excellency, the governor
of the commonwealth of Mich-
igan, leaves it to Providence

AT THE door of Little Dick's office we were waved to a halt. His secretary, Mr. Les Butler, had recognized the signs. The governor of Michigan was praying.

His quizzical blue eyes were closed tight behind his gold-frame spectacles. His neat head, bald except for a thin fringe of old hair, was slightly bent toward his uncluttered desk. His hands, usually fingering his wedge of jaw or drumming a delicate tattoo, were clasped in his thin lap.

His soft-shod feet that didn't reach the floor, and at other times would be playing with each other, were at ease, motionless. The prayer was brief, silent, intense.

And suddenly Little Dick, with a bird-like jerk of his head—Amen—opened his eyes, unclasped his hands and looked about inquiringly, rather like an old robin. He cocked his head at young Mr. Butler, but said nothing. He didn't have to. Little Dick's alert face told you what he was thinking: "Come, come. What nonsense now? What's all the hurry? What's all the hurry?"

He stood up—a tiny, gnomish old fellow, nicely brushed and barbered, who seemed oddly out of place in that bilious room. Midget that he is, he somehow gives you the impression of being much smaller—the smallness of old, contented men who are no longer tortured with ambition, whom experience has made mellow and wise and a little defiant too.

Like the Ancient Mariner, Little Dick has his private joke and every now and then, listening to his callers or even when he's alone, he'll shrug his shoulders—impishly like a small boy caught in some mild naughtiness—dart a glance at the ceiling and smile a swift, knowing smile at the world. But he'll smother it quickly if you look at him inquiringly. Little Dick is eighty.

He Never Sought the Job

"I'm eighty years old, not eighty years young," he said. "An old man who thinks he's young's a fool, mocking his Creator, earning the scorn of his fellow men." And then with that shy smile: "It's nice to be old; you don't have to bother about anything."

Little Dick is His Excellency Luren Dudley Dickinson, governor, as we've told you, of Michigan. He ought to be King of the Little Folk, the leprechauns perhaps; but fate elected to crown a career of tiny triumphs with an honor that Little Dick never quite pretended to.

Seven times Michigan elected him lieutenant governor and he'd never asked for the job—merely announced from the kitchen of his farmhouse in Charlotte that he was "available." He never spent a penny to advertise his candidacy, never asked for a vote, answered all his mail in longhand, never took nor bought a drink nor a smoke.

And when brash young pants-busters sought to corner him with loud questions on ponderous social and economic subjects he'd shake his head, shrug his shoulders and, gazing diffidently at his ill-fated opponent, say: "Oh, dear me. If I knew enough to ask such a fine question I'd know the answer too. And tell it—yes, sir."

And audiences melted for him. No aspirant for public office ever had a more wicked opponent than Little Dick. With his Bible and an extra shirt in his old valise in one hand, and a gallon of maple syrup in the other, he'd trot from church to church, preaching St. Paul. But not a syllable of politics escaped his lips. From relief to rutabagas we are in the hands of God. From war to wages, prayer would fetch the answer. And all that being so, why fret?

Only the Majority Wanted Him

While others spent money seeking honors they often didn't win, Little Dick made campaigning pay. For his speeches he received from five to fifteen dollars—usually five or ten—and his audiences seemed eager to give.

There's scarcely a Protestant church in Michigan, save perhaps a few aloof Episcopalians, wherein Little Dick hasn't preached St. Paul, prohibition and the sure rewards of simple piety. And they went to the polls in droves to vote for him. He's a Republican whom the party organization has tried repeatedly and always unsuccessfully to ignore. And he holds no grudge.

"The Lord and a lot of fine people were on my side," says Little Dick.

Last fall, Michigan elected him lieutenant governor for the seventh time. None knew as well as Little Dick that none, except a majority of the voters, wanted him. The Republican candidate for governor, Mr. Frank D. Fitzgerald, didn't want him. Mr. Fitzgerald, who was to die in the traces before his term would be three months old, demanded a lieutenant who would know what the legislature was up to and keep him advised.

Little Dick had never given signs of having much of an idea of what the boys were about. Further, he had never shown any wide-eyed curiosity. Little Dick in his six previous tenures, presiding with no vote over the Senate, had seemed to be content with enforcing the rule against smoking on the floor, chiding the members when they littered up the chamber with discarded paper and remonstrating when the assembled statesmen used bad language. And it didn't offend Little Dick when he was accused of not knowing what was happening in the dark corners. Not that we don't suspect that he knew.

"I knew enough," says Little Dick. "Just because I don't go prancing around like—like—like something."

(Continued on page 30)



The Honorable Luren Dudley Dickinson, governor of Michigan

Pioneer Lady

By Mildred Cram

It takes a fight for a man to show how
lightly glamor lies on our modern girls

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM



WEARING shorts and a dress shirt, Pete Holden faced the mirror and struggled with the formal white of an evening tie. His bare toes gripped the floor and he made faces like the India-rubber man in the circus. No wonder. He was expected for seven-o'clock dinner in Santa Barbara, and it was a quarter to six already. Forty miles over the Pass. . . . He'd have to beat it.

His pants were on the ironing board in the kitchen. He gave them a final slap along the creases and stepped into their silk-braided elegance, snapping the suspenders sharply against his shoulders.

"Look pretty swell," he said, back in the bedroom again. The coat was a little snug. A year of ranching had done things to Pete's muscular system. But the effect was all right. He put on his socks and shoes, gave his hair a slick polish. . . . Bared his teeth, inspected his smile, and shook himself into his overcoat.

"Now," he said aloud to himself, "check everything. Is the cat's food out? The cow in? Did I shut the pasture gate? Yep. Windows. Goat. Water for Eric. Bone. Yep. Okay. Stove all right. Iron on stove. Matches in tin can. Tough on mice. . . . I'm off."

Eric, the big Doberman, wanted to go along. His damp, brown nose made cold contacts with Pete's silk-clad ankles all the way across the yard.

"Verboten," Pete said. "Nicht tonight. Morgen maybe. Out of the way, bitte, while I get in the car."

Eric sat down. His stump of a tail, which Pete called the *pauvre mutilé*, thudded in passionate appeal. He was a city dog. He belonged on the Prinz Regent Strasse, straining against a leash, not out here in the Santa Ynez Valley, forty miles from anywhere.

"You must try to be rural," Pete said, starting the dusty little roadster. "Go chase a coyote or tree a gopher or something. I'll be back at dawn. *Auf Wiedersehen*."

It was just his luck, Pete thought, to own a dog called Eric von Stroheim, a dog who had only three words of English! Come. Bone. Down.

"My German's punk, too," Pete admitted, dismounting to open the ranch gate. He talked to himself all the time because, aside from Eric, there was no one to talk to. . . .

"Rancho del Sol," it said on the gate. "Peter Holden, Owner." As always, the fact of ownership thrilled him. He paused a moment to look back at his land . . . very beautiful in the twilight . . . land cleared and ready for planting . . . fifty acres of it. At last, something really belonged to him. He was through with landlords and leases and jobs and all the complicated insecurity and unreality of modern life. This piece of the earth was his own. He was planted here, and here he intended to stay all the rest of his life, his roots striking deeper and deeper, his top-most branches reaching higher and higher toward the sky. . . . All he needed was someone who'd live with him. All he needed, to be the happiest man in the world, was a wife. . . .

And maybe you think it was easy to find one! Oh, there were plenty of clodhoppers up the valley . . . big women who'd scrub and cook and have babies and grow old at forty.

But Pete wasn't looking for such a wife. "I'm a sort of gentleman, I suppose," he said, spurring the roadster to sixty. "It beats hell. I want a Lady Pioneer. I would!"

THIS is why he was all dressed up and roaring over the mountains to dinner. "To git me a woman," he said. Like his father and his grandfather before him. Only, when his grandfather went to town, he tossed his woman into a prairie schooner and took her for a ride to Utah. And when his father went to town, he bundled his woman into the old buckboard and they didn't stop until they got to Oregon. In those days, wives didn't ask where they were going or whether there would be electricity, telephone and hot and cold running water. They just went along. Glad to.

Nowadays, a girl won't have a man unless he promises to live around the corner from a beauty parlor and a movie palace.

Even Santa Barbara was too small a town for most of them. They wanted New York or San Francisco or Chicago. Their eyes were restless. And when Pete questioned them, they shrugged and said, "You only live once." Which was true, but not the right answer. Pete was looking for a girl who would love the wilderness the way he did. A girl who would thrill to the silence and who wouldn't be afraid of the starry dark. A pioneer wife for a pioneer.

Every once in a while, when someone remembered to write him, he went to a party to look them over . . . hoping. He had grown up in Santa Barbara. Most of his contemporaries were already married and had settled down to be

It was a full half-hour later when she cried: "Quick, Pete, get out! I'll take the weight!" And Pete crawled out, lifting himself stiffly through the wreckage

doctors, or lawyers, or to sell insurance, or to run little businesses up and down State Street. They played golf on Sunday. Went to cocktail parties. Worried about taxes. And began to grow old, thinning on top, building out in the middle.

It made Pete sick. He tried it, once, when he came out of Stanford. Clerked in a bank. And pumped gas in a service station, wearing a white smock with "Pete" embroidered across the back. Traveling salesmen yelled: "Hi, Pete! Fifteen Ethyl. And make it snappy."

Pete couldn't stand it. He came into some money when he was twenty-six, and before he could spend it on perishable pleasures he took title to the solid reality of Rancho del Sol.

His friends said, "You'll die of the blues, all by yourself, Pete. Forty miles to town! What'll you do with yourself?"

THERE was plenty to do. First, the clearing. Brush ten feet high, greasewood and laurel sumac and manzanita; ceanothus and madroña and sage. Roots to be grubbed out. The virgin loam to be stirred deep with a subsoiler. And, last, the young apricot trees to plant, hundreds, thousands of them!

Pete tackled it alone.

He built a barn large enough to hold the tractor and disk, and he shingled it tight, to keep the tools keen, rustless. The house was just a two-room shack . . . bedroom and kitchen, board-and-batten, with pine floors, and a lean-to for wood. Conveniences? Well . . . there was a telephone. And the paved highway ran past the gate, with an R. F. D. delivery once a day. What more could you ask?

Pete had tried the conveniences, had given them a thorough workout in Paris, London, Rome and Berlin, with stopovers. Like his father and grandfather, he had submitted to civilization before running away from it. Like them, deep in him, urgent, intractable as a wild horse, was the great hunger for distances, empty plains and aloof mountain ranges. Pete wanted the visible world to be so vast that people and houses, roads and settlements, vanished in immensity.

There were times when he admitted that he might have to sacrifice something to gain this freedom, this salutary peace. Perhaps there wasn't a place in today's world for men like him. Perhaps the whole race of pioneers was meant to disappear. . . .

"Perhaps," Pete said now, "that's why all the girls go blank when you mention living on a ranch. . . ."

The little roadster topped the Pass. He was on the shoulder of the range. Its steep flanks, like Gothic buttresses, arched into the mesas. And, below again, the wide, fertile shelf of land along the sea. Beyond, the Channel Islands, blue-black in the deepening dusk.

Pete took the downgrade as fast as he dared, his tires screeching on the gravelled surface. Natalie Chadwick had asked him to be prompt. "We're going on to the club to dance after dinner. . . ."

Pete wondered if tonight would be like all the other nights. Too many cocktails. A lot of rich food nobody troubled to eat. Dancing with girls he'd known all his life. Occasionally a bored Easterner thrown in for novelty. Walks in the moonlight in formal gardens, with girls who let their beautiful, expensive dresses trail in the wet grass and didn't care what happened to their fragile slippers. . . . Rich girls. Spoiled. Willful.

Natalie Chadwick was the worst of the lot. She lived in an Italian-Spanish villa and spent money like a giddy maharani.

Yesterday, when she phoned, Pete almost said "No." Then he remembered that Ivy Miller would probably be there.

(Continued on page 59)



"I'm tired of dancing," she said. "How about a swim? The pool's marvelous at night." "Thank you," Ivy said sweetly, "but I'm getting up early tomorrow, to drive over to Pete's ranch"

TERUKA Koba, butler to Mrs. D. J. Corrigan, was mystified. First, the Honorable Fat Stupidity had announced she was flying to New York to take ship for England. Then, there had been much telephoning back and forth between Los Corrigan and New York, Washington and Chicago. Something disgraceful and perhaps sinister must have occurred; the Honorable Fat Stupidity had gone into seclusion with Heart of English Rose, so lovely, and there was none of that careless discussion before the servants that had characterized previous crises in the Corrigan establishment.

Now, mystery of a thousand perplexities, both The Son and The Daughter had arrived home. Just ten minutes ago Honorable Fat Stupidity had greeted them at the north entrance and, bursting into tears, had said: "I knew you would stand by your father. Bless you both, my sweet children!" Nothing more had been said in Koba's hearing and the three of them were in the main library behind locked doors.

Seated in his room and with his door locked, Teruka Koba puffed already plump cheeks to bursting and let out a hissing sound. He slapped his forehead and grimaced. These were uncommon gestures, for Koba was a jolly little man who wore habitually a wondering smile. Oh, a thousand sad confusions, thought Koba. Would he ever understand enough? For almost two years now he had been in this strange, big country and he was still taking notes for the book. Its title was to be "I Lived Through America," and Koba had discovered that a book of say 2,500 pages would require a great many notes.

Sighing, he went to his desk and drew out a thick sheaf of rice paper and a pencil. He wrote:

"Observation No. 3614—

"Fat Stupidity has canceled trip to England after phone call from Bellowing Bull. This P. M. Frowning Boy and Tiger Lily arrived. What does this mean?"

While Koba was thus wrestling with his artistic soul in the servants' wing, three of the four Corrigan—Fat Stupidity, Frowning Boy and Tiger Lily—sat in the main library downstairs.

It was a rather dismal scene. Young Shane had slumped on the small of his back in an overstuffed chair, content merely to glower and listen to his mother and sister. Peggy had chosen one of the divans and had turned her back on Shane, not in anger but because the divan happened to face the other way. Peggy, in fact, showed no emotion at all; she drooped with hands quiet in her lap. Brother and sister, for different reasons, could think of nothing to say to their mother.

MRS. CORRIGAN supplied the talk for the nonce. She had prepared herself for the meeting with her children by putting on her lavender gown, a familiar device. For years there had been a lavender gown in Mrs. Corrigan's wardrobe, each succeeding one a minor adaptation of the original in which Mrs. Corrigan had been presented at St. James's Court and had been mistaken for the dowager Duchess of Pentland by an attaché of the Rumanian Legation. Her lavender gowns, Mrs. Corrigan felt, always gave her added poise and were reserved for critical occasions. In addition she had installed herself on a small straight-backed formal chair and was fortifying herself with a detailed recapitulation of the facts—

"When your father's call came through," she chattered, "I had practically finished packing—except for the dog baskets and the fresh lingerie which Edith hadn't traced at the laundry. And

when your father yelled at me: 'Diana, the worst has happened,' I knew from his flat, tired tone that something dreadful had happened. First I thought Peggy had been thrown and then I thought: 'No, it's Shaney. He's been shot.' No, perhaps I thought both things at the same time because of course I wouldn't think of either of you firstly or secondly—"

Peggy said: "Of course not, Mother."

Shane said: "Who shot me, did you think?"

Peggy said: "Shut up, Shaney. Go on—"

Staring at her children, Mrs. Corrigan blinked and went on: "Naturally, I was quite provoked when your father said it was only this mix-up about citizenship. I might have fainted, you know, and I had my door locked to keep the servants from eavesdropping. So I said, quite sharply: 'My dear D. J., whoever cares whether we are citizens of this horrible country or not?' But I was sorry I had taken that tone when the dear man explained that this is all a plot to ruin him financially and politically." And then Mrs. Corrigan arrived at a climax, saying: "Of course we must fight to the bitter end!"

Shaney Corrigan snorted.

"Fight what?" he asked.

"Why—why, the powers that be, of course!"

"Ha!"

HIS sister glared over her shoulder and made haste to rescue Mrs. Corrigan.

"You're entirely right, Mother dear," she said. "We must all stand together like good Americans and show them!"

A harsh laugh from brother Shane.

"But we're not Americans, Sis," he said.

Mrs. Corrigan nodded grimly.

"We're British subjects, thank God!" she said.

Shane sat up.

"Who's a British subject?"

"Why, you are, Shaney! We all are!"

"Rot! I'm not a British subject and never will be."

Then Shaney added with intense enthusiasm: "I'm a free agent!"

Mrs. Corrigan looked at her son bewilderedly.

"Whatever is a free agent?" she demanded.

"A man without a country! A citizen of the world!"

Again, Peggy came to the rescue.

"Shaney's just shooting off his mouth," she said. "Technically you are quite right, Mother. We are British subjects. But Dad wants us all to apply for American citizenship, which is the only thing to do, of course."

Shane jumped to his feet.

"Why? Name one good reason!"

"There are several good reasons, Shaney," said his sister, sweetly calm. "One—they can deport us if we don't apply. Two—Daddy's enemies in Washington would like nothing better than to have this happen. Three—this is our country and we love it. Four—"

"Love it. Ha!"

"Well, you do love it—"

"I do not!"

"Oh, yes, 'way down deep you do. And so do I. And so does Daddy—"

Still a bit confused, Mrs. Corrigan beamed proudly upon her daughter. Peggy was talking nonsense about loving the United States, of course, but Mrs. Corrigan admired Peggy's beautifully poised manner of saying things sensible or nonsensical. Moreover, the rest of Peggy's points were very sound.

"Shaney is merely being brilliant, my dear," Mrs. Corrigan interrupted, "and we will listen to him at the dinner table. The main point is that as a family we cannot submit to being deported from this wretched country as undesirable

Some Like It Here

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

The Story Thus Far:

THE government notifies Daniel J. ("D. J.") Corrigan's wife, Diana, that she must pay \$4,651.18 for attempting, unsuccessfully, to smuggle two rose-quartz statues of Pekingese dogs into this country. Shocked, insulted, Mrs. Corrigan promptly decides to sail for England as soon as possible—and never return. From Los Corrigan, her country estate in Texas, she wires D. J. (in New York), her daughter, Peggy (in Washington), and her son, Shane (in Chicago), of her decision. She requests that they join her.

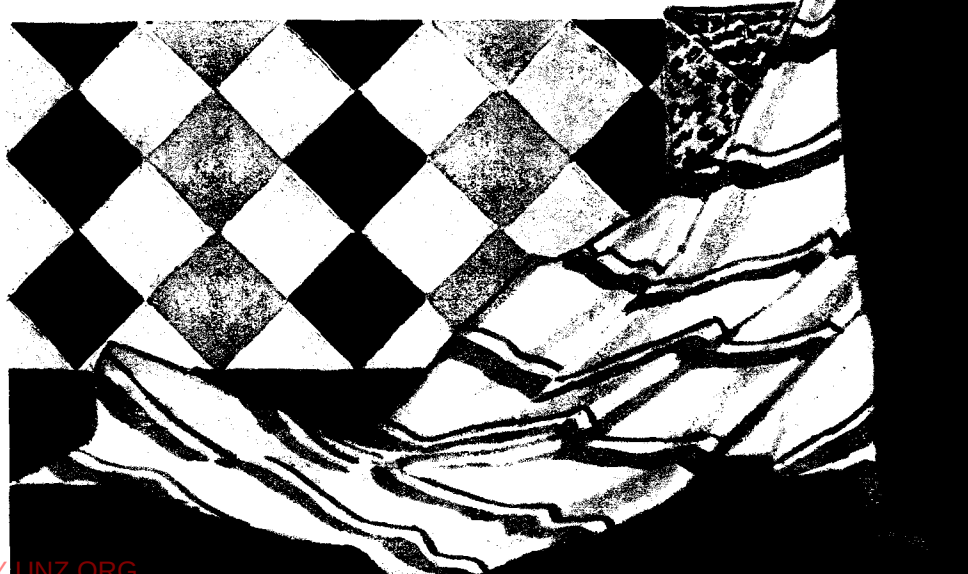
In Chicago, young Shane reads his mother's telegram. He has spent much time on a great invention—a device that, properly developed at a cost of only fifteen million dollars, may (if it works) protect our nation against air raids. He has just learned (through Peggy) that the idea leaves Washington cold. Decidedly peeved, he wires his mother that he is heading for China (which he hopes will play ball). He neglects to mention the fact that he intends to marry a young girl named Sigrid Projohaczki, before he leaves.

Mrs. Corrigan's wire pleases Peggy. She has just had a quarrel with Mr. Robert P. Derrill, an Assistant U. S. Attorney General, to whom she had been engaged. She has just returned her engagement ring. Bob Derrill, "the beau sabreur of the New Deal," had it appears, attacked the recently formed Guardians of America Inc.; he had called them swine and various other things. And Peggy's father, old D. J., is the head of the Guardians! So, no longer engaged, Peggy wires her mother that she will go to England.

In his office in New York City, D. J. Corrigan makes a painful discovery. Having sneaked into this country from Ireland—after being sentenced to prison for taking part in a Sinn Fein riot—he had never secured citizenship papers; nor is any member of his family a citizen (his wife having been born in Canada, and the children abroad). Now he is horrified to learn that his enemies, the New Dealers, having learned of the situation, are preparing to smite him!

What is to be done? D. J. is discussing the problem with two of his associates, Messrs. Griswold and Nevins, when his wife's telegram arrives. He reads it, shows it to his friends. Then: "Griswold," he shouts, "get my wife, my son and my daughter on the phone. We're going to fight!"

Peggy still could not make up her mind what to do. It is quite an unusual situation to have a man walk in on you after having flown all the way from Washington to Texas just to talk to a girl and then have the girl say, "I won't even see you"



immigrants or whatever such people are called. When we leave America, as we shall, we must go of our own free will and after they have asked us to remain!"

Peggy nodded.
"That's a good way to look at it, Mother," she said, diplomatically.

Shaney groaned and flung himself into another chair near the fireplace.

Mrs. Corrigan resumed control of the conversation.

"TELL me, how does one go about applying for citizenship, Peggy?"

"I understand from what Daddy said that we all appear before the federal judge of this district."

"Ha! He asks us if we can read and write!"

"Really? How stupid."
"It's just a formality, Mother."

Nodding, Mrs. Corrigan began to think, her eyes narrowed.

"Do I know this judge?"
Peggy shrugged.

"I haven't the slightest idea who the man is, Mother."

Shane snorted.
"It's old man Brumby," he said.

"Brumby? Did I ever meet him?"
Peggy gave her brother a warning frown.

"Probably not, dear," she said, "but you let Daddy handle it. He'll be here tomorrow with the lawyers."

Mrs. Corrigan's train of thought, rumbling with heavy freight, could not be shunted onto a sidetrack by mere admonition.

"Brumby . . . Brumby," she said.
"Isn't he that ridiculous person who goes wandering about the village in a cowboy hat?" Mrs. Corrigan arose. "I'll ask Edith. She'll know!"

"Now, Mother, please don't—"
"I'm certain it's the man. I couldn't recall his face but that hideous dun-colored hat—"

And Mrs. Corrigan bustled out the door. Peggy moved to halt her, but Shane said: "Let her go. I want to talk to you."

Peggy turned back and both relaxed with weary grins.

"Whew! Mother sinks me!"
"Yes, poor darling. You could be a little more patient, though."

"I'm sorry. She is a good egg."
"And D. J. is too, Shaney."

"Don't get me started on *that*. . . Well, how do you feel about discovering you don't belong to the land of the free and the home of the brave?"

THE girl sat down, tapping at a cigarette. No use to tell Shaney how you feel when the one great love of your life has ended; when the dream man has proved utterly false to your ideal of him; when the whole world has suddenly gone "blah" and you really see nothing ahead. Shaney had been too scornful of Assistant U. S. Attorney General Robert Derrill from the very first. Shaney would only cackle some remark about not putting your trust in brain-trusters. And besides, Peggy had been charged by her father's Mr. Griswold with the solemn duty of "keeping Shane under wraps." It is not a job a girl relishes when she wants simply to crawl away and die, but Peggy was a Corrigan.

"Oh, let's see," she said. "How did I feel? Well, I think I felt about as I would have felt had Daddy told me I was not his real daughter. A sort of adopted-you-don't-really-belong feeling."

Shane snorted.
"I didn't feel that way at all," he said.

"I felt oh-what-the-hell. After what the precious United States War and Navy departments have done to me, I should weep patriotic tears. Fact is, Sis, I felt relieved. Now I can peddle my inven-

tion in the world market—that is, to any liberal democratic nation."

"You didn't feel *hurt*?"
"Why should I?"

Peggy looked at her cigarette a moment; Shaney was going to be difficult.
"We are Americans, you know," she said slowly. "All of us. We were brought up here; it's our own country."

"It's not mine. I disown it!"
"Do you intend to tell the judge that?"

"Why not? It's the truth!"
"It isn't the truth—and even if it were, you're not going to say that to Judge Brumby. You're going to be a good little boy and march into court and ask him politely to let you become a naturalized citizen!"

This statement jerked Shaney to an upright posture.
"Oh, I am, am I?"
"Yes."

"I suppose D. J. thinks he's going to crack down on me and force me to perjure myself—"

"No! I'll do the cracking down!"
Shaney laughed bitterly.

"Well, well, so now you're a dictator! You run around with a brain-truster a couple of months and you develop a Big-Me complex, huh?"

"That's all over!"
"Hunh? Over?"

"Yes. I'm not seeing Bob any more."
"Golly, Sis—what happened?"

OH, he made a very unfair speech against Daddy and the Guardians of America—and it made me see that we just don't agree on anything."

"What'd he say about D. J.?"
"It's not worth repeating. The point is, Shaney dear, that we Corriganes are in danger of being kicked out of this country. And you're not going to do or say anything that will give them an excuse!"

Springing to his feet, Shane Corrigan waved a long arm for emphasis. "Ha! D. J. can't do this to me! He got us into the jam. He should have cleared up that Irish business years ago. And wait until I tell him what I think of a guy that used to be a decent Sinn Feiner and bopped a cop on the head in a riot turning reactionary Fascist. Ha! Just wait until the Daily Worker and the New Masses find out that D. J. Corrigan used to be a radical—"

"Tuck your shirt in!"
"Never mind my shirt—"

"I do mind your shirt. It's indecent. Furthermore, you're not going to say anything to Daddy. He's got enough troubles. For once in your life, Shaney, you're going to be a comfort to your parents!"

"Oh, I am, am I?"
"Yes. Or else—"

"Or else what?"
Miss Peggy Corrigan's eyes sparkled dangerously.

"I'm sure D. J. would like to know about that bohunk Miss Sigrid Koschawasky you've been running around with in Chicago—"

"The name is Sigrid Projohaczki, my dear old pal, and she is not a bohunk. She comes of very good Lithuanian peasant stock. Go right ahead and tell D. J. I'll tell him myself."

"That would spoil everything!"
"What do you mean?"

"Well, I was going to put the slug on Daddy for enough money to finance a working model of your invention. But if he finds out about Sigrid he'll just see red—in more ways than one, my lamb!"

Shane was cautious.
"How much can you get?"
"Twenty-five thousand, maybe."

"Ha! Nickels and dimes."

"What a crust, Shaney. Blackmailers seldom get that much their first try—"

"It isn't blackmail. It's . . . uh . . . a sound scientific proposition. For twenty-five grand I couldn't make a generator

(Continued on page 40)



Quiet Campaign

By Frederic Mertz

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

IT WAS dark by the time old Bill Yaekel drifted out of the mesquite on his rangy-legged buckskin and eased onto the road again near the edge of town. Dust haze reddened the lamp-light spilling from the windows of the Last Chance, where a Saturday-night crowd of men and ponies scuffed along the hitch rails. Sheriff Yaekel's gray, composed glance took in all this, while his mind checked off two facts—that tonight wasn't Saturday, and that a weighted gun belt was strapped around the waist of every man in sight.

He held back the buckskin until he had spotted his regular deputies in the crowd. Then he let his pony move leisurely into the bronzed half-light.

Ward Enneboe saw him first, the sheriff noticed. He watched the younger man break off whatever orders he had been giving, and shoulder his way out to where Bill Yaekel sat with fingers drooped over the saddle horn.

"It's the Gillam boys," Ward Enneboe said. "Word came in about an hour ago that they're hiding in a shack over by Red Butte."

He made a self-assured and solid shape against the milling of the posse, and it took an effort of Sheriff Yaekel's will to hold the muscles of his old face steady against shock, for a faint but unmistakable wind puff of contemptuous amusement was blowing toward him, out of that straight-faced crowd under Enneboe's leadership. And this was something that had never come Bill Yaekel's way before.

He spoke now without haste: "You and the other deputies take over, Ward. I'll just sort of string along." He moved his pony to let the leaders pass.

This, he was thinking, must be how time got in its licks. . . . A man got to be sheriff, for instance, appointing deputies and more or less taking term after term for granted. Meanwhile a hearty, energetic deputy like Ward Enneboe began to want the badge. . . .

He fell in behind, unmindful of the hoof-kicked dust. He had ridden this land alone countless times. He knew the form of it so well that now, under the stars, every shadow and glimmer on it shaped a familiar butte or draw or mesquite thicket. He had known the people, too, up to now. The Gillam boys, for instance. Just a couple of dumb calf thieves turned killers by accident and surprise. Given a week or ten days—Yaekel was figuring as he rode—he would have brought them in, as likely as not, without all this fool gun-play around an abandoned mine shack.

When he reined in, a quarter mile down canyon from the dark thrust of Red Butte, Ward Enneboe had already stationed most of his men.

From his shelter of stone, Enneboe was muttering orders. Sheriff Yaekel sat disregarded, a gaunt, listening saddle ghost. Presently he reined his pony into a clearing between tall clumps of buck brush, and let his body drowse. . . . Maybe, these past few days, instead of visiting the cattle spreads and circling on horseback through the broken desert

land, he should have stayed in town and mended his political fences. Maybe . . . He raised his chin, hearing Enneboe speak aloud in the windless dark.

"Get back, you fool," another voice expostulated. "You want the Gillams to give you a hideful of lead?"

"I'm going up there," Ward Enneboe said again.

Sheriff Yaekel could see his deputy's erect figure, outlined against the guarding rocks, before it started up the slope toward the cabin. "Come out reaching, you rats," Enneboe shouted. "Or do I have to walk in there and blast you out?"

Bill Yaekel let go a long, regretful breath, and turned his pony's head toward town. He knew now that he had made too quiet a campaign. An old-time gun-toter, whose record had started a half century ago, didn't stand much chance with the younger voting element against a deputy who pushed, single-handed, into a black and lonely cabin.

THE sheriff rode steadily but unhurriedly, and the posse swung past him after a while, leaving him their dust to eat all the way back to the Last Chance. Through its windows, as he rode by, he could see Ward Enneboe lounging at the bar.

Sheriff Yaekel stabled his buckskin, and plodded toward the far end of town. His campaign, he saw now, was as good as over. He was waiting in the dark front room of Enneboe's house an hour later when Ward Enneboe let himself in. "Reach," said Sheriff Yaekel.

Ward Enneboe's hands were up, lighting a lamp. He didn't have a chance, and came quietly with the sheriff's gun at his back.

"How come?" he asked, walking disarmed in front of Bill Yaekel.

"The Gillam boys ain't real bright, son. And yet nobody'd seen hide nor hair of 'em lighting out of these parts. So I just guessed they didn't light. That's why it set me back when you told me they'd holed in, right where there wasn't a sign of 'em when I looked this afternoon. Yes, sir, if you hadn't stood up and appealed to the voters tonight at Red Butte, I'd sure have missed the trail."

He slowed down to let his prisoner round the corner of the side street. At its end was the jail. Bill Yaekel said: "When a smart young candidate stands up and practically asks some fugitives from justice to take a pot shot at him—well, it stands to reason he's bound to know the fugitives ain't there. And if he'd hid 'em on his own place—"

"You can't prove—"

Bill Yaekel's voice became almost apologetic: "I walked in on 'em a half-hour ago at your house, son. This here's the second time I've covered the same ground tonight. Yes, sir, I probably roam around too much. One of these days, I'd ought to—"

Now that they were at the jail door, old Bill Yaekel permitted himself a yawn. One of these days, he meant to say, he'd ought to settle down and conduct an election campaign. A real one.

"I'm going up there," Ward Enneboe said again. Sheriff Yaekel could see his deputy's figure outlined against the rocks before it started up the slope

Shooting Gal

By
Howard W. Turtle

A country storekeeper, Mrs. Lela Hall, holds all the world's records for women trapshooters. She uses a second-hand gun, but she's so good the men won't compete with her



A LONG-EARED Missouri jack rabbit bolted from behind a log. "Blooie!"

It jumped sideways and fled across a pasture.

"Blooie!"

It zigzagged up an incline and disappeared except for its ears.

"Blooie!"

It rolled over and over, never to chew the bark off another peach tree.

A pretty woman cocked her smoking shotgun.

"Nice shot," a man said.

"Pretty lucky," she cried.

Sixty-nine other hunters, all men, peered at her streamlined shape. She had rolled the rabbit after two of them had missed at closer range.

They didn't know it then, but they were looking at the greatest woman shotgun marksman who ever lived.

Her name is Mrs. Lela Hall. She lives in quaint little Strasburg, Missouri, halfway between Kansas City and the Ozarks.

She is holder of all the world's records for women trapshooters, and is the conqueror, at one time or another, of almost every ace gunman in the country.

But she spends most of her time candling eggs and measuring beans.

Down in Strasburg, population 144, Lela Hall and her husband take their daily bread from their general store. Pin money comes from Lela's take at trapshoots. She's been winning since she was sixteen.

She fired a shotgun for the first time when she was fifteen years old. It nearly kicked her shoulder off.

Her father, H. C. Ammon, had gone out to a turkey shoot near their home at East Lynne, Missouri. Her mother had said Lela couldn't go. A turkey shoot was no place for a little girl to be, her mother had said.

So Lela ran away. She leaned against a gate near the place where guns were blazing at the trap, and watched her father shattering clay pigeons. He noticed her. She started to run home—but, to her amazement, he called her back.

He led Lela up to the firing line. The idea, he explained, was to shoot the gun

and break the clay pigeons in the air. Lela took aim. Five clay pigeons went soaring out. Lela shattered three of them. Her career had begun.

She won a place on the East Lynne trapshooting team when she was sixteen. At turkey shoots the men politely allowed her to stand closer than anyone else. She began to win turkeys.

Before long, they compelled her to stand back as far as the rest. She kept on winning turkeys. Today they won't even let her enter—none of the men would have a chance—but that's getting ahead of the story.

She got a job when she was nineteen with a mail-order house in Kansas City. She didn't shoulder a gun for two years—but at twenty-one she quit to get married and on her honeymoon she and her 230-pound husband went to a turkey shoot. As they feasted that night on drumsticks of the turkey she won (he didn't get one) they decided she should go to the state tournament in St. Louis.

Nobody there paid much attention to her. But when the tournament was over, Lela Hall was women's champion of Missouri.

So she sank \$40 in a shotgun. It was a secondhand cousin to a blunderbuss, bought from a circuit court judge from Pleasant Hill who had a better one.

It's the Score that Counts

But Lela Hall wouldn't trade that gun today for all Missouri's mules. There is rust all over the breech, and a forearm as loose as a hula dancer's hips. Lela calls it Oscar.

In recent years she has stood with Oscar on the firing line of the sportiest trapshoots in the nation. Men and women have been up against her with \$2,000 guns.

"But here's how I figure about a gun," she says. "When those blue rocks are flying out of the trap, it doesn't matter a hoot whether your gun breech is covered with diamonds or rust. All that counts is whether that target breaks apart when you fire at it."

She went to the Grand American Handicap in Vandalia, Ohio, for the first

time in 1934. She was twenty-seven then.

Standing on the firing line against her in the big handicap were the nation's finest trapshooters—most of them men. One by one the men dropped out. Lela Hall kept up with the pace. The tension became terrific.

Thousands of spectators stared at her—up against men who already had made trapshooting history. She kept blazing away. Every time she smashed a target, hundreds of new friends in the gallery cheered. The 100th target zoomed out of the trap. Mrs. Hall blew it to powder.

She had broken 97 clay pigeons out of 100, and was tied for third place. Four men stood up against her in the shoot-off, and she whipped them all. She had beaten about 700 men at their own game.

In later years, Lela Hall won the women's championship of North America four different times. She is known as the greatest woman shotgun marksman who ever lived—better, even, than the late great Annie Oakley.

When Lela Hall was nineteen, winning all the trapshoots in Cass County, Annie Oakley died. That was in 1926. They never met in competition. If they had, Annie Oakley would have beaten Lela Hall with a rifle, and Lela Hall would have beaten Annie Oakley with a shotgun.

If Mrs. Hall would practice with a rifle, she probably would become a crack shot. As it is, she has never equaled such famous Annie Oakley rifle shots as splitting a coin flipped into the air or flicking the ashes from a cigarette.

But Lela Hall has done some spectacular things with Oscar the 12-gauge. In 1937, she cracked 359 clay pigeons in succession at the Grand American Handicap. That record is better than Annie Oakley ever made with a shotgun, and is easily the best score ever made by a woman. That day, she outshot the best living men shotgun marksmen, including her good friend, Joe Hiestand of Hillsboro, Ohio, champion of the world.

At thirty-one, Lela Hall has garnered more than 100 medals, cups, watch fobs, bracelets and plaques. She is the only

woman on the All-America Trapshooting team, and has been a member five years. Her All-America mates call her "Filly"—her favorite nickname.

She pays her own expenses at tournaments, including transportation, ammunition, hotel rooms and entry fees. If she accepted expense money, or gave endorsements of guns or shells, she would lose her amateur standing, she says.

Trapshooting, however, has not exactly put her into a financial hole—her expenses have more than been defrayed by the handsome chunks of prize money won at the Grand American and at winter shoots in Florida and California.

Unorthodox Lady

She has what trapshooters call an "unorthodox" style. She leans farther forward than any other fine marksman because, she says, the "kick" of the gun never injures her then. When the gun goes off, she falls backward without losing balance, and absorbs the shock. Many men at the Grand American Handicap develop shoulder bruises.

Another unorthodox mannerism is her habit of squinting her left eye when she looks down the barrel. Almost all other good shooters leave both eyes open.

And while most other marksmen "squeeze" the trigger to fire a shot, Lela Hall "slaps" it. The index finger of her right hand remains about an inch off the trigger until it is time to fire. Then it pulls with a quick backward "slap."

Her shotgun skill seldom gets a whetting except when she enters tournaments. The rest of the time she's too busy to shoot.

Her biggest job is to wait on customers and chew the fat with citizens who sit beside the potbellied stove in her husband's store at Strasburg. Once in a while business gets dull. She turns then to her husband and says:

"Pop, you run the place a while."

She takes up Oscar and walks out the back door into a pasture. Soon a long-eared jack rabbit jumps up. He zigs and he zags.

"Blooie!"

Yes, sir, the gal can shoot.

★★★

Big Moment

By Grover Jones

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

Misty hoped some day to become a lady. And she wasn't afraid to fight for her hopes

POOCH HUDELL sat on his front porch looking at the pictures in the family album. From the low-lying wood beyond the mustard field came an occasional hollow blast from a shotgun. Pooch shuddered. Each shot told him how many rabbits would be on the menu for the coming week. Rabbit mulligan. For fifteen years—ever since Effie, his wife, had taken down with that coughing complaint, and died—Misty had been cooking mulligan. That's all she knew how to cook . . . mulligan . . . mulligan . . . mulligan. . . . A chopped-up rabbit, six cellar potatoes, a ham bone, a handful of small onions and the juice left over from the last batch. That was the recipe. The salt went in what you ate and not in the pot, unless, of course, you didn't want to use the juice for tomorrow's stew. . . . Fifteen years he had eaten with his eyes closed—and never once complained.

Misty was his daughter; his only child. Six feet two in her bare feet, and they'd always been bare. A pair of feet that had left their imprint on every foot of hunting ground between Sugar Creek and the Wabash River. The farmers in and around Vigo County called her "the wild woman," but she wasn't exactly that; she was just the daughter of Pooch Hudell. She had the grace and speed of a chased rabbit in a cabbage patch and her eyes were deep blue, like the rinse water of Monday's wash. She was as good-looking as a tall woman can be, especially the Misty kind with an Amazonian ability to pick up a miner and hurl him into his own coal dust.

Misty could do that—a rare strength awarded her by her father's tiny slope mine, where she had labored ever since her mother died. She dug the coal and Pooch operated the donkey engine that pulled the one-ton car up the incline; a dirty grade of mine-run that sold cheaply and well to the wagon trade. Misty could crib a car with the best of them, and sulphur rock never interfered with her progress once she started swinging a pick. But, unfortunately, her learning was entirely in that direction; the job of being a woman had entirely escaped her notice.

Pooch sighed; removed his ten-cent spectacles and wiped the mist away. A picture of his dead wife stared up at him from the open album. It was Sunday and Pooch knew what she would have been thinking: "I'll have froise and jelly omelet for breakfast and to-night I'll fill him up with dipped dumplings and milk pie." Years and years and years like that, it was. Then the coughing came on.

An approaching song broke his unhappy reverie—Misty returning from

the hunt. His faded eyes saw her coming through the rank weeds that separated the mine from the house; carrying a jute bag half filled with rabbits, a single-barreled shotgun and a wealth of brush branches and roots.

*"There was an old lady all sound and well—
La, la—la-la, la-la!
Oh, there was an old lady all sound and well—
Who up and wished that she was in hell—
Sing toodle-di-oo, sing toodle-di-ee!"*

Her voice was deep and vibrant like

a mine mule's when put to pasture. She was still singing when she sank down on the stoop and stretched her mud-caked legs. Pooch caught himself joining in.

"You ain't forgot, have you, Misty?" he said, when they had finished.

"Nothin' she ever learned me," replied Misty, bending over and sorting out some roots. "Mulberry," she explained, throwing them in her father's lap. "You been havin' ailin' belly an' I thought maybe I could pound 'em into tea for you." A splotch of sunlight dripped through a broken porch shingle and brightened her face. . . . "Nothin'." Like as if she was tellin' it to me

now—an' sometimes I think she does."

"Your mother was a smart woman," said Pooch softly.

"A good woman," corrected Misty, "because nobody but a good woman could know ever'thing. Just a mite, she was—a hand-spread between her an' my armpit. Wearin' starchy stuff all the time an' callin' me Blessin'. You never called me Blessin'."

"Mebbe not," said Pooch, "but I don't know what I'd do without you, gal."

"You couldn't," smiled Misty. "First off, you'd drink yourself to death, an' second says you wouldn't have no money to do that nuther. I think maybe you'd be in a helluva fix."





It was only after the fight had gone the breadth and length of the town's only main street, that Parney went down and stayed there

"I been a mine owner for twenty years," replied Pooch, bristling. "I been smart enough for that."

"Ma was, you mean. Ma was ever'thing. With Tuesday choir meetin' in the front room an' tassels on the lace curtains. 'An' how are you, Mrs. Coakley?' she'd say. 'An' I'm a-hearin' your oldest boy is practicin' law. A most worthy profession, Mrs. Coakley.'"

Misty stared vacantly at her father, seated deep in the purple shadows of the porch.

"Most worthy profession," repeated Misty. "I practiced them words over an' over—while she was droopin'—when she died—even when we walked back from the cemetery in the rain. An' I was proud of her—like as if it was hard to breathe. A worthy profession. How elegant! . . . What is a worthy profession, Pa?"

Pooch stirred uneasily.

"The enamel's comin' off these pitchers," he said, indicating the open album. "Frost mebbe. It took the red paint offen that number two shovel I bought for you last week."

"You wouldn't know," said the girl, a trace of sadness in her voice. "You never know. You don't know nothin' except maybe if it's a story, an' then it's always about somebody in a saloon."

Pooch shot a spray of tobacco juice at the hydrangea that graced one end of the porch. His shaggy brows twitched angrily. Too many times now she'd been saying that, and he never said she didn't know nothin' . . . mulligan . . . mulligan . . . mulligan. . . . And nary a word from him. A father's got some rights in this world.

"I knowed she could cook," he said tightly.

"So did I," came from Misty. "An' she could make headcheese an' crepples an' put up quince jam an'—"

"An' you can't do nothin' like that!"

"I can dig coal."

"Bah! You know anybody in this here county who can't?"

"Maybe not so good, they can't."

"But they can dig coal. An' their wives can cook. An' their wives can have babies an'—"

Pooch bit his lower lip. He wished he hadn't said that. The blue in Misty's eyes faded suddenly; her nose tightened to the thickness of a bone in a rabbit's front leg. She got to her feet and sucked in the late afternoon air.

"I'll go down to the creek and wash," she said. She walked slowly down the path; paused and looked back. "Tomorrow I'll get some groceries from town."

MISTY walked down the middle of the road. The thick dry dust fuffed under her bare feet even though she touched it gently to protect her "boughten" dress. And the dress was a percale print, conspicuous in its pattern and droopingly unhappy about its owner. Pooch had bought it and a ouija board one night when he was drunk.

The town always frightened Misty. The raucous laughter of drunken men. The squeak and grumble of passing traffic. A choir singing its praises to heaven. Rickety boardwalks that seemed to coil up like snakes and hiss at her. . . . But there seemed to be friendliness about the Lanton Boarding-house, probably because Mrs. Lanton was always singing. Always singing and always on the front porch stretching lace curtains. Misty couldn't recall ever having come to town without seeing her on the front porch. A stout little woman with the uncertain shapings of a sassafras root, and a warm smile that met you at the end of the block and followed you to bed that night. . . . She was singing as Misty passed the house.

MISTY paused to listen, then warmed to the friendly smile that Mrs. Lanton tossed over the white picket fence.

"We ain't never spoke before, have we?" said Mrs. Lanton.

"Not hardly, mum," answered Misty timidly. "I been passin' through."

"Won't you come in?"

Misty walked hesitatingly up the gravel path that divided two flourishing beds of cosmos. Her timidity instantly set afire the mothering instinct that was ever a combustible product of Mrs. Lanton's deep, rounded bosom. She held out her hand; Misty enveloped it in her own. A doll's hand, she thought, with the warm blood coursing through it; soft as the fur on her pet squirrel.

"I been seein' you ever' time you passed, child," said Mrs. Lanton.

"You have, mum?" Misty's face flushed with pleasure.

"My, yes—an' talked about you, too." Mrs. Lanton laughed and the sadder tracings of pain on the girl's face faded away. "They was nice things, Misty. Like bein' pretty an' bein' healthy."

"Pretty, mum?" Misty was flustered.

"I bet you don't even own a mirror," smiled Mrs. Lanton.

Misty laughed.

"In the creek I see myself, but the water's always movin' an' I look like this—"

She made an ugly face—and they both laughed. Misty didn't know why, but there was a glow inside of her. She

felt the urge to talk; to tell things about herself.

"—and Pooch wants me to cook," went on Misty. "He's sick o' rabbit. He thinks I can't do nothin' 'cept act like a man. He never said nothin' like that, you see, but I can tell it by the way he works his mustache." Misty grew confidential. "He gimme four dollars to buy groceries an'—an', Mrs. Lanton, I don't know what to buy. I'm awful scared to go in the grocery store."

"Why, honey!" exclaimed Mrs. Lanton, her eyes filling with tears. "There's nothin' to be scared of. I'll get my shawl an' we'll go shoppin' together."

"Would you do that?" breathed Misty, staring at her wonderingly. "Like the good stuff you buy for your boarders? Pooch tells me they run all the way down the track at quittin' time to be first at the supper table. I'll bet they just think you're ever'thin', don't they?"

"Them that pay their board bill do," answered Mrs. Lanton, drawing her shawl about her. "Men are gluttons, darlin'—they're pigs standin' up. I'm disgusted with 'em except when they leave somethin' on their plate an' then I'm mad because they don't eat it. I guess it's like that with all women. . . ."

SHE came down off the porch steps, then stopped; looked up at the girl.

"Buyin' won't do no good; you gotta learn to cook first. An', Misty, you're goin' to—I'll learn you. You'll work for me."

"You mean I'd come an' live with you?"

"Of course, Misty—like my own daughter. An' I'll give you three dollars a week an' you can buy a new dress now an' then—an' shoes an' things."

"Oh, Mrs. Lanton!" Misty stood there trembling, her broad hands pawing aimlessly at the front of her dress. "An' I can wear shoes like people!"

"The ol' devil had her all bound with chains—
La, la—la-la, la-la!

Oh, the ol' devil had her all bound with chains,
Then he up with a fryin' pan, knocked out her brains—

Sing toodle-di-oo, sing toodle-di-ee!"

Misty had found her paradise. A two-storied structure cubbyholed into a myriad of bedrooms, but a palace in comparison to the trembling shack that she called home. There were floors to scrub, a wash shack to clean; there were mountains of dirty dishes to wash and dinner buckets to fill—but with all this, there was the joy of learning things from Mrs. Lanton.

Every Sunday she took Pooch his Sabbath dinner and, while he ate, she told him all that had taken place the six days before. There was no skipping with her. Beginning with early Monday morning she detailed every incident till late Saturday night, when it fell her lot to put some of the celebrating miners to bed.

"I think maybe you'd better come home," Pooch would always say. "I'm a-gettin' a hankerin' for rabbit mulligan."

And Misty would laugh. She knew what her father was thinking.

A Sunday came that saw Pooch sitting on the porch all alone. The following Sunday it was the same. He grew troubled and vexed; donned his other suit and walked into town. Mrs. Lanton met him at her front door.

"I come lookin' for Misty," he explained.

"She's with Green Parney," said Mrs. Lanton.

"An' who's Green Parney?"

"My new boarder. Won't you come in?"

"She's my darter," flared Pooch.

"Of course she's your daughter," smiled Mrs. Lanton, "but that shouldn't deny her the right to laugh on Sunday. Mr. Parney is a good man. They're over at the sycamore grove—the Red Men are havin' a baseball game."

"To hell with the Red Men!" growled Pooch and walked away.

HE FOUND them sitting on a soapbox in the sparse shade of a blistered tree, unmindful of the baseball war being waged in the cow pasture beyond. Misty was laughing—gentle, warm laughter that painted a pleasant picture of her in the sprinkling shadows. For the moment—but for the moment only—Pooch wished he hadn't come. Then his eyes rested on Parney, and he was right glad he had.

"A dude!" he grumbled sourly to himself. Pegged trousers and pearl-button sleeves. A gray-green bowler clinging to the back of his head. "And yella hair," was Pooch's mental comment.

"Sure!" echoed Parney. "Just spoonin', that's all."

He threw back his head and laughed loudly.

"I don't like his eyes," said Pooch to Misty. "They got meanness in 'em."

The laughter broke off. Parney's face tightened pugnaciously.

"I'll talk to him alone," said Misty quickly. She took Pooch by the arm and led him away.

"It's only the second time I ever been out with anybody in my life," said Misty.

Pooch snorted.

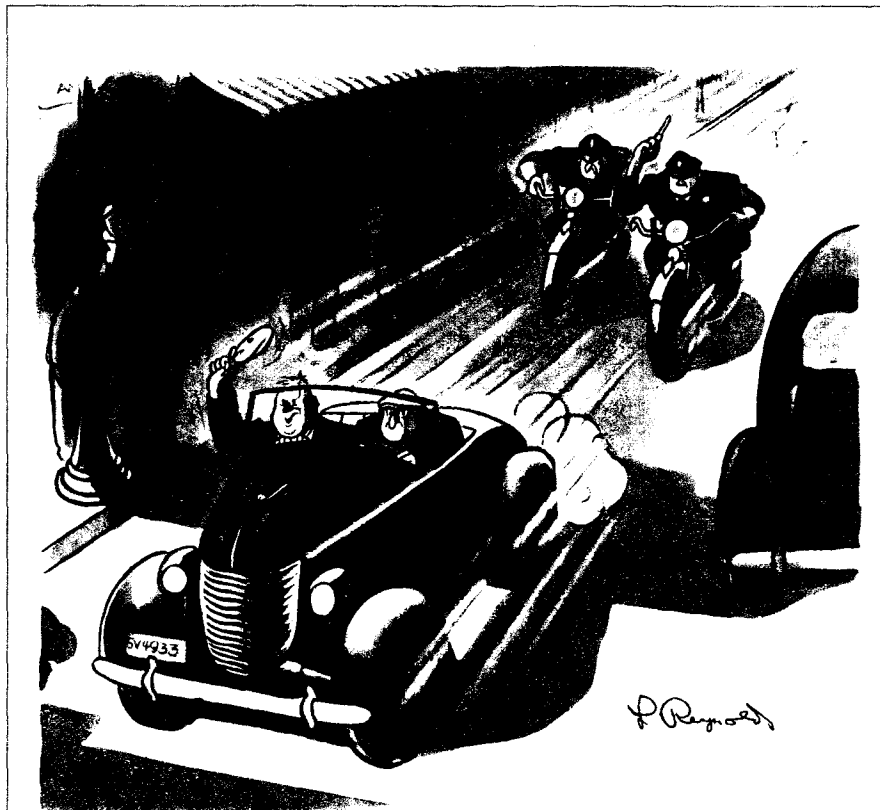
"Why don't you go out with a man?"

"He is a man!" defended Misty stoutly. "He's the best wrassler at the boardinghouse an' I seen him with my own eyes throw a hull brick across Frazer's Pond."

"He ain't got no union card."

"He's a businessman, Pa, an' he's goin' to have a store right in town."

"Goin' to sell things, you mean?"



"It's like being a celebrity, ain't it? Only th' cops is behind"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

"Nobody with yella hair is good workin' a room, takin' up bottoms or runnin' a machine. Like as not he's nothin' but a slab-sided mule skinner."

Misty looked up and saw her father; smiled down his frown.

"Pa, this is Mr. Green Parney—my father, Green."

"Hi!" said Parney, grinning good-naturedly. He reached into his coat pocket and came out with a cigar. "'Tain't a stogie, ol' man, so don't screw up your face. They're a nickel straight an' made right in Terre Haute."

"Where you work?" asked Pooch, ignoring the cigar.

"All around."

"Where all around?"

"Just all around—why?"

"Let's see your union card."

"Oh, you mean am I a coal digger?"

"I asked you."

"Not me, Pop!"

"You're not a coal digger?"

"I make a living."

"How?"

"By being smart."

"Smart doin' what?"

Parney threw a glance at the troubled girl.

"Please, Pa," begged Misty, "why don't you go 'way an' leave us alone? We ain't hurtin' nothin'."

"I don't know about that," said Misty; "all I know is what I hear, an' he bought some round tables an' stuff over in Terre Haute."

"Sure!" snorted Pooch. "Just what I thought—a gambler!"

"But he's a nice man, Pa; honest he is."

POOCH turned to go but Misty grabbed him by the arm.

"Listen, Pa," she pleaded. "It's happy for a girl to have a boy friend—in town, I mean. Everyone's got a beau an' if you went to the Red Men's dance by yourself they'd talk about you. I don't want people talkin' about me."

"Then come on home, where you belong!"

"I couldn't, Pa—not now I couldn't."

"Weaned away—is that it?"

Misty hesitated. She wanted to be honest with her father, but the right words wouldn't come. The old shack on Frog Hill offered a distressing mental picture. It wasn't a part of her any more; she knew it. The smell of parlor soap was in her nostrils, the gloss of clean chinaware on her finger tips. The fragrance of a well-kept kitchen, with rows of "put up" jelly and loaves of freshly baked bread on white towels. Here was true happiness.

"I can't, Pa," she said. Her blue eyes moistened as his shoulders and brush mustache sagged tiredly. "Sundays I'll come, or Saturday afternoons, maybe—"

Pooch sighed and walked away. She watched him trudge jerkily across the narrow strip of dandelions, and stood there until he melted into the shadows of the fringing sycamores.

PARNEY sat in Kluger's poolroom playing poker with the boys. A large stack of white chips in front of him attested his good humor.

"Call your bet an' raise you two bits!" He grinned at the man at his right. "Of course, I ain't askin' you to throw away your money, Joe, but I'm feelin' my oats tonight an' just in the mood to lop people off."

"Gas!" growled Joe, and called the bet.

"How about you boys—you ready for slaughter?" He grinned invitingly at all of them. "Take your time, chumps—don't crowd." And then hummed: "Oh, there was an old lady all sound and well—"

"Why the joy, Parney?" asked one, making a tight survey of his cards. "You got four aces?"

"Nope," said Parney. "My wife is blowin' into town tomorrow."

Came a sudden tension. Freezeout was forgotten. The players stared at each other and then at the humming Parney. He snapped his derby back with his fingers and eyed them insolently.

"Anything wrong with that?"

"Not that—exactly," said Joe. "We wasn't thinkin' about your wife."

"What then?"

"What've you been tellin' Misty?"

"None of your damn business!"

Joe shrugged. A broad-shouldered man, with hands the size and shape of a cow's udder. He looked at his companions.

"What was the name of that fellow, boys—the one we rode on a rail?"

"You mean the one we tarred an' feathered or the one we jus' tarred?"

"Either one."

"Mud," grinned the man. "I'm callin' the bet—an' I got three kings."

"Nuts to you guys," said Parney. "An' I got a straight flush."

IT WAS Mrs. Lanton who broke the news to Misty. She was stirring up a batch of soft soap in the back yard and singing a song to the clothespins that hung on the line.

"They're like little people," she said to Mrs. Lanton. "Some of 'em like what I'm singin' an' some of 'em is protestin' like Pa does when I make him take a bath."

"Misty," began Mrs. Lanton quietly, "you like Parney, don't you?"

Misty blushed.

"Misty—look, child." Mrs. Lanton's hands were working unhappily. "You're young yet—you don't know your own mind. You ain't never been out with another man. How do you know—"

"I got sweetness inside," Misty said with utter frankness. "I can look at the coal smoke hangin' over the mines an' make pretty pictures out of it. I never been able to do that before. I can see Frazer's Pond an' it's like a bed of soft silk an' jewels—an' all the dirty houses around, they keep gettin' prettier because the people in 'em have got somebody they like. I held Mrs. McAlpin's baby yesterday, an' she smelled as sweet an' clean as your kitchen. I ain't never been that way in my life."

"But are you sure, honey, it's because of Parney?"

Misty studied her for several moments.

"I think so," she said finally. "I been thinkin' about it ever since Pa asked me to come home. I love my pa but he's



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ANYONE WHO DRIVES in traffic knows what extremes of engine performance are demanded. Now imagine driving a big bus, in heavy traffic, day in and day out—tough on the engine and particularly tough on spark plugs. For constant starting and stopping, long idling periods, and hauling very heavy loads mean

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people, operating 575 buses, and averaging 15,000,000 miles yearly, specify Champion Spark Plugs exclusively as do most outstanding fleets of buses and trucks.

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The Sign of Dependable Service

IT'S THRIFTY TO INSTALL NEW SPARK PLUGS—Demand CHAMPIONS



For years
I thought
you had
to be
that way



Don Herold Says: A few years ago men blushed at MUM

Even men with steel wool on their chests now accept the idea of using Mum.

Mum is no longer thought of by males as being "for ladies only".

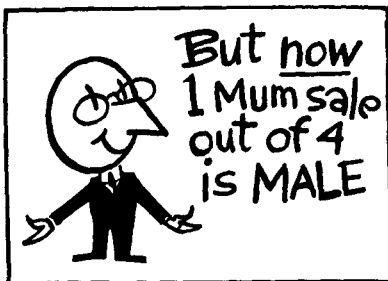
When I first started to preach Mum to the men of America, many men recoiled. They didn't want to be *that* clean and careful. They wanted women to be that nice, but they thought men should stay wild and wooly and aromatic.

We men have always taken our refinements the hard way. As kids, we bucked at shoes, at neck-washing, at white collars, at baths, at hair-cuts, at clean fingernails, at toothbrushing.

But American men have now seen the absurdity of a double standard for men and women in this matter of perspiration odor. Today a man who is shiftless about it is rightly considered a black sheep.

Thousands and thousands of thoroughly masculine he-guys now have the fine daily habit of following their bath with dabs of Mum under each arm, and using it again before evenings out. (Many also apply touches to the feet to keep hose and shoe linings fresh.)

Mum is a pleasant, fragrant cream, soothing to the skin (and harmless to clothes) which definitely vetoes perspiration odor for many hours without stopping perspiration itself.



If you are too bashful or too skeptical to walk into a store now and plunk down the price of a regular jar of Mum, start off today by sending your name on the margin of this page for a free sample, to Bristol-Myers Company, Inc., Dept. M-89, 630-A Fifth Ave., New York City.



**MUM TAKES
THE ODOR OUT OF
PERSPIRATION**

dirtier than—"She hesitated. "He's dirtier than I used to be before you took me in. . . . It's because maybe I wear shoes now, I think different."

"Honey, I hate to tell you this," Mrs. Lanton was trembling. "But—but Parney is married."

"Parney's—" Misty stopped. The air whistled into her lungs. She trembled from head to foot. Then stared at the clothespins on the line. "Like little people," she said—and cried softly.

MRS. PARNEY moved into the five-room house just back of Hickson's feed mill. A heavy truck brought more furniture into town than its citizens had ever seen in a lifetime. Never had the townfolk been treated to a sight like this. What could Mrs. Parney be like?

It was Misty who found out—the same Misty who smiled when Parney held out his hand and told her she was a good sport about the whole affair. She didn't want to go to his house, but it seemed as if there was a hand clutching her by the heart and leading her down the alley. She was ashamed of the pan of biscuits she was carrying, but they were like a present, or something, and seemed to offer an excuse for getting acquainted.

"Come in!" said a sweet voice to her knock at the door. Misty opened it and found herself looking at an angel. A tiny angel at least a hand's width beneath her own armpit. She was brown-eyed and black-haired and shaped like a beautiful doll. Her smile warmed Misty's bosom and drove the awkwardness away.

"Jus' a howdy-do present, ma'am," said Misty, extending the pan of biscuits.

"Why, you darling!" exclaimed Mrs. Parney joyously. "A perfect stranger and you—"

"Aw, that's all right, ma'am. We uns do things like that around here, I guess."

"Then I'm glad I'm here!" laughed Mrs. Parney. She held out a friendly hand. "Betty," she said.

"Misty's mine," replied Misty, taking the tiny hand in her own. Its softness thrilled her, and her instant's thought was of the time she first met Mrs. Lanton. Yet Mrs. Lanton's hand was not like this—it was—well, maybe it was a little coarser.

"You don't know how much I appreciate your present," said Mrs. Parney. "Getting my house in order—my, it's been nothing but hard work."

"Could I peek?" asked Misty honestly.

Mrs. Parney laughed.

"Of course, darling! Aren't we going to be friends from now on?"

She led Misty through the several rooms, disclosing a beauty never before seen by the ex-coal miner. Beautiful curtains. Flowered covers for the beds. Dainty pictures on the wall. Flowers in twisted glassware vases. Petit point on chair seats. Needlework antimacassars . . .

"It's beautiful, Mrs. Parney," she said breathlessly. "It's the most beautiful thing I ever saw."

"Thank you, darling," smiled Mrs. Parney. "You must come often."

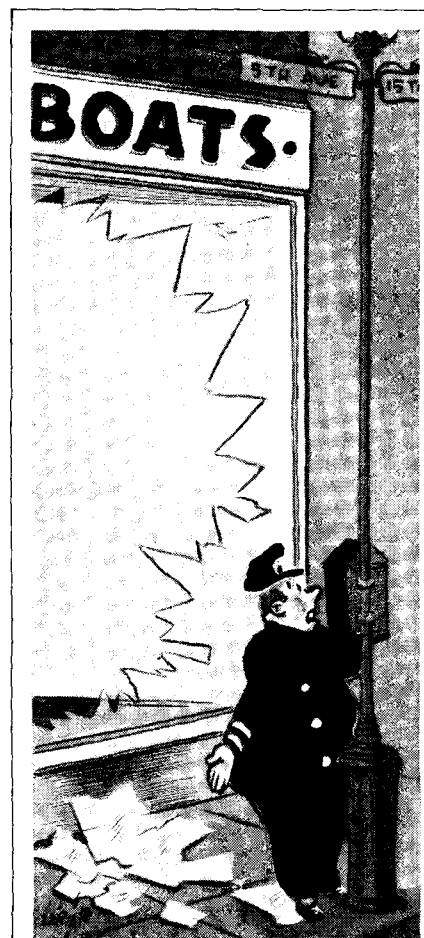
And Misty did. So often that it made town conversation. And she never came empty-handed—always something she had made herself. Recipes from the cookbook Mrs. Parney had given her—dainty things that didn't belong in a boardinghouse.

She loved giving things to Mrs. Parney; stood beside her and hardly breathed while the latter nibbled the confection; laughed happily when complimented for her effort. Nor did she ever confess it was sufficient reward to be allowed the opportunity to stand in the fairy house and look about her. Here everything was so dainty and gen-

tle, so graceful and ladylike. She watched Mrs. Parney's every move; even her lips when she talked, her eyes when she laughed.

There were times, of course, when she found Mrs. Parney not quite up to her usual bright self. Then she seemed to be tired of eye and heart. "An old ailment," she would say, "stays with me a day or two and then goes away." But sometimes it didn't—and it must have pained her a great deal, for Misty had caught her crying on several occasions.

A sense of futility crept into Misty's life, bringing with it a sullen rage against life in general. She wanted to do something, to help; but always Mrs. Parney shook her head sadly and told her there was no cure. Despite this, she stomped through the valley land, up and down, searching for roots and barks and pungent leaves. She ground them and



"I'm afraid this is one for
the Coast Guard, Chief!"

LAWRENCE LARIAR

cooked them and boiled them and turned them into pastes and tea, but there was no magic there—Mrs. Parney's "poor spells" were constantly recurring.

Oddly, Parney never saw Misty during her many visits to his home. Possibly, he didn't care—didn't give it a thought. Most of his time was devoted to "lopping off" the community's spending money. In doing this, he was both gay and charming, but there were periods when his luck wasn't good—and then his associates didn't find him so pleasant.

IT WAS one of these unfortunate days that Misty hurried over to the Parney house with some mushrooms her father had brought down from Frog Hill. She meant to knock at the door but it was open and, thinking perhaps that Mrs. Parney was making up her beds, she tiptoed into the kitchen and put the basket of mushrooms on the sink. She was on her way out again when her friend's voice—strangely dull and apathetic—came out of the adjoining room:

"Oh, hit me—hit me again! What do I care? It doesn't hurt any more—

you've killed everything inside me. Go on—just don't stand there leering at me!"

Two strides took Misty to the connecting doorway. There was Green, his face blotched unhealthily from the strain of his rage, glaring down at the frail figure of his wife, pressed quivering against the side of her bed. Her morning wrap had been torn to shreds and there were the marks of his open hand cruelly outlined on her white shoulder.

"There ain't no woman goin' to tell me—!"

He stopped, whitened. What was this strange apparition coming into the room? Not Misty, because Misty was just a big girl. This creature was more like a wild animal with the look of death about her. Green drew back involuntarily, then caught himself; pulled himself together. What right had she—?

"Get out of here!" he snarled. "Get out of here, you tramp!"

"Blue marks on her body," said Misty, "hurt pains that made her cry. Never sayin' nothin' about you—what kind of a man you was, or nothin'. . . . Now I'm goin' to kill you!"

A woman talking to him like that! Well, not with Green Parney, they don't! A bursting of insane fury that lent accuracy to his fist. It crashed against Misty's chin; brought a sudden cry of pain from Parney but nothing but a deadly smile from the girl. He swung with his left. Misty didn't even try to dodge. A soft thud of flesh against flesh—and Parney began to feel the icy touch of fear within him.

"We'll fight outside," said Misty calmly. "I could lick you in here but it wouldn't do any good because you could lie yourself out of it. I want people to see you—I want 'em to see you get your lickin'. And they'll talk—an' the talk will go from town to town—an' people will say, 'There's the man that got licked by a woman'—an' you won't be able to rest nowhere."

HER right foot shot up; caught the momentarily stupefied Parney in the stomach and catapulted him through the window into the back yard. Then she followed him out. Mrs. Parney's terrified eyes watched her go; saw her smiling quietly to herself.

Parney staggered to his feet. His first impulse was to run, but his better judgment told him that wouldn't do. It was either him or her. His bloodshot eyes sought and fastened themselves on the ax stuck in the wood block. His right hand gripped the handle of the ax. But this would be self-defense—and there she was, coming through the doorway. The ax streaked through the sunlight and sunk itself in the door casing beside her.

Then the battle started!

The townfolk will tell you to this day that Parney didn't have a chance. That he was a brave man and fought back blindly, even when he was broken and bleeding. That, despite the herculean strength of Vigo County's wild woman, he arose time and time again to give battle when a stronger man would have stayed down. And it was only after the fight had gone the breadth and length of the town's only main street that Parney went down and stayed there.

But Misty knew better. The first time her fist thudded into his soft flesh, she knew what kept him on his feet—a terror-stricken consciousness of his future—there must have been times when he was good . . . and now he'd have to be good at all times. She was happy for Mrs. Parney but happier still for herself, for now she knew it wasn't love she had had for Green—it was love of the idea that someday she might become a lady.



Good housekeepers approve:

We've had a big surprise —

Of course, we felt sure you'd like our fully-equipped *Registered Rest Rooms*, our signed pledges to keep them spic-and-span, our "White Patrol" inspection cars in every State.

But we weren't prepared for the avalanche of appreciation — the hundreds of letters you've written, the thousands of daily "Thank You's" at our stations.

Here is our answer. You will now find our clean, fully-equipped *Registered Rest Rooms* at Texaco Dealers all over the United States—more of them every day. And we'll give you the best in gasoline, oil and service, too.

Look for the neat green-and-white signs that mark our *Registered Rest Rooms* at Texaco Dealers everywhere. We invite you to drive in.



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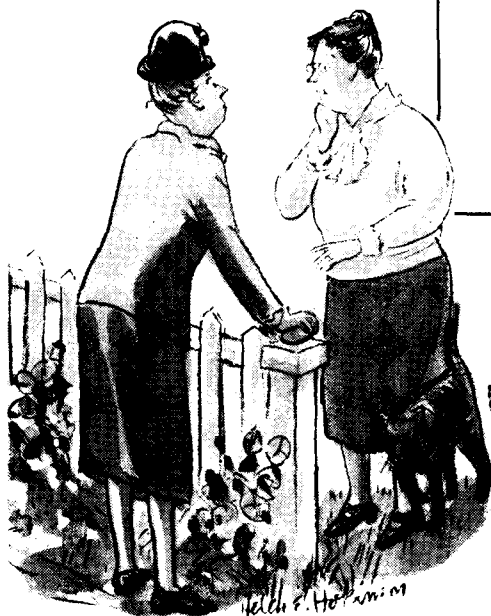
Texaco "White Patrol" inspection cars, like the one shown below, guard *Registered Rest Rooms*. Many inspectors have first-aid training and carry first-aid equipment.



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The Lord and Little Dick

Continued from page 17



*"Imagine Me
flying
to Hollywood!"*

1. My land, Sara, but I was excited when I received my Barbara's telegram telling me she was to be married! "Fly to Hollywood for wedding," she said. Why, I wonder what Pa would have thought if he was alive!



2. At the airport everyone was so nice to me, especially the hostess of my plane. I was so proud I couldn't help telling her about my Barbara being in pictures. And before you know it, Sara, we got right friendly.



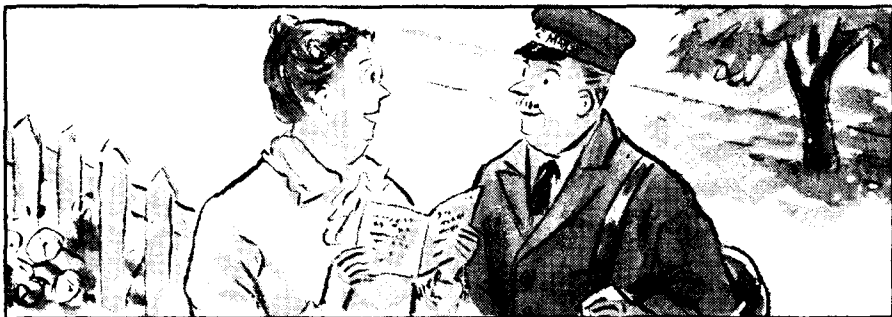
3. Before we landed, the hostess served a bite and some delicious iced coffee. "Land sakes, child!" I said. "Don't tempt me so! I love coffee but I'm one of those folks who can't drink it... seeing how it never lets me sleep."



4. "Don't you fret," she said. "This is Sanka Coffee. It's 97% caffeine-free. So it can't keep you awake." Well, Sara, it was grand coffee! You see, it's REAL coffee... with only the caffeine taken out... all the flavor left in.



5. Next morning I woke up in my hotel feeling fit as a fiddle. Bless that hostess, I thought, for introducing me to Sanka Coffee—it really lets me sleep! Soon as I get home I'm going to send her one of my own special apple pies!



6. And when she wrote thanking me for the pie, she told me the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: "Sanka Coffee is free from caffeine effect, and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden."



SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE...97% CAFFEIN-FREE...DRINK IT AND SLEEP

"Drip" or "Regular" Grind. Get a Can at Your Grocer's Today!

KEEP COOL with ICED Sanka Coffee...it's delicious! Be sure to make it strong—as all good iced coffee should be made—one and a half heaping tablespoons to a cup of water.

Neither did the Republican mahouts—the party bosses—want him. But for another reason. In the Detroit area the gamblers and other caterers to nocturnal joys had been rusting for two years, all of them having closed their doors in January, 1936, when Mr. Frank Murphy, now Attorney General of the United States, became governor. And they stayed closed.

But some of the Republican hog callers seem to have spread false tidings—that were Fitzgerald to win there might be less rectitude in Michigan and much more personal freedom of the baser sort. And to bring about this joyous state of affairs, it would not do to have that enthusiastic Methodist in a seat of the mighty.

Therefore, the bosses came out for a more conventional Republican for lieutenant governor—one who might be depended upon to devote his attention to the affairs of government and let the preachers worry about the electorate's souls.

Maple Syrup and Salvation

But Little Dick had heard voices. Every so often, as state elections impend, Little Dick hears voices. And when he does, the would-be leaders of Michigan's Republican party run temperatures. It means that Mr. Dickinson has packed his ancient valise, loaded a few jugs of maple syrup into the back of his chattering motorcar and, preaching St. Paul, is about to make himself available for something.

"Of course," says Little Dick, "I hear no such thing. Just sort of tickles folks to hear me say it."

Anyway, Little Dick, his clear blue eyes peering mildly at all and sundry and his bony fingers playing with his enormous gold watch chain, potted mildly into the primaries, his old head cocked as if determined not to miss those voices if perchance they had more to say.

And more in sorrow than in anger at all the unkind things the Republican regulars were saying about him, he gave the organization candidate a memorable thumping, coming in a mile or so ahead, and quoting St. Paul to explain it. Not once had he asked anyone to vote for him.

"If a man's running for office," says Little Dick, "the folks are apt to know he'd like 'em to vote for him."

Not one nickel did he spend to win the nomination.

"Seems," says Little Dick, "that folks ain't tired yet of hearing me talk, although I don't know why. Maybe it's because I don't talk politics. They pay me for it, too. Yes, sir, the orator's worthy of his hire."

And although Mr. Fitzgerald and the others on the ticket had made the air hideous with direful prophecies were the New Deal Democrats to be continued in office, Little Dick spoke ill of nothing and nobody.

"Seems to me," says Little Dick, "you ought to be sure you can do it better before criticizing. I don't hold with all they're doing in Washington, for instance. Don't hold with all this debt and borrowing. But anybody can say that. Anybody can say we ought to stop spending what we haven't got. But it takes a better man than me to tell how it's going to be done."

"Maybe I'm the only man in politics who don't know all the answers. Seems to me if we'd get down on our knees once in a while and ask God to help us think, it would be better than standing

up in the legislature or in a public hall and hollering down something we can't do ourselves."

So Little Dick, having doodled his way through the primaries, was elected lieutenant governor again. Commercialized sin is still in the red in Michigan. And today, Mr. Fitzgerald having died after seventy-five days of heartbreaking work, Little Dick's governor—a little wistful perhaps, a mite bemused by age and circumstance, somewhat fearful of the furor about him, but secure in a serene system that can be played only by a man who has learned that humanity is mostly bluster and brag. Instead of leading and exhorting his legislature, he's following and watching—and saying nothing. His legislature can neither obey nor defy him because he asks for nothing.

"They promised the people things," says Little Dick. "I didn't. It's their business to make laws, not mine. Guess I'll just sit here and see if they do what they promised. The folk'll take care of 'em if they don't. Let them pass laws. Fine people—most of them. I'll just watch."

And the result is that Michigan's legislature is scared to death of him. Up to the day we visited him they had passed at least three bills which they immediately recalled, fearful of Little Dick's veto—a power he exercises swiftly, calmly, courageously and without favor. And always preceded by a moment of silent prayer. If the Lord says 'tain't right, 'tain't right.

And thus he was, whispering to his Master, when we first saw him. But before we go on, perhaps you should know how natural it is that the Lord should be the real governor of Michigan.

The Lord Doesn't Need Money

When Little Dick was quite a young fellow he taught school. In his heart he was a preacher and, ever quick to obey his heart, he became one. Not a regular, ordained one with reverend in front of his name, but a lay preacher who believed that most clergymen drown themselves in floods of rhetoric, washing away their congregations but not their sins and follies. Little Dick believed that strong, simple attacks on homely error were what God and man wanted most. Thus he set forth to ridicule rum, goad the gambler, chide the adulterer and reason with the thief.

He had no money; until he became governor he never did have much. He inherited a farm from his father—at Charlotte, not far from Lansing—renting it out to a man who liked farming. What he got in rent was small, but he and his wife (they have no children) still live in one of the farm buildings. Money was scarce but food was plentiful, and Little Dick and his wife got along.

"Never missed a meal," says Little Dick. "And, up to now—now that it has pleased the Lord to make me governor—I never spent as much money a week as most of the folks on relief do."

"But the Lord was good to us—me and my wife. When we needed something right bad I'd go out and talk to a meeting and get ten dollars for it. Guess it must have been worth ten dollars."

Of course, he doesn't have to talk for ten dollars now that he's governor. Not that he wouldn't.

"If old friends want a few words," says Little Dick, "I haven't got the heart to let them down. I'm not going to let prominence puff me up. The good Lord

lifts a body but He lets it down too. Seen Him do it—yes, sir."

As lieutenant governor he got three dollars a day. As governor he gets \$10,000 a year—\$5,000 in salary and \$5,000 for expenses.

"From me down to the janitor," says Little Dick, "we ain't worth what we're getting. A wise man can get more out of a dollar than a fritter-head can out of five—if he's careful."

Nevertheless, Little Dick is taking the \$10,000. He made a great mistake, though, when he announced that he'd give most of it to charity. Virtually everybody in Michigan applied for some of it. Out of his first check he painted the Eaton Methodist Church and gave twenty-five dollars to the Salvation Army. He also paid the doctor for Mrs. Dickinson's illness. What he has done with the rest, he won't tell.

"Makes some folks mad," says Little Dick, "but I don't care. Everybody wants me to give them some, but nobody's willing to do anything for it—if they get it. Come to think of it, I don't know more than one or two people who ain't fretting themselves sick trying to get something for nothing."

Little Dick Lets Them Know

He helped build (and still teaches in the Sunday school) the Eaton Methodist Episcopal Church at Charlotte. Five times he was elected to the general or world's conference of the M. E. Church. He became, and still is, a member of the Men's Work Commission of the two Methodisms and vice-president of the Laymen's Association of the Methodist Church of the World.

Just before we visited him, Little Dick had gone to Kansas City to attend the Uniting Conference of the Methodist Churches of America. He had left the legislature sweating over two nasty problems—how to balance Michigan's budget and how to rewrite the civil service laws so deftly that the spoils system might be revived to the power and the glory of the Republican party and still not anger the voters too much. In Little Dick's desk lay a sheaf of correspondence which would have considerable effect on the civil service debate.

"I'll let you know about making it public," said Little Dick to his secretary as he departed.

A few days later the time came. Legislators gathered in the governor's office. The newspapers were demanding. Shouters for both sides of the argument cluttered up the place. But not a word from Little Dick. Your ordinary governor, thinking above all of drama, political expediency and advertising whoop-up, would have had motor couriers burning the roads and have melted the wires with fiery phrases. But not a word from Little Dick who was, at the moment, giving sin a stout lacing in Kansas City.

And then, along about nightfall, a slightly grimy penny postcard arrived at Mr. Butler's desk. In his cramped hand, Little Dick had advised Michigan thereon that he was having a right nice time, that he was feeling fine and—oh, yes—he guessed it would be all right to let the folks have that correspondence and it wouldn't do a mite of harm if the legislature did less talking and more praying.

But to get back to where we should be, Little Dick's onslaught on rum and ruin was so vigorous that the Anti-Saloon League made him its Michigan superintendent. Even today he's president of the Anti-Saloon League of Michigan.

"It's like smoking cigarettes," says Little Dick. "It's all right. I guess, to smoke a cigarette with your dinner. But two cigarettes—well, that's foolish. A man don't need them."

So he has given Michigan's sellers and drinkers of alcohol something to worry about. With his cool but complete approval, a couple of bills have been introduced which would abolish the suburban roadhouse and night club, would prohibit the presence of women as customers or workers in drinking places, stop all public drinking at eleven at night and limit licenses to one per thousand population. . . .

"Some folks say it's going to inconvenience them," says Little Dick. "Some folks is awfully easily inconvenienced."

You can never tell when Little Dick's campaigning nor where he leaves off. He went to Albany and Saratoga, N. Y., to the Conference of Governors and returned home to deliver a blast that left those who covet his job writhing in pain. Back from the East, he let fly with a terrific wallop at High Life. At the conference there was liquor lurking behind every corner. Liquor and defenseless women. He saw, said he, "an unlimited flow of every variety of liquors at every turn, with dance halls, drinking tables on the side, richly dressed and sweetly voiced hosts and uniformed waiters urging visitors of every age, including those girls, to drink. Thank God, our (Michigan) girls came home unsullied, never knowing how near the brink they were."

Maybe Little Dick saw more than those who hastened to deny any such goings-on. But he saw Satan. "Church members weren't immune," said he. "I saw a charming young church girl strenuously refuse, but the surroundings in the later hours overcame her, and I saw her drunk."

And mind you, Little Dick was making no appeal for votes.

Politician Without Politics

Several times, during his private chats with God, Little Dick's been told (hearing voices again) that the legislature will take care of that budget balancing. And naturally he's entirely confident that the miracle will be performed without any shouting or figure flinging from him.

When the Lord does the arithmetic, says Little Dick, the answer is pretty likely to be correct. And that leaves to Little Dick the job of seeing that the citizenry of Michigan doesn't squander its time in such wickednesses as gambling, liquor swilling, chasing loose females and hurling themselves around dance halls all night.

"Of course," says Little Dick. "It's awfully hard these days to tell what's dancing and what isn't. When the music stops everybody's panting like rabbit dogs."

Neither of Michigan's United States senators is paying the slightest attention to Little Dick. And you'd never gather from Little Dick that there are any United States senators from Michigan. Patronage? Little Dick just can't be bothered. Political organizations? He's got one—the rural churches. Nineteen-forty? That's next year and the Bible bids you to take no heed of the morrow, doesn't it? Messrs. Hitler and Mussolini? Ought to be reading St. Paul instead of prancing around scaring folks half to death. It's probably due to the way they were brought up. It's all so simple.

We asked him about the Townsend Plan, pretty sure we'd line him up on that.

"Guess it's all right," says Little Dick. "A lot of politicians found it was all right for them—around election. But where do we get the money from? Everybody's promising everybody else more every day. Some folks think I'm a mite old-fashioned. But then everybody who don't go splitting their shirts for every new idea that comes along is called old-fashioned. Kinda comforta-

I GET TIRED JUST RESTING!

1. WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOUR OLD ZIP, JIM? I'LL BET YOU'RE NOT GETTING YOUR VITAMINS

I DON'T KNOW. BUT I'M NOT GETTING MUCH FUN OUT OF LIFE!

2. I WASN'T KIDDING ABOUT THOSE VITAMINS. FATHER'S A DOCTOR, YOU KNOW, AND HE SAYS WE ALL NEED VITAMINS FOR PEP. AND HE'S STARTED US ON A GRAND BREAKFAST CEREAL CALLED KELLOGG'S PEP THAT'S RICH IN VITAMINS B₁ AND D. WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT?

3. BREAKFAST NEXT MORNING

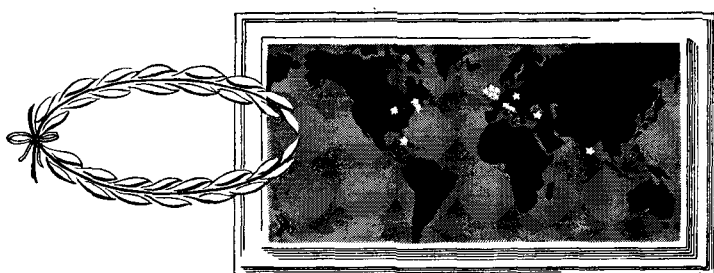
SAY, BETTY NEVER TOLD ME KELLOGG'S PEP WOULD TASTE SO GOOD! WHY IT'S THE CRUNCHIEST, CRISPEST CEREAL WE'VE EVER HAD. IF THIS HELPS ME GET MY VITAMINS, I SAY IT'S FUN!

IF YOU, TOO, HAVE LACKED VITAMINS, DISCOVER THE GRAND THINGS THEY CAN DO FOR YOU! AND TO HELP GET YOUR VITAMINS, EAT COOL CRISP KELLOGG'S PEP. IT'S A MARVELOUS TASTING CEREAL—CRISP, CRUNCHY FLAKES OF BRAN AND OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT ENRICHED WITH VITAMINS B₁ AND D. GET PEP AT YOUR GROCER'S. EAT IT EVERY DAY, AND SEE IF YOU DON'T HAVE MORE ZIP AND ZEST!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!*

*Pep contains vitamins B₁ and D. Each ounce contains 1/5 of an adult's and 4/5 of a child's daily requirement of B₁, and about 1/2 the daily requirement of D.

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A Geographic HALL OF FAME



Many important cities of the world, many old towns that have played a part in history, are inseparably linked in the public mind with some one thing that they have sent to us, to eat or wear or otherwise enjoy.

A well-known broadcaster, noted for telling "Nothing but the Truth," reminds you here of fourteen of these cities, and adds some facts you may have overlooked.



ANGORA (Goats)

When the late great ruler of the Turkish Republic moved his government to Angora, the world said, "Ah! Where the goats come from!" Through a thousand years of fighting, the city has changed and rechanged hands; armies have come and gone; the goats have stayed; beautiful goats, distinguished for their long and silky hair. And in the minds of people everywhere, Angora and goats are natural associates.

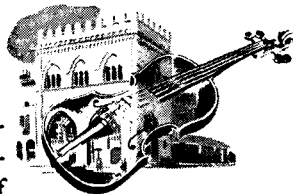


MADRAS (Cotton Fabric)

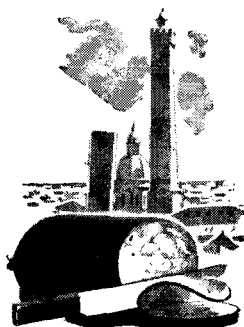
One of the first Americans to wear shirts made of the cloth we call madras, was Elihu Yale, patron of the university that bears his name. Elihu's shirts were doubtless of good quality; they were made for him in the Indian city of Madras itself, during his residence there as governor of a fortress. All this was 250 years ago; but Madras is still a sign of quality in cotton fabrics.

CREMONA (Violins)

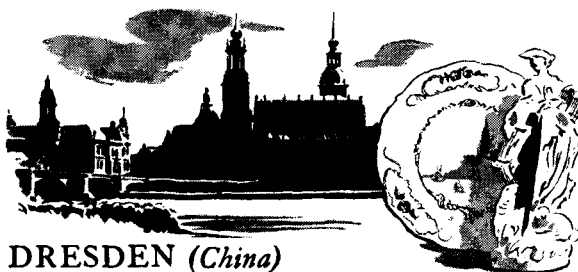
July Fourth was Glorious even in 1667, for a certain young violin-maker of Cremona. On that day, Antonio Stradivari declared his independence—of money troubles. He married a rich widow, and promised her that he'd be the best violin-maker in all the world. To keep that promise, he made bigger and better violins till he was 93! He sold them for \$20 apiece; some of them now are worth \$50,000. To Stradivarius we owe the fact that in the language of culture, Cremona means violins.



BOLOGNA (Sausages)

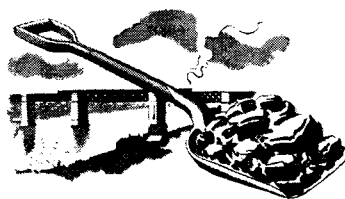


The medieval city of Bologna looks much the same as when Dante studied at its university. A quaint Italian saying, "The Wise, the Free, the Fat," pictures the old city's learning, its democracy, and its famous sausages, which still are called "Bologna."



DRESDEN (China)

"As pretty as a Dresden shepherdess." We often hear those words today, when some graceful and charming girl is being discussed; and we could have heard the same words, describing other dainty ladies, two hundred years ago. In 1707, the royal porcelain factory, at Dresden in Saxony, began its amazing output of art objects, groups and figures; and Dresden became the word for china.



NEWCASTLE (Coal)

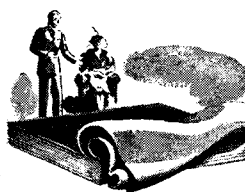
Newcastle-upon-Tyne is named after a very old castle that was "new" in 1080. After coal was discovered there in 1234, the "firewood interests" blocked its general use for four hundred years. But even in the old wood-burning days, people began to joke about "carrying coals to Newcastle."

SHEFFIELD (Steel)

Geoffrey Chaucer, writing in 1387, tells of a miller who wore in his hose a "Sheffield whittle," said implement being a cross between a dagger and a table knife. Arrows tipped with Sheffield steel defeated Richard III at Bosworth Field. A modest display of Sheffield cutlery ranked high among the treasures of many a pioneer American housewife. Which goes to show that the city of Sheffield came naturally by its reputation for steelware.

AXMINSTER (Carpets)

Some noted cities have outgrown their products; more than one product has deserted its place of origin. In England, when we visit Axminster, we may enjoy a treat of Devonshire cream, we may witness customs that



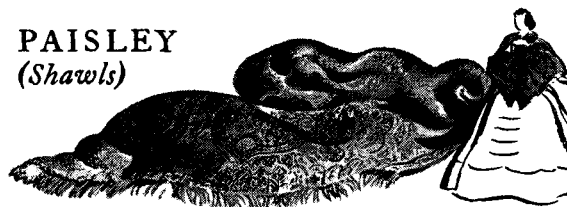
Th

That famous flavor of Schlitz comes to you intact in every bottle. *Here's why:* The air that sustains life can destroy the flavor of the beer *if sealed in the bottle.* SO—WE TAKE THE AIR OUT OF THE BOTTLE A INSTANT BEFORE WE PUT THE BEER IN. An amazing new method that assures you brewery-fresh goodness *always* Schlitz pioneers again!



date from 1246; but we find that the carpet industry has gone to other cities, even to other lands.

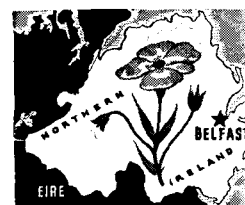
PAISLEY (Shawls)



At Paisley, in Scotland, we are shown the birthplace of Alexander Wilson, great American bird expert, but we learn that the lovely shawls, with their oriental designs like peacocks' feathers, are woven there no more.

BELFAST (Linen)

Thackeray said of Belfast, "It looks hearty and prosperous, as if it had money in its pockets and roast beef for dinner." T



Dry

beer with that FAMOUS FLAVOR

is the beer that made MILWAUKEE famous

That flavor is dry, of course. Yet so expertly is Schlitz brewed that you enjoy the fresh, fragrant tang of the hops without a trace of bitterness. And the rich, robust mellowness of the malt without a whisper of sweetness. The flavor of this pale, gold beer had to be inimitable. It made a city famous around the globe.



city owed its thriving appearance to a knock that was a boost. When, in 1698, the British parliament hindered Ireland's *woolen* trade, the Irish turned all their energies to the manufacture of *linen*. The industry centered naturally in Belfast, and Belfast and fine linen became linked as household words.

HAVANA (Cigars)

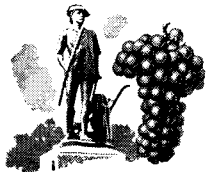
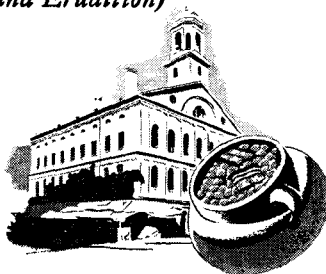


and in 1519 removed to its present northern site. There it gained renown for what the Spaniards had

Havana might almost be called a wandering city; founded by Diego de Velasquez on the *south* coast of Cuba, it was soon transferred to another point,

BOSTON (Beans and Erudition)

Home in Massachusetts we find two more members for our geographic hall of fame. One of these was not content with giving the world its most famous tea-party, nor with specializing in the field of erudition; it raised the social standing of a humble article of food—and Boston became a synonym for beans!



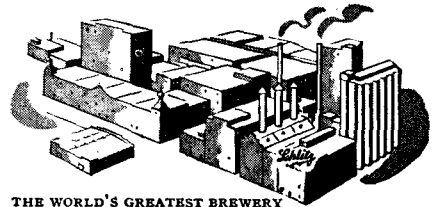
CONCORD (Grapes)

Only twenty miles away is Concord, small in size but great in culture; home of a distinguished

group of New England writers, philosophers and poets. Concord joins Boston in appealing to our palates, and earns an added glory from her fine, black, luscious grapes.

MILWAUKEE (Schlitz Beer)

Perhaps the best example of all is Milwaukee, of high standing among America's leading cities, noted for valued contributions to the nation's life. Milwaukee arose to international fame inseparably linked with a name that means good beer around the world—SCHLITZ—"The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous."



NOT SWEET... NEITHER IS IT BITTER

Copyright, 1939
JOS. SCHLITZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

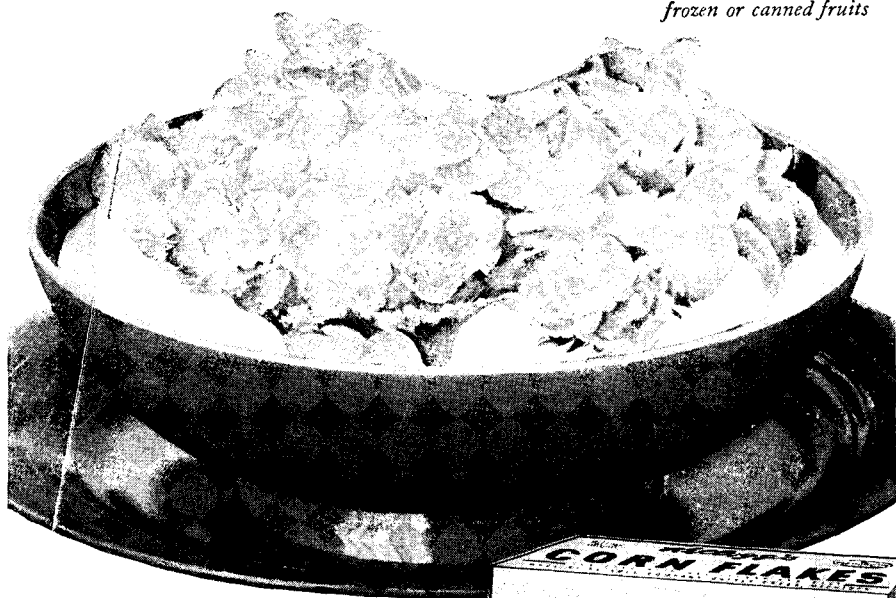


LUSCIOUS!

Fresh Sliced Peaches

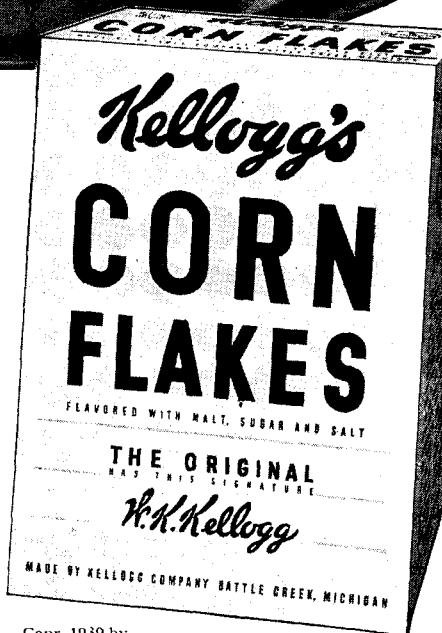
Fresh* Kellogg's Corn Flakes

*Delicious with fresh,
frozen or canned fruits*



...
such *freshness*! Because today America's favorite ready-to-eat cereal comes to you in a remarkable new inner wrap which protects its goodness all the way from the toasting ovens to you!

Recently perfected by Kellogg, this exclusive new container guards flavor and freshness in a way never before possible. You're missing something mighty good if you don't try a big bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes *soon*!



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Kellogg Company

ble to be old-fashioned. Some folks think the Lord's old-fashioned, too."

Little Dick looked at the clock. It was noon and the governor of Michigan was hungry for his dinner. In his office every day—just across the room—sits his physician, Dr. H. Allen Moyer. The doctor had seen to Little Dick's noon-day dinner. And a waiter came tottering in with a large steak, a mess of potatoes, corn, salad, coffee and pie. None of this luncheon nonsense for Little Dick. Dinner. And Little Dick ate like a congressman on a junket.

After dinner he took a nap, curling his small self on a sofa and dropping off to sleep like a healthy infant. In his waiting room a crowd of pretty expensive-looking ladies and gentlemen were assembled, bent on enlisting His Excellency's co-operation in something or other. But Little Dick had no intention of listening to them. After a while he would arouse, peer at the clock and, like as not, trot out the back way.

Or if he did see them he'd probably leave them as unsatisfied as he left those politicians who, a couple of weeks after the Lord made him governor,

tried to find out whether he was going to stand for governor in 1940 and seek election in his own right.

"I don't have to say, do I?" demanded Little Dick. "No, sir, I don't. I don't have to be elected again. No, sir, this job hasn't worn any flesh off me. Gained ten pounds."

And that's all the satisfaction they got. They left squabbling among themselves because among them were several of the score of Michigan politicians who want to be governor but don't want Little Dick for an opponent in the primaries. One of these days Little Dick may hear voices.

But he didn't see that important delegation in his waiting room. Instead, he invited everybody present to come to church on the following Wednesday night for a spell of much-needed praying—and a chicken supper.

And then, looking like a very wise old elf, smiling a little wickedly, he trotted out, sprang into his car and went home. In the car he closed his eyes tight and looked very peaceful.

"Him and the Lord's talking it over," said the cop at our side.

Things I Couldn't Tell till Now

Continued from page 13

four in Newark still struggled with death Marty Krompfer got out of a barber's chair in New York City, just above Times Square. As he straightened his necktie, guns spoke again, and down went Marty and Sammy Gold. It was a massacre that night, planned on broad, sweeping lines, but Marty and Sammy survived.

You remember that kid fighter, Nathan Mann, whom the Dutchman had turned over to Marty. Marty was pulled through by four blood transfusions given him by Nathan. The kid weakened himself so much he had to stay out of the ring for a lot of the next year, but he came back later, under Marty's care. Last year he was good enough to go three rounds with Joe Louis.

Schultz himself lived on until the next afternoon, murmuring incoherencies on his hospital bed.

"Oh, mamma, mamma, mamma, oh stop it," babbled the dying man. "Please, mother, don't tear, don't rip . . . My gilded stuff and those dirty rats have tuned in . . . I was in the toilet . . . the boy came at me . . . Please, look out, the shooting is a bit wild, and that kind of shooting saved a man's life . . . Come on, get some money in that treasury . . . Mother is the best bet, and don't let Satan draw you too fast. . ."

And the bold, bad murder man, the terrible Dutchman, himself was dead.

The Dutchman's body was taken to New York, and four days later, right under the noses of detectives who were on hand to watch the funeral, it was smuggled away to the Gate of Heaven Cemetery, Mount Pleasant, New York. Unlike the burials of big gangsters in the past, this funeral was secret and the only mourners at the grave were Schultz's mother, his sister and his wife. Nobody else thought enough of him to risk being seen at his bier.

With the relatives was the Rev. Cornelius McInerney, priest of a little parish in New Jersey. Arthur Flegenheimer was a Jew, but his wife was a Catholic, and on his deathbed he called in the priest so that he might die in the faith of his wife.

Speaking of Schultz's blissful unawareness of danger, I had plenty of it myself that night of death. Schultz had called me late in the afternoon, urged me to join him that evening, but I had

made excuses. Still later, George Weinberg dropped into my office, which was unusual.

"Going across the river tonight?" he asked.

"No," I told him. So George came up to my mother's for dinner with me and my sweetheart, Hope Dare.

"You're not going across the river?" he asked again, later, when we were parting, and I assured him I wasn't. If I had planned to go, would he have stopped me? That is something I will never know.

I went to the Barbizon Plaza Hotel, to meet a friend. I am not going to tell his name, because he is too respectable to drag into this, but he and I just sat there all evening, swapping stories and drinking champagne.

Long later I learned that I had been tailed that night by two cops from the office of Special Prosecutor Thomas E. Dewey, and for once I had reason to be thankful for such careful watching.

I went home about three o'clock in the morning. It was just a couple of blocks along Central Park South to the apartment where Hope and I were living, and I went along whistling, very happy, with a snootful of wine. A newsie was saying something about Dutch Schultz, which was nothing unusual in those days. I bought all the morning papers, tucked them under my arm without looking at them and went on my way. Nonchalantly I turned the key in my door and swung it open. The room was ablaze with light.

"Dick!" screamed Hope, and threw herself around my neck. "Where have you been?"

Then I saw the headline of the Daily News in my hand:

SCHULTZ, 5 PALS SHOT

My friends Leo Rosenthal and Sam Grossman were there with Hope, and they had been practically crazy. The radio had said Schultz had been shot down with three unidentified companions. George Weinberg had been telephoning every few minutes, to find out if I had been heard from.

I didn't go to bed that night. I called George, to ease his mind about me, and we got together. We decided to lie low until we found out how epidemic this shooting really was, so we went to the

Waldorf-Astoria and registered under phony names. They got onto who we were the next day, and made us leave. We'd have been mighty glad to get out of there had we known that the Waldorf right then was also the secret hideaway of Charlie (Lucky) Luciano, head of the Unione Siciliana, the biggest man in the underworld.

Charlie Lucky's name was now all over the front pages of the newspapers, for the first time in his life. The police were looking for him, along with the rest of those they called the Big Six, the downtown mobsters who had been such good friends with Bo, whom we in the underworld knew as the Combination.

They included Longie Zwillman, boss of Newark and its populous neighborhood; Lepke and Gurrah, chiefs of New York's labor rackets; and Bug Siegel and Meyer Lansky, who were Lucky's closest partners and chiefs of what is known as the Bug and Meyer mob. These were all big mobsters and they all headed up in Charlie. His name was spoken in whispers.

New Masters for Old

George and I had to get around town a bit to tend to some of our urgent affairs, and a couple of days later he came to me with a message which had been passed to him.

"Charlie wants to see you," he said.

"Charlie?" The name filled me with dread. What could he want with me?

It was a summons I had to heed. Certainly I didn't want to. I wanted to be through with the underworld. But if Charlie wanted me, he would get me, wherever I was, anywhere in the United States, anywhere in the world, for the Unione Siciliana was everywhere.

The Unione was unrelenting, and it lived on death and treachery. Would Charlie demand that I stay with the mobs? Or was I to be put on the spot? Either way, I was trapped. But I had to meet him.

So we went to the designated address. It was an old tenement house on the East Side, an ancient, decrepit place, but in the slum street below were parked two shiny Cadillacs. My knees trembled as we climbed the dark, evil-smelling stairs. I was led into a shabby kitchen, and there sat a swarthy, hard-eyed man with six guns before him on a table. He was cleaning them.

The door to the front room opened, and George and I went in. Sitting there, surrounded by all the leaders of the Italian mob, was Luciano, Charlie Lucky.

I knew Lucky, though then not very well. He was a dark Sicilian with black wavy hair and a sharp, clear-cut profile, a perfect smooth gangster type. But in addition there was a scar on the right of his face, which gave his eye a sinister droop. He spoke pleasantly, as if we were old friends and butter wouldn't melt in his mouth.

"Dick, this is some awful trouble that happened," said Lucky. "We're trying to run it down and see what cause is behind it all. But I think you're all right and you probably will have nothing to worry about."

His voice was sympathetic, but there was a wicked glint in Charlie's drooping eye which was far more eloquent than any honeyed words. Lucky was subtle, and his gentle ways could be far more terrifying than the rough passions of the Dutchman. I was scared speechless.

"All I want you to do," he went on after a pause, "is tell me about the Dutchman's affairs. We'll try to get his boys together and hold as much for them as we can." So that was it. He was mopping up, and didn't want to miss anything.

"Well, there is the restaurant racket

and the policy, and his boys know about both of those," I managed to say. "And there is the brewery, but that is tied up legally, so I don't think you can touch it."

"His investments," said Lucky evenly. "You would know about those."

"I don't know of any investments," I told him, racking my brain for something else to tell. "He just had cash, and where that is God only knows."

Intently I watched that drooping eye. I was telling the truth, but would he believe me? My fate, I knew, hung in that delicate balance. But if he disbelieved, I saw no sign.

"You can go right on handling the policy arrests if you want to, Dick," said Charlie. "But you don't have to unless you want to do it."

The boss himself had given me permission to quit. Apparently I was okay with the mob. But I went out of there with my heart still pounding. Apparently I was okay, but if I wasn't I wouldn't know it until some day when a dose of lead came crashing my way.

Release had come from slavery to Schultz. The Italians had moved in, and so far as I was concerned they were welcome to everything they found. All I wanted to do was get out of town.

I talked it over with Jimmy Hines, who was my one powerful friend now that Schultz was gone, and he agreed.

"It's a lousy, sordid business, and you're well out of it, Dick," said the politician. "So far as you and I are concerned, we just don't belong."

Jimmy had been friends with underworld people long before I had known any of them, but I think his dealings with the Dutchman had actually turned his stomach. He was as relieved as I was that Schultz was dead.

It took me only a little while to straighten out my affairs and get away. My law practice was already shot, and what was left I turned over to another lawyer.

The death of Schultz had left me in bad shape for money. Under the new city administration there were not so many little policy arrests. The cops were now out after bigger fish. The old grist of small fry had been my main source of legal fees.

Back to the Underworld

During those last two years I had devoted my own time completely to the Dutchman's income-tax case and he had not paid me. I was supposed to get \$100,000, but while Schultz paid other lawyers he was always putting me off with assurances.

"Of course you know I am a square shooter," he had said. And I had won so many arguments with him by telling him he was a square shooter that, when he turned the argument back on me, I had to take it.

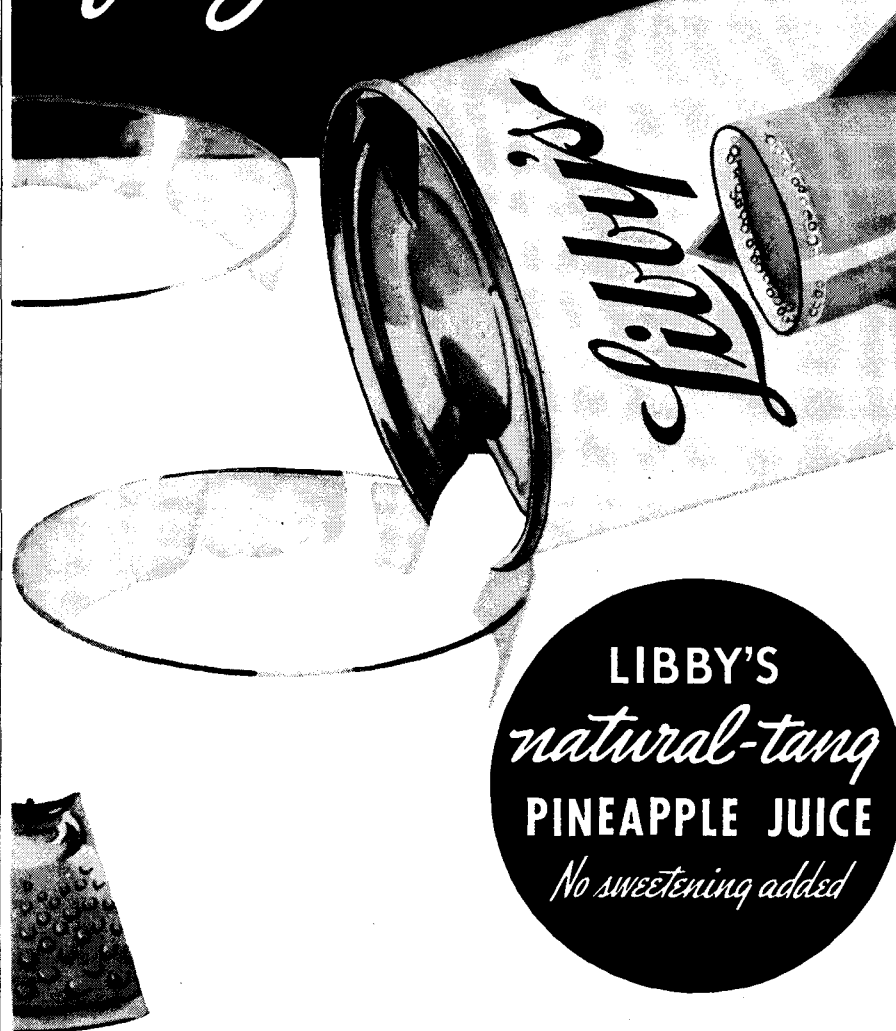
Hope Dare had lived in California before she came to New York, and we decided that was the place for us. While I settled up my affairs, Hope went on ahead of me to stay with her family in Las Vegas, New Mexico, and as soon as possible I joined her there. I spent the next few months boning away at law books, memorizing California statutes.

But it was no use. One day in February I got a phone call from New York, passing on a hot tip from Jimmy Hines. The Bar Association had decided to take disbarment action against me, on the basis of the policy investigation in New York the previous spring.

This broke up all my plans. To enter practice of law in California, I had to have a certificate of character from New York. So back to Manhattan I had to go, to fight disbarment. The Bar Association's action had called me back to the underworld.

When I speak of the underworld now,

*A flavor-fillip
for your meals!*



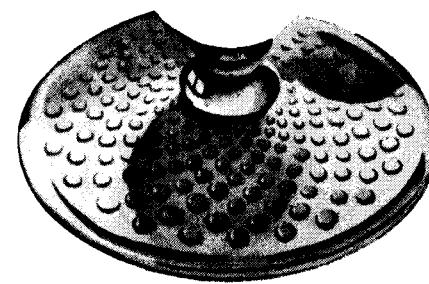
LIBBY'S
natural-tang
PINEAPPLE JUICE
No sweetening added

REFRESHING is the word for Libby's! Pressed from full-ripe Hawaiian pineapples, this juice needs no artificial sweetening. It brings you the glorious natural tang of the fruit.

People who make an art of dining like to start with Libby's Pineapple Juice. Zestful, unsweetened, it's a perfect appetizer. By the same token, a grand between-meal drink as well.

You'll like Libby's, too, for breakfast. It has the right, tangy taste for the first thing in the morning, plus the vitamins and minerals you depend on fruit juice to supply.

Do try Libby's natural-tang Pineapple Juice. It's pressed and packed field-fresh for you in Hawaii!

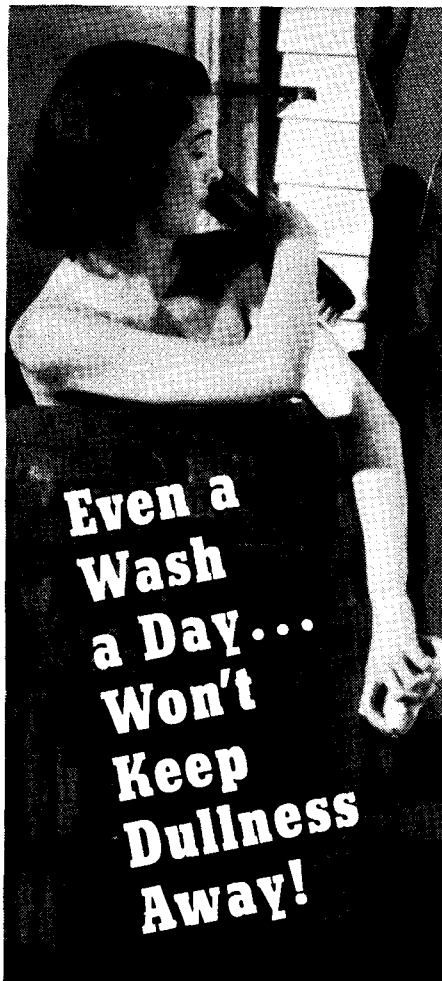


1939 WORLD'S FAIR VISITORS! See Libby's Treasure Ship in the Foods Building at New York and San Francisco

LOOK!

A FAMILY OF LIBBY'S JUICES





SIMONIZ NEEDED TO MAKE CARS STAY BEAUTIFUL



Secret Scientific Ingredient Protects and Preserves Finish

It's not only dirt that makes cars get dull. Any finish soon decays, without the protection of Simoniz. Get Simoniz today! It prevents weather, the hot sun, and destructive elements from dulling and damaging the lacquer or enamel. Keeps the colors from fading. Builds up beauty. Saves washing. If dull, use Simoniz Kleener first to restore the luster. Be sure to insist on these famous products... and enjoy the thrill of always driving a clean sparkling car!

MOTORISTS WISE
SIMONIZ



Try New Easy Way to Use!

I mean something far bigger than the Schultz mob. The Dutchman was one of the last independent barons to hold out against a general centralization of control which had been going on ever since Charlie Lucky became leader of the Unione Siciliana in 1931.

Two weeks ago I told about the "Americanization" of the mobs. That was one way of describing what happened to the Unione Siciliana under Charlie.

The "greasers" in the Unione were killed off, and the organization was no longer a loose, fraternal order of Sicilian black-handers and alcohol cookers, but rather the framework for a system of alliances which were to govern the underworld.

In Chicago, for instance, the Unione no longer fought the Capone mob, but pooled strength and worked with it. A man no longer had to be a Sicilian to be in the Unione. Into its highest councils came such men as Meyer Lansky and Bug Siegel, leaders of a tremendously powerful mob, who were personal partners in the alcohol business with Lucky and Joe Adonis of Brooklyn.

The Inner Circle of Racketeering

Originally the Unione had been a secret but legitimate fraternal organization, with chapters in various cities where there were Sicilian colonies. Some of them operated openly, like any lodge. But it fell into the control of the criminal element, the Mafia, and with the coming of prohibition, which turned thousands of law-abiding Sicilians into bootleggers, alcohol cookers and vassals of warring mobs, it changed.

It still numbers among its members many old-time Sicilians who are not gangsters, but anybody who goes into it today is a mobster, and an important one.

In New York City the organization is split up territorially into districts, each led by a minor boss, known as the "compare," or godfather. I have been told that its members now distrust one another so much that when they have a meeting they all strip to their underwear to prove they are not carrying guns.

Nobody except its members really knows all about those things. But I know that throughout the underworld the Unione Siciliana is accepted as a mysterious, all-pervasive reality, and that Lucky used it as the vehicle by which the underworld was drawn into co-operation on a national scale.

Repeal of prohibition speeded up the centralization of control. Bootlegging had greatly increased the resources of the underworld and speeded its growth, but it also had created anarchy. It had been possible, for instance, for Owney Madden to come out of prison, hijack a few trucks, and within a year set himself up as a powerful mob leader.

After repeal that sort of thing was no longer possible. Indeed, there was a rapid elimination of the weaker mobs. Dutch Schultz, having had the foresight to go into policy, was able to hold out for a while, but eventually he went the way of the others.

What had happened in the underworld under Lucky might be compared with the modern developments in trade associations, the NRA idea. The big fellows got together, whacked up territory, and agreed to eliminate the cut-throat competition of gang warfare and the competition of any outsiders. The Unione Siciliana served, you might say, as a sort of code authority.

Power naturally stemmed from New York. In the first place, the old New York gangs had been a breeding ground for boss mobsters. Al Capone and Torrio had gone from New York to take over Chicago; also New Yorkers were the Bernsteins of the Purple mob of

Detroit. And the natural weight of New York man power had been augmented by Lucky's alliance with the mobs of Lepke and of Meyer and the Bug.

Avoiding the gaudy display and publicity which had brought other racketeers to their doom, Lucky and his allies developed their power with inconspicuous mystery. Waxey Gordon was notorious as a power in New Jersey, but nobody heard of his partners, Meyer and the Bug.

When bumptious Micky Duffy of Philadelphia was knocked off in Atlantic City in 1931, his Philadelphia rackets were taken over by Nig Rosen, a New York East Side boy—a stooge for Meyer and the Bug. The Unione Siciliana was powerful in Kansas City (I have often seen Tom Pendergast at the Belmont Park race track with Lucky and Frank Costello), so the Unione itself continued to be the central underworld power there.

Moey Davis became the power in Cleveland, and anyone who questioned it would have to deal with Lucky and Meyer and the Bug. Regents for the Capone empire in Chicago took their place as one of the main axis powers in this national setup.

Gambling was a mainstay of the mobs that lived on after prohibition, and it was soon brought into control on a national basis. By 1936 nobody could run a gambling joint at fashionable Saratoga Springs, New York, unless he stood in with the Italian mob.

The mob had taken over Miami, and split up the gambling rights among the mob barons from various cities. If a dog track was started almost anywhere, each of the major mobs would take a piece.

When the mobs moved into Los Angeles, the New Yorkers were partners with Johnnie Roselli in the rich profits of the Clover Club.

The mobs operate through tie-ups with local politicians, but they are not held down by county lines. For in-

stance, Frankie Costello, a powerful leader in the Unione today, once had all the slot machines in New York City. In 1934 Mayor La Guardia ran the machines out of town, but that did not finish Frankie Costello. He and his lieutenant, Dandy Phil Kastel, made a tie-up with the Long organization in Louisiana, and took over the slot machines of New Orleans.

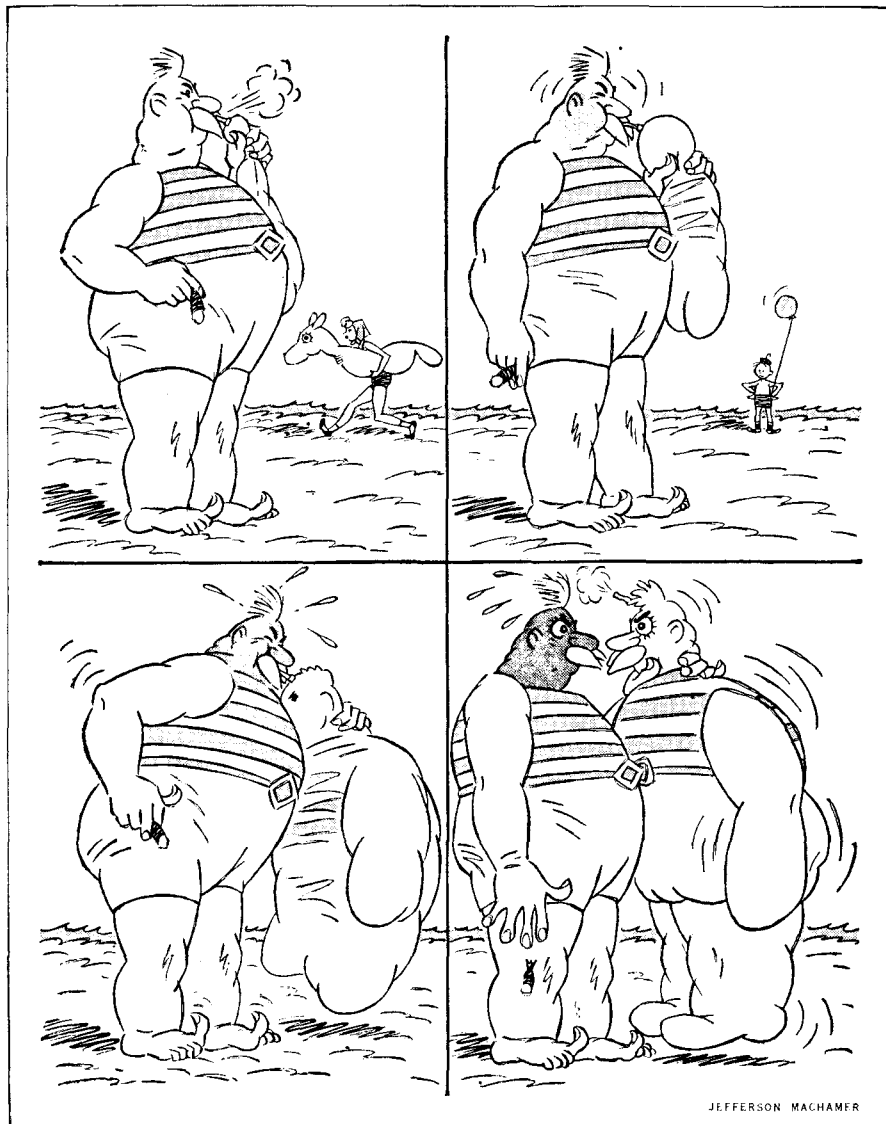
A Fatal Blow to the Underworld

Horse-race tracks, owned through front men but controlled by underworld partners, became rich sources of revenue as the policy racket developed. Hitherto, race tracks had been poor investments, but the fixing of the numbers soon made big business for tracks controlled by the mobs. For example, Schultz paid Abba Dabba \$10,000 a week to fix the numbers, and he doubtless passed it on to those in control at the track. Later, the assessments levied ostensibly for the fix were collected by Schultz as tribute from those whom he permitted to run local policy games. The guys who took over policy after Schultz was killed were required to pay \$20,000 a week for the phony "fix."

Now, when you add this \$20,000 in with comparable fix payments from the policy banks of downtown New York, of New Jersey, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Boston, and probably other towns, it makes a staggering sum.

I wouldn't presume to guess the total or how it's split up, but I know it's there. And it helps to show you how the big mobsters of the present day manage to function. Compared with that, it is small pickings to run a local policy racket.

By the spring of 1936, when I came back to New York to try to save my own neck from disbarment, the consolidation of control in the underworld had become virtually complete and was

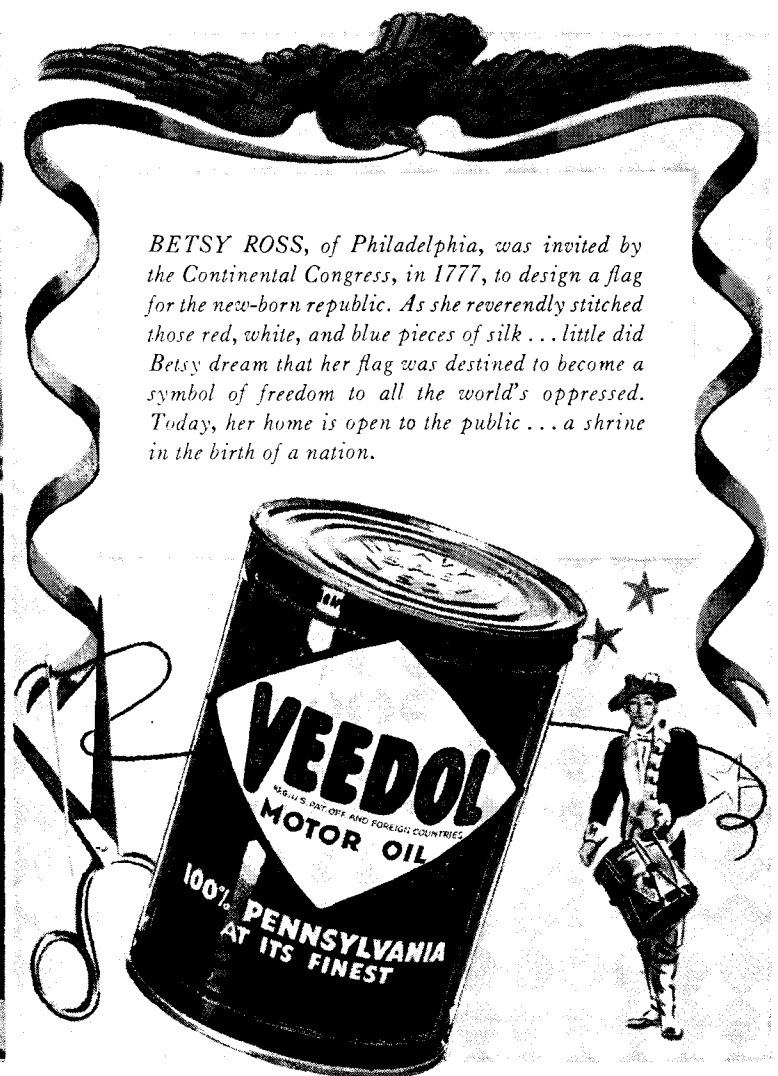


JEFFERSON MACHAMER

When you say "PENNSYLVANIA"

the American woman thinks of BETSY ROSS

the Careful Motorist thinks of VEEDOL



Copyright 1939 by
Tide Water Associated Oil Company

From the earliest days of motoring, America's finest cars
have been safeguarded by Veedol's "Film of Protection."

WOMEN have always played a major role in the progress of this country. But nowhere has their influence been more vital, than in the development of the American automobile. It is largely "thanks to the ladies" that the car of today possesses so much beauty, comfort, and driving-ease.

That is why women, *especially*, should be interested in the story of Veedol... the motor oil that gives the famous "film of protection".

For the company which makes Veedol was a pioneer like Betsy Ross. It was among the first companies to enter the Pennsylvania fields, which produce the world's richest crude oils. And today the makers of Veedol are still pioneering! Through special processes and equipment that choice Pennsylvania crude is refined into Veedol Motor Oil... the lubricant best fitted to safeguard your modern high-speed motor.

Thanks to its pure Pennsylvania quality, Veedol offers you an oil film of maximum resistance to heat and friction... a "film of protection" that keeps your motor cool, quiet, and smooth-running under the toughest driving conditions.

The woman who drives a car has only to think of Pennsylvania and ask for Veedol... in order to give her motor as perfect protection as the most skilled engineer could recommend.

VEEDOL MOTOR OIL... a product of
Tide Water Associated Oil Company
... makers of Tydol and "Flying A" Gasolines

"I offer guests a choice
because so many
now want wine"

says
GRANTLAND RICE



All America follows Grantland Rice's colorful newspaper column, "The Spotlight." Busy "Grant" Rice covers every big sporting event from coast to coast, produces brilliant motion picture sport shorts. Friend of America's active people, genial and frequent host, he is quick to notice the preferences of his guests



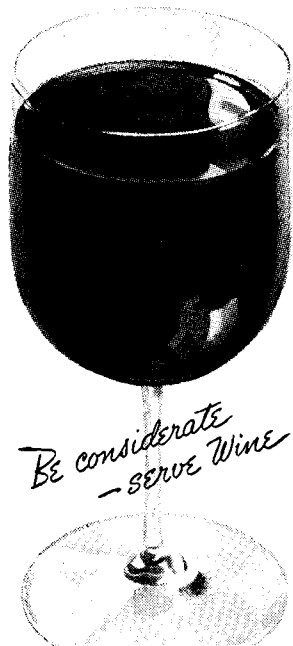
"My friends need a letup at night. But they
lead busy lives. They find it pays to be moderate"

"Friends come to my house to relax and enjoy themselves," says Grantland Rice. "Many are busy people—need to be keen and fresh. So I give every guest a choice of beverages, and I notice that nowadays more and more prefer wine."

It is true in almost every city and town today.

Before dinner, careful hosts and hostesses like to offer guests a choice that includes small glasses of mellow amber Sherry.

Or at table with the main course, larger glasses of a light table wine like pale gold Chablis or ruddy Claret.



Be considerate
—serve wine

And when guests drop in, delicious richly flavored Port and Muscatel.

Mind you, many select wine *because* it goes so well with gracious, unhurried evenings. You discover that wine is a *leisurely* beverage. It tastes best when you linger over your glass.

Just try offering your guests an opportunity to choose wine. You will find that increasing numbers prefer it.

ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW TO SERVE WINE

There are many varieties, but only two main types of wine . . . (1) Wines made "dry" (not sweet) especially to serve with meals, called *table* wines; (2) Wines for use with desserts or refreshments, called *sweet* wines.

A delightful "table" wine is Sauterne—golden, light, of delicate flavor. The usual serving is half the size of a water goblet.

A favorite "sweet" wine is Muscatel, rich with the flavor of Muscat grapes. Serve your Muscatel with desserts or in the afternoon or evening, in a small glass.

The Wines of California: Now chosen by more than 9 out of 10 American hosts and hostesses are the good wines of our own country. The wines of California, for example, are grown to strict standards of quality. True to type. Well developed. Inexpensive.



This advertisement is printed by the wine growers of California, acting through the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco.

dominated by the New York combination under Charlie Lucky.

Then, in April, 1936, came an event which was to shake the underworld. Thomas E. Dewey, working along as special prosecutor in what the underworld thought was complete futility, had suddenly struck at a small prostitution racket which was being developed in New York by Little Davie Betillo, one of Lucky's close henchmen. Nobody worried much about that until Dewey, striking suddenly again, sent detectives out to Hot Springs, Arkansas, and arrested Lucky.

Lucky was playing golf when warning came from local officials that New York cops were looking for him. They gave him his chance to get away. But he knew how remote he had kept himself from the actual operations of any racket. He felt secure and let himself be taken.

Three months later he was convicted and sentenced to serve from thirty to fifty years in prison. This fellow Dewey, whom nobody in the underworld had taken very seriously, had struck his first real blow. He had knocked over the top guy himself.

Inevitably I found myself drawn into this. Hope and I were living at the Plaza Hotel. One Sunday afternoon I got a call, and in a little room next to the bar I met three men who came to see me. They were Lucky's intimates, Joe Adonis, Meyer Lansky, and Louis Buchalter, known as Lepke.

They wanted my opinion on the constitutionality of the new state law, commonly known as the Dewey Law, which permitted Lucky to be tried, not for one isolated offense, but for a lot of related charges all at once. I told them it was unconstitutional; and on that basis Lucky's case later was fought right up to the United States Supreme Court.

Mr. Dewey Digs Up the Dope

I still think Lucky's defense was technically sound, but by that time Lucky was out of luck. The Supreme Court had been won over to the Rooseveltian theory of constitutional elasticity.

By autumn it became apparent that Dewey was persuading witnesses to talk about the restaurant racket. I had been counsel to Local 16 of the waiters' union, and through my intimacy with Schultz I was well acquainted with the fellows who ran the racketeering restaurant owners' association. I tried to get them all to leave town, so Dewey would have no one to bring to trial. But they were sure of themselves, like Lucky. They too were arrested, brought to trial in the spring of 1937, and convicted.

While they were being tried, I was fighting disbarment in private hearings. I had able counsel, Terence McManus, obtained for me by Jimmy Hines.

I shall never cease being grateful to Referee John Cohalan for the strict construction of the laws of evidence which he enforced on Irving Ben Cooper, who was prosecuting. Judge Cohalan refused to accept wire-tapping evidence. He insisted I should be tied up with a conspiracy before evidence of the conspiracy could be put in the record. Up against these rulings, there was little evidence that Cooper could marshal against me.

On the basis of what evidence the referee received, when it all was finished, there was little he could do but dismiss the proceedings against me.

By this time I was head over heels in debt, but I had won the fight. Hope and I again went west, and George Weinberg went with us. He too was getting out of the racket.

But we weren't through. Soon again a message came from New York:

"If you fellows don't look out, you're going to be indicted."

I hurried back to New York, while

Hope and George followed me by car. When I got to the city, late in June, 1937, I found that things were serious. Dewey had been burrowing quietly away, talking to little people in the policy game, making them talk, bit by bit putting together his evidence.

No matter how hard they try to stop up leaks, it gets around when witnesses are really talking. By mid-July the town was hot. It looked as though I were going to be indicted. I hopped up to Albany and met George and Hope, as they drove in from the West. We took a cottage at Lake George, in the Adirondacks, to wait and see what would happen.

"Hope," I said, "it looks as if I'm going to be indicted. I may have to go away for a while."

"Wherever you are, I'm going to be," she said. "I'm going with you."

"It will be hard," I said, "and no life for a woman. You'd have to stay in hiding, sometimes in the house all day. And you'd have to hide especially, for they'd spot your red hair."

"I'd worry to death if you went away without me," she insisted. "I'm going



"I really can't marry you,
Jerry—but I'll always re-
member you for your taste"

KIRK STILES

along. Anyway, you need me. Why, silly, you can't even drive a car!"

Now Hope Dare is a girl with a will. When she was a kid she used to ride bucking bronchos in the Western rodeos. When she was fourteen she was jumping her horse over an automobile, and she fell and broke her back.

But that didn't stop Hope. For a year she was paralyzed. She even had a hump on her back. Then, for another year, she worked and exercised, dancing, swimming, stretching her back. And at sixteen she entered a bathing-beauty contest and won the title of Miss Southern California. As I say, Hope has a will, and when she wants to do something she does it.

"All right," I said, "you can come along."

So I went down to the village to get the New York papers and, sure enough, there was the headline:

DIXIE DAVIS INDICTED

The last of this series of articles will appear in next week's Collier's.



You're looking at the No.1 transportation of the world

DO you know that the American railroads can haul, speedily and efficiently, more than a *billion tons* of freight a year—more than 30 tons for every family in the United States?

Do you know that the railroads handle more than eight times the tonnage handled by any other common carrier serving the nation?

Do you know that the railroads do this job at an average charge of about 1 cent for hauling a ton a mile? And that this is far less than the average charge made by any other carrier providing general transportation service?

Do you know that the average capacity of a freight car is more than 48 tons—and that many locomotives are able to pull, in a single train, a load of 5,000 tons?

These are facts—and they are made possible because *the railroads have the real super-highways of today and tomorrow*, built and maintained by private enterprise.

That is why the American railroads provide the most modern transportation in the world—*mass transportation* by means of a single power unit pulling a long train of cars—over a steel “highway” used for no other purpose but mass transportation.

And that's the only kind of transportation which makes possible our modern world of mass production and mass distribution of the things which the American people need and enjoy.

While railroads have been doing our hauling since oxcart days, they have kept pace with the times by constantly improving and moderniz-

ing their track and equipment. The billions of dollars invested in improved facilities have been railroad dollars—not tax dollars. For railroads build their own tracks, maintain them, and pay taxes on them.

When you look at the record of the railroads and the job they are doing, you can see why government transportation policy should give all carriers equal treatment and an equal opportunity to earn a living.

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
WASHINGTON, D. C.

A FAIR FIELD.
NO GOVERNMENT FAVOR
IN TRANSPORTATION

SEE AMERICA
from coast to coast and
border to border, on one
“**GRAND CIRCLE**” RAIL TICKET
—\$90 in coaches—\$135 in Pullmans (plus \$45 for 1 or 2
passengers in a lower berth). Start from your home town
—visit both the New York and the San Francisco
World's Fairs—and return. Your own
choice of routes; stopovers anywhere!
Get the full facts from your ticket
agent about *the greatest travel
bargain in history!*

SAN FRANCISCO
WORLD'S FAIR

NEW YORK
WORLD'S FAIR

Some Like It Here

Continued from page 21

Here's a "just-right"
blend of orange
and grapefruit juice
—all ready to enjoy



Folks are saying this blend of grapefruit and orange juice combines everything they like best in both fruits—the sweet rich flavor of luscious Florida oranges, and the tart, taste-wakening zing that belongs to Florida grapefruit.

Blended in a just-right combination and put up by the folks down in Florida, this delightful new drink now comes to you canned all ready to enjoy.

It's a grand starter for any meal—and the vitamins make it a wonderful thing for children!

Will you get some?

FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION, LAKELAND, FLORIDA

FLORIDA
CANNED
ORANGE AND
GRAPEFRUIT JUICE

Blended

Look for the word "FLORIDA" on the can if you want the best

big enough to stop a toy motor at three feet, Sis. I've got to stop airplane engines at thirty thousand feet! This is big—"

"Well, forty thousand, maybe."

"Chicken feed—I'd go nuts trying to scrape through on that—"

Peggy stood up.

"Okay, it's no deal. I tell Daddy and Mother about Sigrid. They'll stop your allowance and I'll not give you a penny of mine. You can go to work—"

"You want blood, eh?"

All her life Peggy had been very patient with her brother. But this time she lost her temper.

"Go ahead. Tell the judge any darn fool thing you want. Get kicked out of this country. It'll be good riddance!"

At this juncture there was a discreet rap on the door and Koba entered.

"Mistah Dey-rill heah to see you, Miss Moggret, please!"

"M-Mister Derrill?"

"Yas, please."

While Peggy was steadying herself for a reply, Shane took a good look at Koba.

"Hold on. Who are you?"

"I am Koba, please. I am butlah."

"You a Jap?"

"No sah, I am Korean, Mistah Shaney."

Shane turned to his sister with intense seriousness and groaned: "Oh, Lord, has Mom gone crazy? Hiring a Jap butler—"

Peggy said: "Shut up. I'm trying to think. He's here—"

"Who's here?"

"Bob Derrill! Shaney! What should I do?"

It was Shaney's turn to feel exasperated. A big deal on to shake down the old man for forty thousand dollars and really get a working model; and on top of that the discovery that your mother has gone and hired a Japanese spy who has probably been listening on a hidden microphone or something; and on top of that your dizzy sister has to bother you about a brain-truster who's been given the air.

"Go out and kiss the guy!" Shaney exploded. "Or shoot him or poison him! I don't care! I've got to see Mom right away—"

But as he started for the door in walked Assistant U. S. Attorney General Robert Derrill.

"Oh," Shaney said. "'Lo, Derrill. There's Sis. I've got to go." But at the door he paused long enough to say: "About the deal, Peggy—it's all set. I accept your offer."

NEITHER Peggy nor Mr. Derrill heard him.

"Peggy dear!" Mr. Derrill was saying. "You scared the life out of me—running out of Washington that way. I couldn't sleep until I saw you to explain and apologize—"

Koba closed the library doors.

"Did you fly down here?"

"Yes . . . naturally. Aren't you—"

"I'm sorry you went to so much trouble."

"Aw, now, Peggy—give us a smile!"

Backing away from him, Peggy still could not make up her mind what to do. It is one thing to hand a man the mitten and hop off a horse and run into a bedroom and lock the door. It is quite a different situation to have a man walk in on you after having flown all the way from Washington to Texas just to talk to a girl and then have the girl say, "I won't even see you." As a matter of fact, Peggy was seeing him. He stood right before her.

Peggy said: "Do sit down and have

some iced tea. You—you look tired."

He said, "I'll have a kiss!" and took it. But Peggy only stiffened in his arms and turned her head away. This is the man, said Peggy to herself, who called D. J. a swine. This is the man who belonged to a government that was trying to deport all the Corriganas as undesirable aliens. Perhaps . . . perhaps he had come down here to do the dirty work. . . .

"No, Bob," said Peggy, "it's no use."

Brain-Truster Derrill was not so easily abashed. A man who has faced the fire of a senatorial committee packed with anti-New Deal Democrats and who has argued before nine old men that seventy is senility can stand his ground before a slim, wavering girl like Peggy.

"Something else has happened, Peggy," he said, with the innate shrewdness of a born cross-examiner. "You didn't run away from the Jarvises just because we'd had a foolish quarrel!"

"Yes, I did."

"You told the Jarvises you were going to Europe with your mother, didn't you?"

"I was—but we had to—"

"Had to? Why?"

"I'm not on the witness stand!"

Grinning, Derrill sat himself down on a divan.

"Well, here I am—and here I stay until you tell me!" he announced.

MEANWHILE, Mrs. Corrigan had finished thinking and, with Mrs. Corrigan, a thought ended was an action begun.

She sat in the tonneau of her formal limousine with Miss Edith Chivers as Penroyal, her colored chauffeur, headed the car toward Constitution, Texas. Although she liked to regard herself as the chatelaine of Los Corriganas who took a lady-bountiful interest in Constitution, she seldom visited the place. Instead of tipping their hats, the peasantry of the village were in the habit of staring rudely at Mrs. Corrigan and spitting tobacco juice with cryptic emphasis.

"I shall have to attend to everything as usual, Edith," Mrs. Corrigan was saying, "and I really don't dare trust D. J. to handle this fellow Brumby. D. J. has utterly no *savoir faire*."

Miss Chivers shivered in the warm night air.

"B-but reddy, darling—should you try to bribe the man?"

Mrs. Corrigan smiled wittily.

"Nothing quite so crude as that, Edith," she said. "It may be that this fellow Brumby has no intention of making trouble for us. One never spends money unnecessarily, *n'est ce pas?*"

"Clevah darling!" Miss Chivers thrilled. "But I would be cautious. Isn't a federal judge a somewhat important magistrate in America?"

Since Mrs. Corrigan's knowledge of the American judiciary was limited to her firm belief that this country's judges were not gentlemen, as all judges were in England, and therefore accepted bribes as a legitimate perquisite of office, she sniffed.

"I dare say Brumby is like all the rest of them, my dear," she said.

At this precise moment, Federal Judge Phineas Brumby had settled down on his screened-in side porch with the evening newspapers and a stack of legal briefs. He sat in an aged Morris chair and read by light of a coal-oil lamp, being of the opinion that electric light was bad for the eyes.

Phin Brumby, known among gentlemen of the bar who practiced before him as "Old Cactus" and called other names, ribald and profane behind his back, was

the legal terror of the Southwest. He had served on the federal bench for twenty-eight years with only six reversals; his pithy hard-hitting instructions to juries were classics and many a distinguished lawyer had quailed under Phin Brumby's tongue-lashings. In physique he looked disarmingly frail and in manner he was, until aroused, deceptively mild. But an indication of the man's true character might be gathered from his favorite two anecdotes.

Judge Brumby was fond of relating how he happened to be one-sixteenth Apache Indian—a rather indelicate family reminiscence which he told only in the company of men. His other favorite story, which he often recited with vicious gusto at dinner parties in Austin or San Antonio, had to do with the judge's maternal grandfather, One-Eye Hamble, who got himself cornered in the Alamo along with a number of other good fighters. The point of this yarn was that when the relief party entered the Alamo they found One-Eye Hamble, both arms broken by bullets lying atop a Mexican captain with his teeth set by rigor mortis deep in the Mexican's throat. "Couldn't break Granddaddy's hold," Judge Brumby would conclude, "so they buried 'em both in one grave!"

This then was the American jurist before whom Mrs. Corrigan was shortly to appear. Nor was Judge Brumby's temper particularly sweet just now. He had opened a newspaper to see a page-one headline reading: "FEDERAL JUDICIARY ARCHAIC, SAYS NEW DEAL CRITIC. Horse and Buggy Philosophy of Many Federal Judges Attacked in Harvard Law School Speech."

Judge Brumby hurled the newspaper across the porch.

"Dod gang it!" he said. "Chumpocrats, dod gang 'em. That's what they are—Chumpocrats!"

To calm himself, the judge pulled off his boots, which pinched a little, and picked up a brief from the stack on the table. It always relieved him to go through a brief with the flat carpenter's pencil he used, scribbling such comments as "Jackass" and "Highly irrelevant" and "Foosh . . . idiotic reasoning" on the margin.

THE doorbell rang. It sounded like an old cowbell, and it was an old cowbell. Judge Brumby went right on reading and scribbling.

His maiden sister, Anna, appeared at the side-porch threshold.

"Jedge! It's that English woman!"

"Who?"

"That English woman—Mrs. Corrigan."

"Oh—yep. What does she want?"

"She won't say—says she's got to see you personally on business."

Judge Brumby reached for his boots. "Abomination!" he said. "All right—I'll have to see her, I suppose."

Mrs. Corrigan was sitting gingerly on the edge of the hair sofa in Judge Brumby's front parlor and beaming determinedly as Old Cactus entered.

"Howdy, Mrs. Corrigan," said the judge. "What can I do for you?"

First, Mrs. Corrigan praised the Brumby house, a white frame in 1875 rococo, so practical and homey; secondly, she admired the judge's beautiful flowers around the front porch, being only a little dismayed when the judge said: "Weeds, Mrs. Corrigan—moon vine and burdock weeds. My sister's too kindhearted. She wastes water on 'em." And thirdly, Mrs. Corrigan praised the judge himself, saying she had heard

Judge Brumby was a leader of the local magistrates.

Judge Brumby was polite.

"Magistrate . . . well, I suppose I am," he agreed, equably enough.

Having thus led up to the agenda with *savoir faire*, Mrs. Corrigan said: "It seems that we Corriganes are in rather an odd position legally, Judge Brumby. It would appear that through a distressing inadvertence on the part of the American authorities we are not, technically, American citizens."

Mrs. Corrigan then explained as much as she could remember of what D. J. had told her. She found this process so long and involved that she finally said, "Oh, dear, I fear I am boring you."

The judge was courteous, but blunt. "You're confusing me, Madam," he said. "As near as I can make out you folks are English citizens. That it?"

"Why, yes!" Mrs. Corrigan admitted, blinking. "But my husband wishes, for business and political reasons, to have us become naturalized—"

"Naturalized, ain't it?"

"Yes, that's it! And I understand the proper procedure is for us to appear in your court and make application?"

Judge Brumby nodded.

"You can do that, yes."

A BIT disconcerted, Mrs. Corrigan rallied bravely and achieved the right note of arch innuendo.

"We should like the matter to go through as speedily as possible, Judge Brumby," she said, "and, to use a colloquialism, we understand how money makes the mare go. *N'est ce pas?*"

"Money, Madam?"

"Oh, let's not speak of money at all. Let us say, rather, that I, for one, have always appreciated courtesy and prompt service. Isn't that a much nicer way to put it, Judge?"

And Mrs. Corrigan laughed roguishly.

Judge Brumby's lean, brown face under its thatch of gray hair showed Mrs. Corrigan that he had no sense of humor. A definitely heavy personality, Mrs. Corrigan would have said.

"Are you offering me a bribe, Madam?" Judge Brumby inquired, mildly.

Mrs. Corrigan insisted on the light touch.

"Oh, my goodness no, dear man!" she said. "I'm sure you will do all that is in your power to expedite matters. It so happens that I had planned a trip to England with my son and daughter, and any unnecessary delay would be so stuffy. I'm sure you see what I mean? So that if you could just push things along a bit our gratitude would—well, I'm a very generous woman, Judge Brumby!"

And Mrs. Corrigan winked.

Judge Brumby slowly got to his feet.

"Were you *born* in England, Mrs. Corrigan?"

"Oh, no . . . in Victoria, British Columbia."

"H'mph . . . you ain't even got that excuse!"

"Excuse—I don't quite—"

The judge looked at her and bit off a chew of tobacco from a black plug.

"For your information, Madam," he said, his voice sharpening, "a federal judge does not do favors for anyone. It is a penal offense to offer a federal judge a bribe. That should be known by any immigrant who has been here two months and used his intelligence—"

Mrs. Corrigan stood up, blinking.

"Indeed?"

"My conclusion is, Madam"—and Judge Brumby waved the plug of tobacco—"that you're just a plumb idjit. Good evening!"

Judge Brumby walked out of the room.

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Corrigan.

But by the time she had reached her limousine and was installed beside Miss Chivers again, Mrs. Corrigan had reached her conclusion.

"How did things go, darling?" Miss Chivers queried, gaspily.

Mrs. Corrigan frowned.

"I fear, Edith," she said, "that I made rather a *faux pas*."

"No! Oh, darling—I was afraid of that, too. I've just been questioning Penroyal and he says Judge Brumby is quite a personage—"

Mrs. Corrigan recovered her poise.

"A personage he may be," she de-

clared, "but he is certainly *not* a gentleman."

"You—you didn't try to—to—"

"Yes."

"Oh, darling!"

"Well, what's done is done, Edith. And I hope I can rely on you not to breathe a word of this visit to Mr. Corrigan or the children. I'd never hear the end of it."

While Mrs. Corrigan was retreating in good order from the village and Federal Judge Brumby, her daughter Peggy had just finished telling all to Assistant United States Attorney General Derrill.

THEY sat beside the Amalfi fountain under a high-domed Texas sky. Peggy had intended to send young Mr. Derrill packing back to Washington. But a man who can convince the American electorate that the way to rescue one third of a nation, ill-clothed, ill-housed and ill-fed is to slaughter five million little pigs is not to be daunted by the coolness of a girl who really loves him. The argument that broke Peggy down was this: how could Bob prove to her that he did not wish to destroy D. J. Corrigan unless she told him what the trouble was and gave him a chance to help her father?

" . . . so you see, Bob," Peggy heard herself saying, "the whole family is in a jam. There . . . I've done it! I've put us completely at your mercy!"

Derrill hugged her.

"You poor silly little angel!" he said. "I thought from your desperate worry that D. J. really was in a jam—that he'd been violating the antitrust law or something. This is simple!"

"Oh, Bob, is it?"

"Easy as pie, sweetheart! I'll hop back to Washington on the morning plane and get it all fixed up with the Labor Department. You just leave it to me. Tell your dad to sit tight and do nothing until I phone him—"

"But he's planning to take the whole thing before a federal judge—a man named Brumby—"

"Golly no! Old Cactus Brumby is an unholy terror! This should all be handled through Washington. Warn D. J. particularly not to go near Brumby!"

Peggy frowned worriedly.

"But Bob, dear, I—I can't quote you. Daddy doesn't know about us—"

Laughing, Derrill kissed Peggy on the tip of her chin.

"Just tell him a little bird warned you," he said lightly. "Then, when I get it all arranged you can introduce your hero and say: 'Daddy, if he has horns would he have done this for you?' How's that for good drama?"

"Oh, Bob, I do love you!"

HALF an hour later, in her room in the Cape Cod cottage, Peggy shed a few exultant tears. It was going to be all right. It was going to be wonderful! Bob would prove his generosity and good faith by putting through this citizenship business in short order. Daddy would have to admit that the Administration was not as villainous as he thought.

Oh, why did men have to quarrel so bitterly over economics? Peggy herself had flunked economics at Dobbs Ferry. On her final examination paper she had written one sentence: "I have listened carefully all semester and I still do not understand this subject; and, what is more, I do not think Dr. Hemmelwasser understands it, either." Her own private opinion was that a country's economic system was an act of God, to be approached in awe and reverence, not with positive assertions, name-calling and vicious antagonisms.

"Oh, dear God," prayed Peggy, sincerely, "our fate is in the hands of a New Dealer. Was I right to trust him so? Oh, make it right, make it right!"

(To be continued next week)



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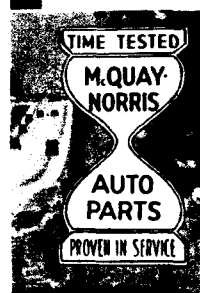
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"Out of the wilderness of the custom-houses. Couldn't we have some music?"

"Yes, of course." Ruth turned on the radio. Light, lilting music poured out. "Concert music," Kern said gaily. "That's perfect." He took a small sip of brandy. "Lovely music! Where is it coming from?"

Ruth looked at the dial. "From Berlin."

"Oh, yes, Berlin. Can't we get something else?"

Ruth turned the knob. In came the stations at Frankfurt, Cologne, Königsberg, Munich—all with military music. "How about France, Ruth?"

They got Paris and sighed with relief to have escaped the sinister martial rhythm. Paris was broadcasting the opera Manon and the room was filled with the festive sweetness of Massenet's airy harmonies.

Ruth got up and went out of the room. She came back wearing a wrapper and a big blue apron. "The banquet is over," she said. "Now you go to bed and I'll wash the dishes. I can see you're tired."

"I'm not tired and I'm going to help you. I'll dry."

Kern didn't want to ask where he was to sleep. He was embarrassed and excited. "I'll enjoy helping," he assured her. "Why should you do it all alone? Besides I like to be with you as much as I can. An Arabian sheik, I should think, could lend a hand in the kitchen to wipe out the traces of his crime."

Ruth gave in. She was just as confused as Kern. They went together into the kitchen and washed and dried the dishes. Then she arranged them in the cupboards and turned out the light.

"Shall we smoke another cigarette?" Kern asked shyly.

"There aren't any more."

"I have a package. I'm pretty sure it's in my bag."

THEY went into Ruth's room where Kern's valise was and he got out the cigarettes. They were the ones his father had given him; he had been saving them. Now he opened the package. I wonder what he is doing, he thought; I wonder what my father is doing now.

He gave Ruth a cigarette, trying to think of a casual remark and not being able to. They sat at the window, smoking. Kern thought: this has all happened before; just when was it?

Ruth was watching him. How quiet it is, she thought, how very quiet. There is no one here but us. It's night and we're alone. How my heart is beating. How strange it is and yet in this strangeness lies the only thing that is really familiar. I seem to be outside myself. Where are we really?

"Ruth," Kern said. "We're not going to be sad. This is our celebration. You're here—so how can anyone be sad—"

She stood up and ran her hand through his hair. "I'm going into the bathroom now. Then you can come—"

"Yes—"

He lighted another of his father's cigarettes and seated himself at the window. He had a feeling that his hands were trembling and glanced at them; but they were steady. The trembling was inside him.

He did not know how long he had sat there when Ruth appeared and put her hand on his shoulder. "Now you can go into the bathroom—"

"Yes—"

In the bathroom the light was on and its brilliance calmed him a little. There was a small couch in Ruth's room; perhaps she was making that up for him now. He loitered as long as he could

bear to and then went in. His first glance told him that the couch had not been made up for the night. Ruth was lying on her bed. He approached and shyly looked down at her. Her face was serious and her big eyes were looking straight at him. Her breast moved softly as she breathed. Kern suddenly felt that his hand had a will of its own and was going to leave him. The hand that, without his knowledge, had rested on her heart that first night as he had stood like this beside her bed.

"Come," she said.

THE villa that belonged to Arnold Oppenheim, counselor of commerce, lay in the vicinity of Lucerne. It was a large white house sitting like a castle above the beautiful lake. Kern laid siege to it for two days. Oppenheim sent word that he was not at home but Kern was persistent. In the list of addresses that Stern had given him there was a note after Oppenheim's name: "Gives, but only under pressure. A nationalist. Say nothing about Zionism."

On the third day Kern was admitted. Oppenheim received him in his garden surrounded by blooming asters, sunflowers and chrysanthemums. He was a good-natured, powerful man with thick short fingers and a small thick mustache. "Have you just come from Germany?" he asked.

"No, I've been away for more than two years."

"And where are you from originally?" "Dresden."

"Oh, Dresden." Oppenheim ran his hand over his gleaming bald head and sighed nostalgically. "Dresden is a magnificent city. A jewel. Nothing can compare with the Brühl terrace. Don't you agree?"

"Yes," Kern said. He was hot and it would have been nice to have a glass of wine such as stood on the stone table in front of Oppenheim. But it did not occur to Oppenheim to offer him one. He stared into the clear air, lost in thought. "And the Zwinger—the castle—I suppose you know all that well?"

"Not so very. I know it from the outside, of course."

Oppenheim looked at him reproachfully. "But my dear young friend, not to know something like that! The noblest example of German baroque!"

Haven't you ever heard about Daniel Pöppelmann?"

"Pöppelmann, oh yes, of course," Kern replied. He had no idea who he was.

"Well, that's better," said Oppenheim, mollified, and leaned back in his chair. "Yes, our Germany! No one can imitate that, eh?"

"Certainly not. And a good thing too."

"What's that, good?" Oppenheim straightened up and cast a suddenly suspicious glance at Kern. "What do you mean by that?"

"Simply this—it's a good thing for the Jews. Otherwise they'd be done for."

"Oh, that! Now listen to me—done for, done for, those are strong words! Believe me, things aren't so bad. There is a great deal of exaggeration. I have it on the best authority, conditions aren't nearly so bad as they are painted."

"Really?" Kern was surprised.

"Most certainly." Oppenheim bent forward and lowered his voice confidentially. "Let me tell you. Just between us, the Jews themselves are responsible for much of what is happening today. They have a huge responsibility. I tell you it's true and I know what I'm saying. Much of what they did wasn't necessary; it's a subject I know something about."

HOW much is he going to give me? Kern wondered. Perhaps enough to get me to Berne.

"Now just take the East Jews for example, the immigrants from Galicia and Poland," Oppenheim explained, taking a sip of cool wine. "Was there any good reason for letting all of them in? What business have such people in Germany anyway? I am just as much opposed to them as the government is. People keep saying Jews are Jews—but what is there in common between a dirty peddler, wearing a greasy caftan and those ridiculous earlocks, and an old aristocratic Jewish family that has been in the country for centuries?"

"The one migrated earlier than the other," Kern said thoughtlessly and stopped in alarm.

But Oppenheim paid no attention; he was busy with his own problems. "The latter have been assimilated. They are valuable and important citizens, an asset to the nation—and the others are



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just foreigners. That's it, my friend. And what have we to do with such people? Nothing, nothing at all! They should have been made to stay in Poland!"

"But they're not wanted there either," Kern said.

Oppenheim made a sweeping gesture and looked at him irritably. "That has nothing to do with it! We must be objective. I hate these wholesale condemnations. You can say what you like against Germany, the people there are active and accomplishing something! You'll have to admit that, won't you?"

"Of course." Twenty francs, Kern thought, will do for four days' lodging. Perhaps he'll give me as much as thirty.

"The fact that the individual sometimes has to suffer, or certain groups"—Oppenheim gave a quick snort—"well, that's an unavoidable necessity of politics. There is no place for sentimentality in large-scale politics. We simply have to accept that."

"Certainly—" You're having a hard time of it all right, Kern thought. When I get away from here I'm going to buy a glass of wine for myself.

"YOU can see for yourself," Oppenheim said, "the people are employed. National dignity has been raised. There have been extreme measures, of course, but that always happens at the beginning. It will be corrected. Just consider how our armed forces have been transformed. Why, it's unique in history! Suddenly we have become again a powerful nation. Without a large, well-equipped army a country is nothing, absolutely nothing."

"I don't know," Kern replied. "After all, the English and the Americans, I've been told, have only small armies and don't even have compulsory military service."

Oppenheim gave him a wry look. "That's something entirely different," he said impatiently. "And besides it's their own stupidity." He stood up. "That's where the Germans show their genius—the way they set a trap for the other nations! And the others walk right into it! It's incredible, their stupidity." He made a quick grab for a goat and methodically squashed it. "And now they're afraid of us again. Take my word for it, fear is the most important thing of all. It's only when the other fellow is afraid that you can accomplish anything."

"I know that," Kern said. Oppenheim emptied his glass and took a few strides through the garden. Beneath them the lake gleamed like a blue shield fallen from heaven. "And what about you?" he asked in an altered tone. "Where do you want to go?"

"To Paris."

"Why Paris?"

"I don't know. I want a goal of some sort and they say it's easier to get on there."

"Why don't you stay in Switzerland?"

"Counselor Oppenheim," Kern said, suddenly breathless, "if I could only do that! If you would only help to make it possible for me to stay here. Perhaps you would give me a recommendation or the chance to work. If you would use your name—"

Oppenheim interrupted him quickly: "I can't do a thing. Nothing at all, absolutely nothing." He became surly. "I have to remain politically neutral in every respect. I can't allow myself to become involved."

"But there's nothing political about this, Counselor."

"Nowadays everything is political. Switzerland at present is my host. No, no, don't ask me for anything like that." He was becoming more and more angry. "And what else did you want to see me about?"

"I wanted to ask whether you could use any of these trifles," Kern said

shamefacedly and produced some of his wares from his pocket.

"Books? I never read books written by exiles. They're full of propaganda. Soap? Soap is always useful. Here, show it to me. Fine. I'll take this piece. Wait a minute—" He reached in his pocket, hesitated for an instant, put a few coins back and laid three francs on the table. "There, I guess that's a good price, isn't it?"

"As a matter of fact it's too much. The soap costs one franc."

"Well, let it go. But don't tell anyone about this. As it is, I'm bothered to death."

"Counselor Oppenheim," Kern said with restraint, "for that very reason I will only accept the price of the soap."

Oppenheim looked at him in surprise. "Well, just as you like. It's a good principle, of course. Never accept gifts. That's always been my motto, too."

Kern took the train back to Lucerne. In the suburbs he tried his luck a couple of times and succeeded in selling a few shoelaces, a bottle of toilet water and a comb. The profit was three francs. Finally, more from indifference than hope, he went into a small laundry belonging to one Frau Sara Grünberg.

Frau Grünberg, a woman with untidy hair and a pince-nez, listened to him patiently.

"This isn't your regular business, is it?" she asked.

"No," Kern said, "and I'm not very good at it either."

"Would you like work? I just happen to be taking inventory and I could use an extra man for two or three days. Ten francs a day and good food. You can come tomorrow at eight."

"Thank you," Kern said, "but—"

"I know—but no one's going to find out anything from me. And now give me a bar of soap. Here's three francs, is that enough?"

"It's too much."

"It is not too much. It's too little. Don't lose your nerve."

"Nerve alone won't get you far," Kern said, accepting the money. "But now and then you have a little luck as well. That's better."

"Then start right away and help me clean up. Would you call that luck?"

"Certainly," Kern said. "Luck's something you've got to recognize when you see it. Then it comes oftener."

"Do you learn things like that on the road?" asked Frau Grünberg.

"Not on the road but in the intervals when I have a chance to think. I try to learn something then from what's been happening to me. Every day you learn something. Sometimes even from counselors of commerce."

KERN worked until ten o'clock in the evening and received supper and ten francs pay. That was enough for two days at the boardinghouse and it raised his spirits more than a hundred francs from Counselor Oppenheim would have.

Ruth was waiting for him in a little boardinghouse that they had selected from Stern's list of addresses. It was possible to stay there for a few days without being reported to the police. She was not alone. At the table beside her on the little terrace sat a slim, middle-aged man.

"Thank heaven, you're here," Ruth said, getting up. "I was worried about you."

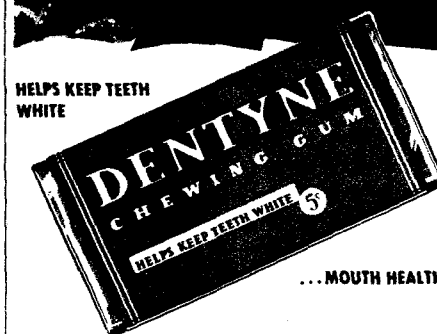
"You mustn't worry. Whenever you feel inclined to worry usually nothing happens. Accidents only occur when you're not counting on them."

"That is a sophism but not a philosophy," said the man who was sitting with Ruth.

Kern turned toward him and the man smiled. "Come and have a glass of wine with me. Fräulein Holland will tell you that I am harmless. My name is Vogt,



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My hostess seated me beside a famous dentist—he told me such interesting things.

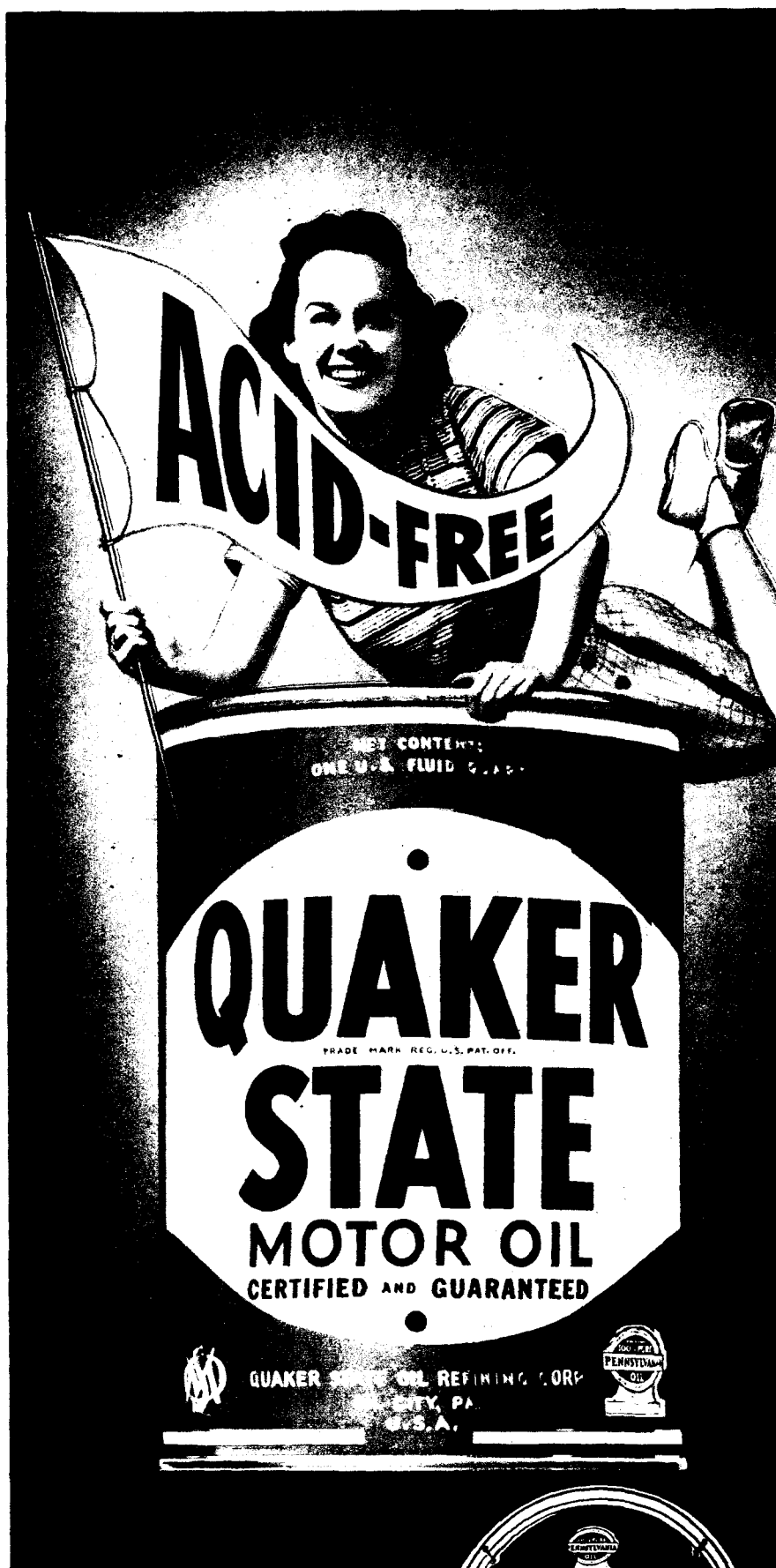
He said, "This dinner's delicious! But it is bad for your lovely teeth—and we moderns need to give our teeth tougher exercise!"

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First thing next morning I rushed out for a package of Dentyne! I love its spicy flavor—brings back memories of Saturday mornings and Aunt Sally's cake batter. And it does help my teeth! The flat package slips so conveniently into my purse, I carry it everywhere. Do try Dentyne yourself—buy a package today!

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and I used to be a university instructor in Germany. Keep me company with my last bottle of wine."

"Why your last?"

"Because tomorrow I'm going to become a lodger for a while. I'm tired and I have to rest."

"A lodger?" Kern asked in perplexity.

"I call it so. You might add—in prison. Tomorrow I am going to report to the police and tell them that I have been an illegal resident in Switzerland for two months. As punishment I shall be given a few weeks in jail because I have already been deported twice. It is important to say that you have been in the country for some time; otherwise breaking the order to stay out of the country counts as an act of desperation and you are simply put across the border again."

Kern looked at Ruth. "If you need money—I've earned quite a bit today."

VOGT waved aside the offer. "Thank you, no. I still have ten francs. That's all I need for the wine and the night. I am just tired; I want a little rest. And people like us can find that only in jail. I am fifty-five years old and not in very good health. I am really very tired from being driven from pillar to post. Come, sit down with me. When one spends so much of his time alone, company is a great pleasure." He filled the glasses. "It is Neuchâtel, sharp and clear as glacier water."

"But prison—" Kern said.

"The prison in Lucerne is good. I am acquainted with it— That's a luxury I grant myself, to choose where I want to go to jail. My only fear is that I won't be admitted. That I shall appear before judges who are too humane and who will simply deport me. Then the whole thing will start over again. And for us so-called Aryans it's harder than for Jews. We have no religious organizations to support us—and no co-religionists. But let's not talk about these things."

He lifted his glass. "We'll drink to the beauty of the world; that is indestructible."

They touched glasses with a clear tinkling sound. Kern drank the cool wine. The juice of the grape, he thought, remembering Oppenheim, and sat down with the others at the table. Suddenly he felt very secure.

"I thought that I was going to have to be alone again," Vogt said, "and now you're here. How beautiful the evening is with its clear autumn light."

They sat for a long time in silence on the half-lighted terrace. A few late nocturnal butterflies kept hurling their

heavy bodies against the hot glass of the electric bulbs. Vogt leaned back in his chair with a slightly absent-minded and very peaceful expression on his thin face and in his clear eyes; and all at once it seemed to the other two that here was a man from some past century calmly and collectedly taking leave of his life and the world.

"Serenity," Vogt said thoughtfully after a pause, almost as though he were talking to himself. "Serenity has disappeared from our times. The clear calm after the storm. The golden serenity of autumn. Spring is not serene." He smiled. "Nor is youth, as you know. It is only so in retrospect; it is too full of struggles. Serenity requires a great many things—knowledge, superiority to circumstance, tolerance and resignation in the face of the inevitable. Those who want to improve the world have always made it worse—and dictators are never serene."

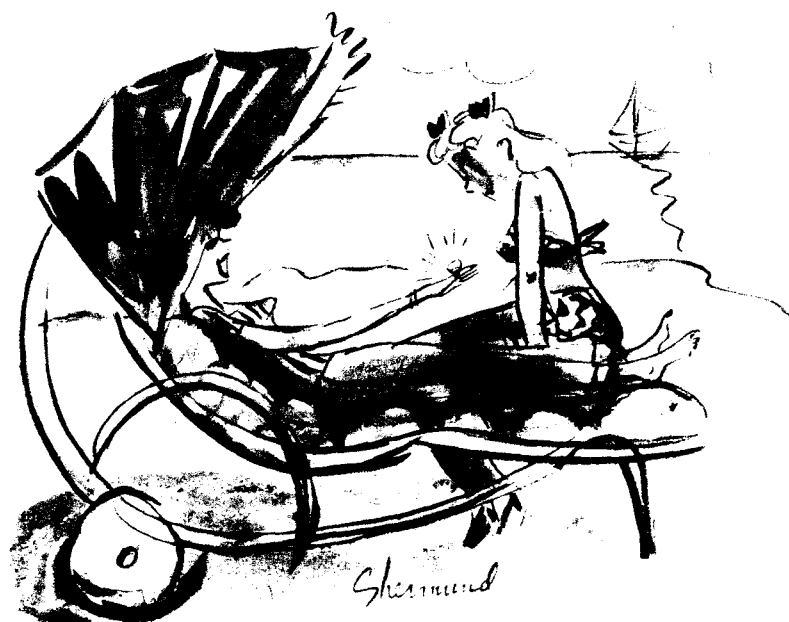
"Nor are those to whom they dictate," Kern said.

Vogt nodded and slowly took a sip of the bright wine. Then he motioned toward the silver lake sparkling in the light of the half-moon and toward the mountains that surrounded it like the sides of a precious chalice. "No one can dictate to them," he said, "nor to the butterflies. Nor to the leaves of the trees. Nor, for that matter, to those—" he pointed to a few well-read books.

He picked up a slender volume from the table. "Do you know the constellations?" he asked Ruth.

"Only a few."

"Then allow me to make you a present of this book. I don't need it any more. You will find some star charts in it and a little text. Sometimes it's a good thing to know that the earth turns and the constellations move from horizon to horizon. Sometimes it's a cold comfort; but it does calm you. The little joys," he smiled at Ruth, "never neglect the little joys of existence. They are the only ones that are pure and enduring. All the big joys are wedded to fear—the fear of losing them. The instant the possessive instinct enters in, they are marred. He who no longer hungers for possessions owns the world. Even the diamond in the jeweler's window belongs more to you than to him when you admire it without wanting to own it. The jeweler is worried about selling it, he is afraid it may go down in value or that it may be stolen. You have the joy of seeing the most mysterious crystal in the world. Why should you want to own it? Do you own your existence? It is slipping away from you with every second."



"He gave it to me for dropping my Southern drawl!"

BARBARA SHERMAN

He drank again slowly and thoughtfully. "Life has always been communistic," he went on. "Its most precious goods belong to all and are available to all; art, culture, learning and beauty. There are museums, libraries and nature, free to all and containing the noblest things man knows. They are a comfort—for we too can still enjoy them."

He refilled his glass and handed the book to Ruth. "The little joys: this autumn night, a fish in a sparkling stream, a melody, a thought, a smile, a sunset, a tree in the wind, a painting by Cézanne, an Egyptian statue, a mother's hands, the coat of a young animal, a book—Did not Christ say: He who hath eyes let him see—?"

He remained silent for a little while as though the others were not there. Then he got up. "Excuse me if I have become academic. I really didn't intend to—"

"It was good for us," Ruth replied. "It was a good thing for us to hear that."

"You're nice to say so. Now I'm going to take a half-hour's stroll beside the lake. Goodbye and the very best of luck."

He gave Ruth his thin, cool hand. "Goodbye," she said. "And many thanks. Real thanks."

"Are you really going to the police tomorrow?" Kern asked.

"Yes, I am. Goodbye and thank you for wanting to help me. For me that was one of the small joys."

He went slowly down the street toward the lake. It was deserted and they could hear his steps for some time after he had disappeared.

TWO days later Stern suddenly appeared from Zürich, cool, elegant and self-assured. "How are you?" he asked. "Did everything go well?"

Kern told him about his experience with Counselor Oppenheim. Stern listened attentively. He laughed when Kern described how he had begged Oppenheim to use his influence in his behalf. "That was your mistake," he said. "That man is the most cowardly toad I know. I'm going to start on a punitive expedition."

He went off and returned that evening with a twenty-franc note in his hand.

"My respects," Kern said.

Stern shrugged with disgust. "It wasn't pretty. Herr Oppenheim, the nationalist, thinks that his hide is safe because he's a millionaire. I told him I had read that all Jewish enterprises in Germany were going to be confiscated. Now he'll have a couple of sleepless nights."

"It might happen, too."

"Who knows? Perhaps in 1938 or 1939 we'll say about today, 'God, those were fine times!' And perhaps sometime in 1942 we'll run into Counselor Oppenheim as a fellow hobo on the road. It will be interesting to hear what he has to say then."

Kern laughed. "It won't come to that; he'll get around it somehow."

RUTH came back to the boardinghouse in the evening to find Kern already there. He had finished his work at Frau Grünberg's laundry and was waiting for her.

Her eyes were sparkling as she came in. "How much did you earn today, Ludwig?"

"Five francs for a half day's sorting of white and colored shirts, of various qualities, and underwear. In addition midday dinner."

"Guess what I earned."

"One franc."

"Twelve. Just think, twelve francs in one afternoon! Together we've made seventeen francs in one day. I have sold the rest of the famous Kern chypre. It's all gone, darling. We'll have to make some more."

"Good work!" Kern laughed. "Now you can see the advantages of business

life as compared with study—it brings immediate results and instant satisfaction. You look as though you had discovered a new kind of radium."

Ruth unconsciously glanced down at herself. "I should be ashamed of myself, shouldn't I? But it was my first day as a peddler."

"Don't talk disdainfully about the profession that feeds us. You were no peddler. You were a representative of small trade. Even if you were an illegal one—for you did it without my knowledge."

"It was so boring alone this afternoon. I studied the whole morning and was stuffed full of formulas. Then it occurred to me that I could try this."

"Don't do it again," Kern said. "I'd be afraid they might arrest you. Don't do it again, Ruth. I hate to picture a policeman putting his hands on you."

She looked at him. "That certainly would be awful."

"Promise you won't do it again. I'd rather go around at night ringing doorbells and getting people out of bed to offer them pencils and shoelaces."

"All right," Ruth leaned against him and rubbed her face against his cheek. "I was a traitor, Ludwig," she murmured. "I sold the bottle you gave me in Prague. I thought we could use the money."

Kern put his arm around her shoulders. "That's not a betrayal. That's talent and enthusiasm. You were just so carried away you couldn't help yourself, weren't you?"

She nodded and rubbed her face against his neck.

"Like a pony," Kern said. "I am going to call you Pony."

"Pony is a nice name."

"I understand that's what ponies do with their noses."

"I've never had a name like that. Ruth is so solemn. Pony will make me gayer. I want to be gay. Cheerful. Please let me sell soap again tomorrow. Ponies have to go trotting around."

"I don't know, it isn't really necessary. We're swimming in money, you know. We have almost enough for a week and something left over for the trip too. I've not been so carefree in a long while."

STERN came down the stairs. He was smiling. "What are you going to do this evening?" he asked.

"I don't know. Perhaps we'll go walking by the lake."

"That's dangerous," Stern answered promptly. "Swiss detectives have a weakness for lyricism, romanticism and idylls. Parks, paths by the lake, gardens and docks are their favorite haunts."

"So I found out," Kern said. "Have you been nabbed there too?"

"No. But you can deduce the danger from the social organization of Switzerland. The closing hour is early; all the bars shut down at twelve; moreover, courting in the open is forbidden. And so that's where the zealous detective goes to seize wrongdoers, and now and again in the process he comes upon us weary wanderers. After all, an exile in the hand is worth two lovers in the bush."

Ruth looked at him; she didn't like him very much.

"With your permission," Stern went on with his lecture, "the mistake of many emigrants is to try to hide themselves, that in itself lays them open to suspicion. The thing is to behave as you ordinarily would."

Kern laughed. "That's hard. When you're afraid you no longer know how that would be."

"Then there's always one thing—the movies. It's dark, there are no detectives and you have something to look at. Besides, in winter it's warm."

"That's true," Ruth said a little reluctantly.

"Sometimes I've sat for six hours in

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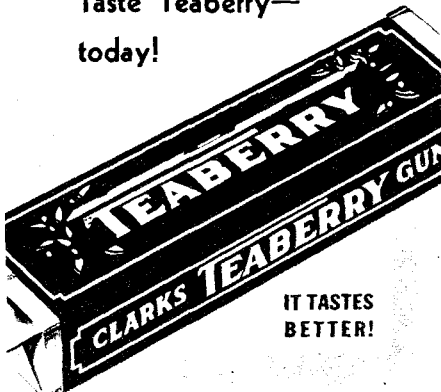


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the movies," Stern said. "Paid for a cheap seat and then stayed there through three performances. It's a good thing to do if you don't dare go out or if it's winter. Shall we go to the movies tonight?"

"It's an idea," Kern replied. "What do you think, Ruth?"

"You go. I'll stay here and do some studying."

"No, you come with us," Kern looked at her. "Pony!"

She raised her head and smiled. "All right."

They went into a little movie where two American films were being shown. One was a Western, the other a tense romance about millionaires in Miami. The darkness and the moist, warm atmosphere made Kern sleepy. He laid his head on Ruth's shoulder. "You ought to be a movie actress, Pony. You're much more beautiful than those girls."

He looked at Ruth's fresh, alert face illuminated in the light from the screen. Reflections of the pictures were mirrored in her large, dark eyes. She was watching with concentrated attention. "What do you think of it?" he asked.

She shook her head and continued to watch the screen. "Am I disturbing you?" he asked.

She nodded. "This is something I want to see."

Kern looked at the picture again in amazement. There was nothing in it that especially appealed to him. What can it be in her case? he wondered. A foreign land, adventure, something new? What can it be in women that makes them sit as though bewitched in a movie? It disturbed him a little. What do I really know about her? he thought. Only as much as she wants me to know. And she knows all about me. Will I lose her soon? I'm sure to. I'm much too young for her. But what shall I do then? He lost himself in dreams—he saw her leaving him and their meeting again years later, after he had gone on an expedition and become famous and been showered with honors, and he saw her throw herself, weeping and remorseful, into his arms. . . .

"LET'S go somewhere else," Stern said. "For an hour. I don't want to be alone tonight. Just for an hour. I know a place and I have money too. Just for an hour."

He took them to a bar where people were dancing.

"This is too elegant," Ruth said, looking in. "It's not for us."

"For whom should it be if not for us cosmopolitans?" Stern replied sardonically. "Come on. It's not really so elegant when you get a good look at it. There's a table now. And a cognac here costs no more than anywhere else. On the other hand the music is much better. And there are occasions when you need something like this more than you need bread."

They sat down and ordered drinks. "Here's to nothing!" Stern said, raising his glass. "Let's be gay. Life is short and afterward no one gives a damn whether we've had a good time or not."

"That's right," Kern raised his glass. "Tonight we'll have fun. Just as if we were Swiss citizens, won't we, Pony?"

Ruth nodded and smiled at him. "As if we were tourists," Stern said, "rich tourists."

He emptied his glass and ordered another. "Will you have one too?" he asked Kern.

"Not so soon."
"Have another. You'll get into the right mood faster. Please do."
"All right."

They sat at their table and watched the dancers. There were a number of young people there, no older than themselves, but nevertheless the three felt like lost children, watching a spectacle

with wide-eyed interest but having no part in it. It was not only their loneliness and homelessness that lay like a gray ring around them; it was the joylessness of youth that seemed already wilted because it was without hope and without a future. What's wrong with us? Kern thought. We were going to be gay. We have everything we could expect, almost more; what's the matter?

"Do you like it?" he asked Ruth.
"Very much," she replied, eager to please and sipping at her drink.

The place became dark, colored spotlights swept across the floor and a beautiful slim dancer whirled into sight.

"Splendid, isn't it?" Stern asked, applauding.

"Magnificent!" Kern clapped too.
"The music's excellent, don't you think?"

"Absolutely first class."

THEY sat there, very eager to find everything magnificent and to be happy and gay; but there were dust and ashes mixed in it and they could not tell what made it so. Perhaps, Ruth thought, all we can be is brave. Very likely in order to be happy you have to have some security, too, and that's what we lack. Our happiness consists in forgetting our fate for an hour in each other. But then this brief happiness, like all happiness, wants to go on, and in the end it makes us even sadder, for it lacks security.

"Why don't you two dance?" Stern asked.

"Shall we?" Kern got up.
"I don't think I know how," Ruth said.
"It's very easy. You just walk back and forth."

She hesitated for an instant, then accompanied Kern to the dance floor. "I don't like to do this, Ludwig," she said.

"My beloved Pony." He pressed her arm.

She smiled at him gratefully. "Whenever I call you Pony," Kern said, "you smile."

She smiled again. "I like it. It represents something I should like to be but haven't attained yet."

They danced cautiously, a little afraid of each other. Gradually they gained confidence, especially as they noticed that no one was paying attention to them.

"How nice it is to dance with you," Kern said. "There are always fine new things to do with you. It's not just that you are there—everything around changes and becomes beautiful."

She moved her hand closer around his shoulder. "Pony," he said softly, "beloved Pony."

She smiled and he drew her tenderly

against him. "Do you know you're entirely different when you smile? I have never seen anyone's expression change so much. You have two completely different faces. When you're serious you always look a little sad; but no one can be as radiant as you when you smile. And when you smile you are like a child."

She tilted back her head and looked at him with soft eyes. "And which of the two do you like best?"

"I like them both. I like all three. But I think it's nicest for you when you smile. I am going to call you Pony often."

The music stopped. "Pony, Pony, Pony," Kern said quickly. Ruth smiled and they went back to their table.

"Just look who's coming," Stern whispered.

Kern looked up. Arnold Oppenheim, counselor of commerce, was coming diagonally across the room on his way to the door. He paused beside their table and glowered down at the three. "Very interesting," he snapped, "very instructive."

No one replied. "This is what I get for my generous assistance," Oppenheim went on indignantly. "My money is immediately squandered in bars."

"Man does not live by bread alone, Counselor," Stern replied calmly.

"That's pure rhetoric. Young people like you have no business in bars."

"And no business on the road either," Stern said.

Kern turned to Ruth. "May I introduce this gentleman who is insulting us. He is Counselor Oppenheim."

Oppenheim was taken aback and looked at him angrily. Then he snorted something that sounded like "impudence" and stamped away.

"Philanthropy sours the soul," Stern said derisively.

Ruth got up. "Let's go now."

STERN paid the check and they started back for their boardinghouse. Near the railroad station they saw two men approaching from the opposite direction. One of them looked like an official. The other was Vogt. They passed close by and Vogt recognized them. In his face they saw a fleeting and almost imperceptible expression of regret.

"To the station," Stern said, looking after them. "Bound for Basle, the border."

They went on in silence. "Pony," Kern said after a while.

Ruth put her arm through his, shivering. "We must get away from here," she whispered.

(To be continued next week)





Bill may not be a "big shot" —but he has a bodyguard

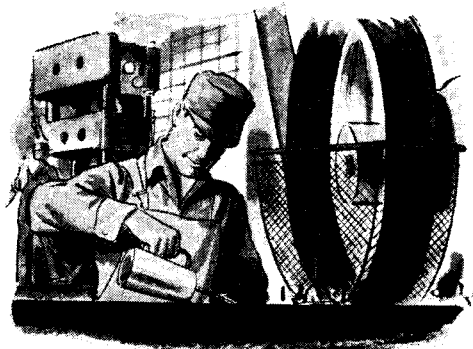
Bill Smith . . . like you . . . is blissfully unconscious of an enemy that stalks him day and night. Bill doesn't realize, either, that he . . . like you . . . is followed constantly by an ever-watchful "bodyguard." That enemy is fire . . . and the bodyguard is the ceaseless nationwide fire-prevention work of 200 leading capital stock* fire insurance companies. Let's follow Bill through the course of a day, and see the many ways this "bodyguard" works to protect Bill . . . and you.



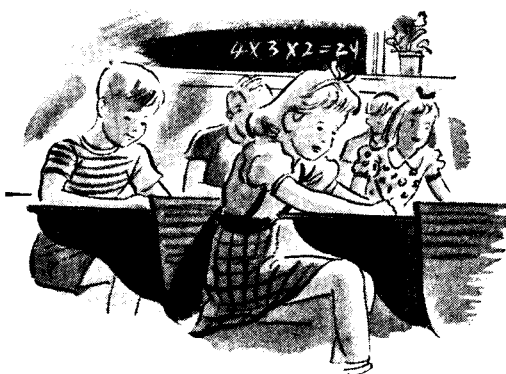
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Face Value

Continued from page 10

"Yes," said Jimmy. "At Streatham."
"I like your kid brother," said Miss Drew.

The group, taken in the garden, showed Jimmy's mother and sister and himself. He was wearing flannel trousers and a sweater, and—naturally—no mask.

"I know just what he's like," Caroline continued, laughing. "Terribly nice, and rather young for his age, and he either owns a motorcycle or else passionately longs for one."

"He longs for one," said Jimmy.

"I knew it! And he falls violently in love, poor lamb, with girls who think he's a dear but hurt his feelings by laughing at him."

"How," asked Jimmy slowly, "can you tell all that?"

"By his face, of course! That nice round moon with the ridiculous tuft on top. He's not a bit like you, is he?"

Jimmy's hands dropped. The mask was still in place. When Cartwright, at that instant, walked into the dressing room, Jimmy felt nothing but relief.

Cartwright, on the other hand, was extremely annoyed. He took one look at Caroline, and announced that he wished to speak to Mr. Brock on a matter of business.

Caroline rose. She had no alternative, for Jimmy, in reply to her pleading glance, simply stood up also. The interview was over before it had begun.

"I'll leave my card," she said, miserably; and laid it on the table. "If ever you can manage a few minutes again—"

"I'll let you know," muttered Jimmy. He opened the door for her, watched her go down the passage, and then turned to face the inevitable question.

"Who was that?"

"Just a friend. . . ."

"A friend be damned!" exploded Cartwright. "You were going to give her an interview! The first ever, and to"—he picked up the card and tossed it down again—"to Home Gossip! To a little nitwit with a pretty face! Haven't I told you I handle all publicity? Haven't I told you—"

Jimmy let the storm blow itself out. He didn't care. He promised never again to speak to a journalist unless Cartwright was present, never again to have people in his dressing room unless Cartwright first passed them. He promised anything that would make Cartwright go away.

When he was once more alone he took off his mask and sat for a long time staring in the mirror; from which a round, freckled face, ill-adapted to expressions of distress, stared mournfully and ludicrously back.

THE next day, after a troubled but not unprofitable night, Jimmy paid a call at Lerougetel's studio. He entered somewhat nervously; he found the artist's large untidy bulk and lavish use of gesture, his beard, his air of perpetual amusement, all too foreign to be comfortable. Of course the man was foreign—he was French—but after making all possible allowances Jimmy still rather disliked the man, while admiring the artist.

"I want you," said Jimmy, plunging straight into his subject, "to make me another mask."

Lerougetel put down his brushes.

"Why?" he asked. "I thought it had been successful."

"It has," said Jimmy. "It's grand. But I want to make a change. I want one more—more like my own face."

The artist stared. Then his eyes narrowed; he scrutinized Jimmy's counte-

nance closely, impersonally; and then he laughed.

"A clown, of course. I can do that all right. Have some fun with it. . . ."

"I don't want you," said Jimmy, "to have fun with it. I simply want a mask that looks enough like me to make it possible to take it off without giving her—without giving anyone—an absolute shock. You must realize that the one I have now is so impossibly attractive—"

"Pagliacci," said Lerougetel.

Jimmy gaped.

"What?"

"I said, Pagliacci. He was a clown, and in love, and the lady would only laugh at him. I am supposing you have the same trouble."

Jimmy nodded dumbly.

"And since love is a completely ridiculous and irrational state, I sympathize with your feelings. You wish to appear an Adonis, an Apollo. You wish to conquer by your personal charms. I am very sorry, because that is quite impossible."

"BUT what," cried Jimmy, "am I to do?"

"Find someone else," advised the artist calmly. "Someone with a less pronounced sense of humor. The world is full of women, and most of them have no sense of humor at all."

With a gesture quite as exotic as any of those he objected to in Lerougetel, Jimmy flung up his hands.

"You don't understand! This isn't just a flirtation! It's the first time I've ever wanted to get married—"

"What!" The artist stared. "You want to marry?"

"Of course!"

"But that is quite different. That is serious!"

"I know that," said Jimmy.

"But that is just what you do not know! You English—you Anglo-Saxons—you say, 'Oh, yes, marriage is serious,' but it all depends on the arrangement of the features in the face! You do not say, 'Is this girl intelligent, *bien élevée*, of my own class, and so likely to make me a good wife?' You say, 'Is she pretty?' Just that!"

"Wait," said Jimmy. "You don't know her. She's intelligent as well. She's earning her own living. She is of my class—she's my own sort exactly—and that's why I'm in love with her. She'll understand about my work, and how I've got to save, and look after myself. She's got a sister, like I have, she'll get on with my family—"

"If that is true," put in Lerougetel, "it seems she will make you an excellent wife, and you will make her an excellent husband. And yet you believe this sensible young woman will turn down this excellent husband because he has a plain face! It is absurd!"

Jimmy groaned.

"You don't understand," he repeated wearily. "She's—I think she's almost in love with me already; but with the stage me, the one in the mask. She thinks I'm glamorous and wonderful. She'll have such a shock to get over, when she sees my real face—"

"How do you know?"

"Because she has seen it. In a photograph. She thought it was a young brother, and she laughed."

"But she did not then know your serious and honorable intentions?"

"No, she didn't. But—" Jimmy broke off, hopelessly. "You haven't seen her. . . ."

"There is no reason why I should not," pointed out Lerougetel. "Send her a seat for your revue, and send me the

one next to it. I will then give you my expert and unbiased opinion."

Jimmy pondered. He still did not care for Lerougetel, but he had a lover's eagerness to discuss the object of his affections with a third party.

"All right," he said. "I'll try for tomorrow night."

SINCE the show was a smash hit, however, no pair of seats was available until a week later. Jimmy solaced himself in the interval by sending Miss Drew flowers. He sent them every day—boxes of roses, boxes of lilies, baskets tied up with ribbon. For the Friday night he sent her a spray of white orchids so exquisite and expensive that Caroline, writing her fifth note of thanks in five days, found herself stumped for superlatives. From six till seven, while she ought to have been dressing, she sat and stared at the paper and wondered what on earth she could say.

The whole sequence of events bewildered her: the first meeting, the wonderful invitation, the abrupt dismissal, then the ticket for the theater and the endless supply of flowers, each bouquet accompanied simply by Mr. Brock's card! Not one of her notes had been answered, there was no suggestion of a further meeting; and yet still those flowers came. . . .

"I'll leave it," thought Caroline, tearing up her hour's work. "He knows I'm grateful, and he knows where I'll be sitting, and if he really cares about seeing me, he'll send round."

Then she put on her new frock, and her sister Mary's best pair of evening stockings, and took a taxi to the theater. She arrived so early that there was only one other person in the stalls, a bearded Frenchman who had actually the next seat, and who evidently appreciated her appearance.

Caroline found herself returning his smile; it was pleasant to know she looked

nice, in case Mr. Brock sent for her. But no summons came. Caroline waited till the theater was empty, and went home by bus.

"Well?" asked Jimmy eagerly.

"I am surprised," said Lerougetel. "I congratulate you. I did not think you had so much sense. She is a very pleasant and capable young person."

"Isn't she lovely?"

Lerougetel waved his hand.

"Of course. But I did more than look at her for you. We conversed during the interval."

"Did she say," asked Jimmy nervously, "anything about me?"

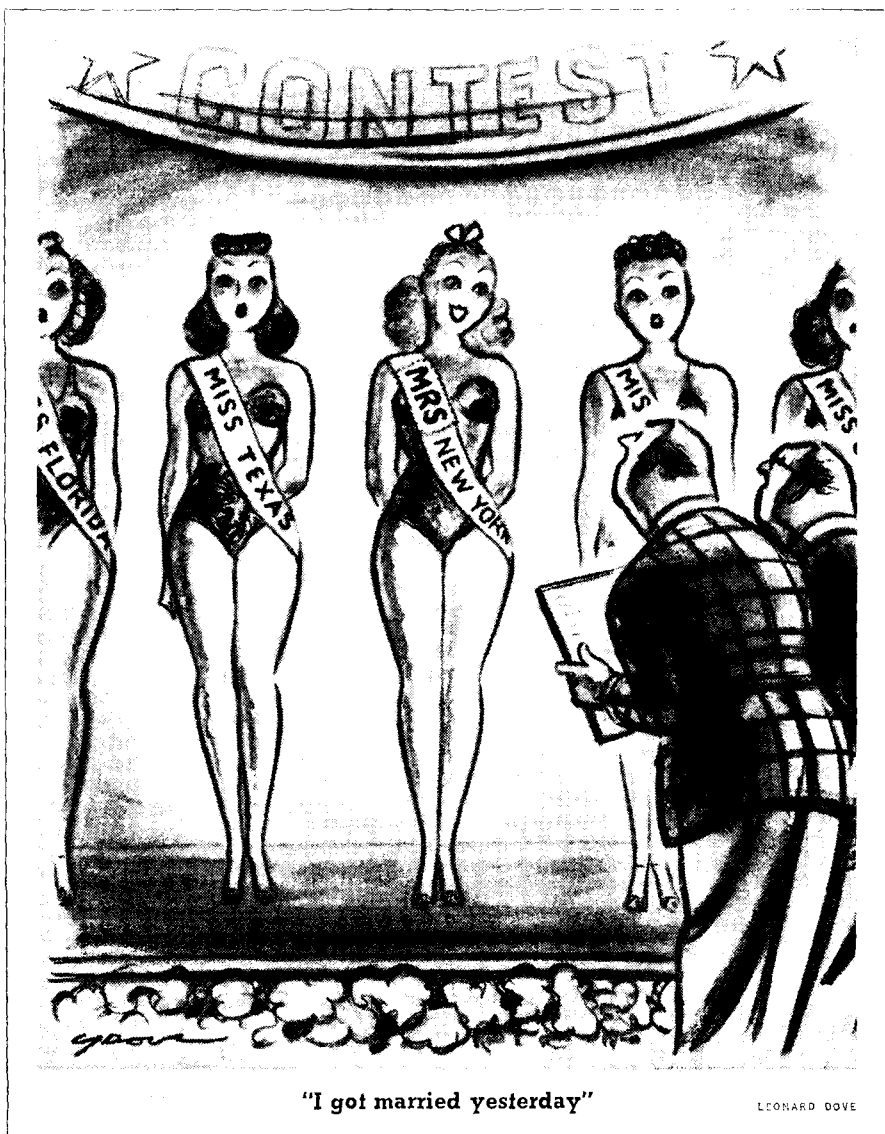
"A great deal. She thinks you are wonderful. You had better take off that foolish mask, and ask her to marry you, and—"

"And what?"

"And stop wasting my time," finished Lerougetel, "because I am a very busy man."

JIMMY also was a busy man; and it was the knowledge that he was spending far too much time and energy thinking about Miss Drew—that his work, in short, was beginning to suffer—that finally decided him to take Lerougetel's advice and put the whole question to a desperate test. He wrote inviting Miss Drew to come round after the Wednesday matinee to his dressing room; choosing that locale because the air of the theater, where he had found such success, always gave him confidence.

He needed all the confidence he could get. When Miss Drew came in, looking even more adorable than he remembered, his courage nearly failed. Caroline was nervous also; as they shook hands—in silence, because they were both slightly short of breath—both their hands trembled. In so tense an atmosphere, however, Jimmy found it unexpectedly easy to cut out all conventional



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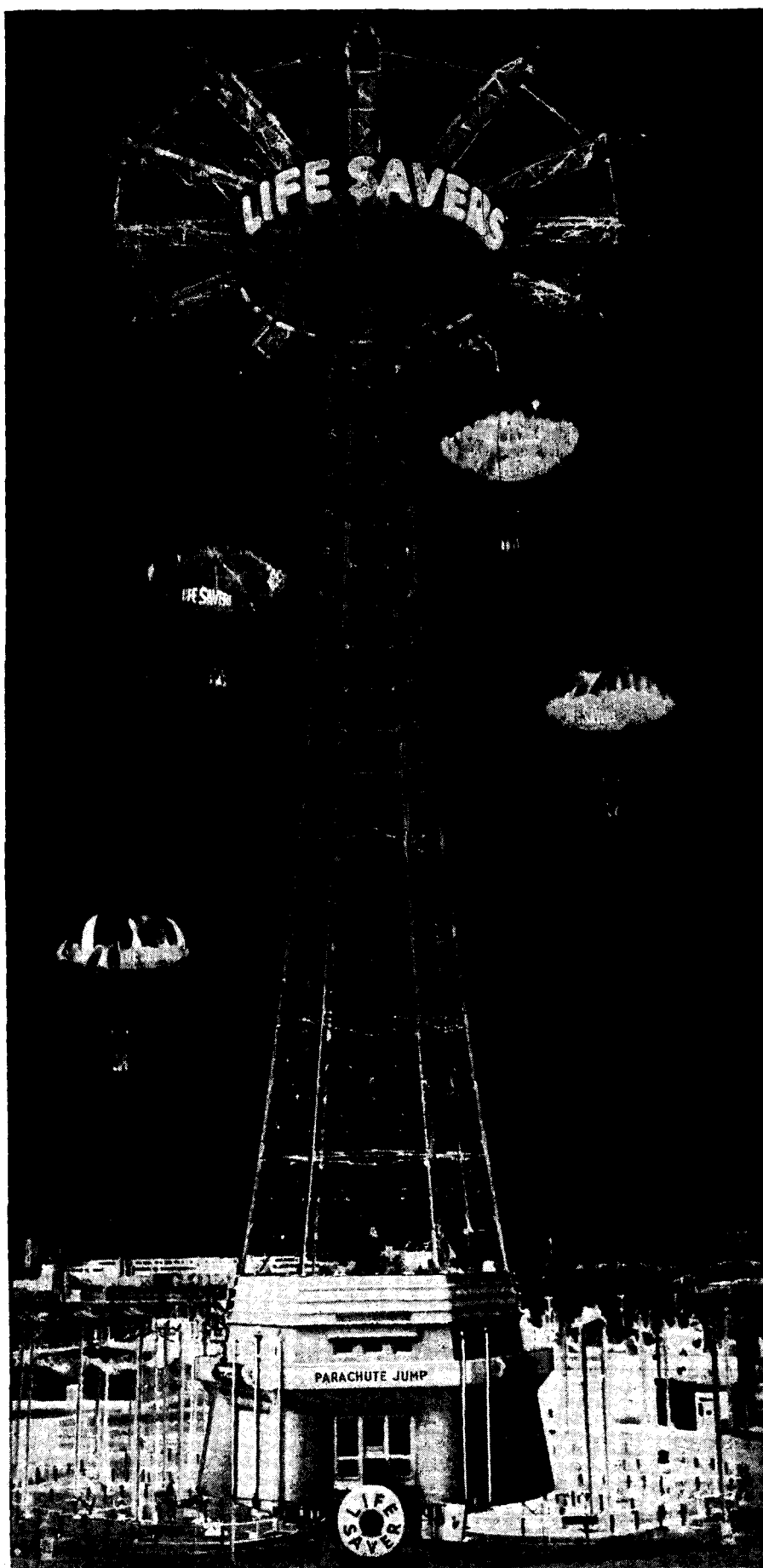
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greetings and go straight to the point. "Please tell me something," he said. "Have you ever wondered what I look like?"

Caroline stared up into the mask.

"Why, like that, of course. I mean—it's conventionalized, dramatized, but it is like you, isn't it? I've read about it in the papers: how you went to an artist for a mask, and how everything he tried turned into your own face, because your personality had so overwhelmed him..."

Jimmy laughed bitterly.

"You can't have been a journalist long," he said. "That was a pretty little fiction invented by my press agent." And he sat down at the dressing table and took off his mask.

From Miss Drew came a startled gasp. She was staring first at his face, then at his photograph.

"I'm sorry," said Jimmy. "I should have told you at the time. I haven't got a kid brother. That's me."

Her cheeks were scarlet.

"You let me go on!" she cried. "You let me say all those awful things—!"

"They were true."

"But even if they were—" She broke off, realizing the implication. "I'm sorry, too," said Caroline.

"My name," continued Jimmy doggedly, "isn't Jan Brock either. It's Jimmy Bolt. I live with my mother and sister, and save money, and like a quiet, ordinary life. I did want a motorcycle, but Cartwright wouldn't let me have one because of possible accidents."

He laid the mask neatly in its box, and went over to the basin and washed his face. He scrubbed hard, till it was pink and shiny and his hair stood up like a brown brush. Then he turned to Miss Drew again.

"No glamor," he said wryly. "No glamor at all... So now you know all about me. You've seen me dance, and you've seen my face, and you know the sort of chap I am. There's nothing to find out, because I'm so ordinary, but a man I know says I'd make an excellent husband. He said I'd do no good by waiting—"

"Stop!" cried Caroline. "I don't know what you're talking about!"

"I wanted," explained Jimmy, "to ask you to marry me. I've been wanting to ever since that ball. But now I know how you feel about me—"

"Stop!" cried Caroline again. "Mr. Brock, Mr. Bolt, I do like you very much! I can't tell you how sorry I am that I—that I hurt your feelings! I like you, and admire you, but—oh, it's all so different!"

"I know," said Jimmy apologetically. "I'm just not the sort of fellow anyone falls in love with. That chap"—he nodded toward the mask—"is. I expect you'd like some tea."

"Yes, I should," said Caroline.

FOR the first time during their conversation Jimmy, his eye still on the mask, smiled.

"He'd have said, 'a cocktail.' That's the difference between us. And he'd have taken you to the Savoy. I keep a kettle here, because I like to make tea myself. If you look in that cupboard, you'll find some buns."

Caroline hesitated. The buns were an anticlimax; she had a notion that she ought to leave at once, possibly after a last silent handclasp. But she had said she wanted tea, she did want tea, and Jimmy was already filling the kettle. She opened the cupboard, and found a biscuit tin, and took out the cakes.

"Now let's be comfortable," said Jimmy, with a grin.

And strangely enough, after the first moments of constraint, they were. Jimmy talked seriously about his dancing, Caroline told him about her work on Home Gossip. In this way half an hour

passed pleasantly; and then as Caroline stood up to go, a most extraordinary thing happened.

Jimmy went to the dressing table, and took up the mask, and slipped it over his head.

"I want to say goodbye," he explained. "And I want to see you look sorry..."

Caroline started. She could hardly believe her eyes.

"Mr. Brock!" she cried. "Jimmy!"

"Well?"

"Take it off! Please!"

Beautiful, cynical, mysterious, the mask stared back at her.

"Why?"

"Because I don't like it! Not after knowing you! It's dead, and uncanny, and—and beastly! Please take it off, Jimmy!"

Behind the papier-mâché Jimmy felt the blood rush up his cheeks, drum in his ears, burn at the roots of his hair. He came out of the mask as red as a tomato, shiny, disheveled...

"That's better," said Caroline.

ABOUT two weeks after they became engaged Caroline and Jimmy went to take tea in the Park, and Caroline saw someone she knew.

"Look, darling! That's the man who sat next to me at your show."

Jimmy turned, and saw Lerougetel. The artist advanced toward them, his eyebrows up in an expression of pleased astonishment.

"I know him, too," said Jimmy hastily. "I dare say I sent him that seat. He's all right, but a bit queer. I mean—you mustn't mind anything he says."

The warning was well-timed; Lerougetel's first words were, to Caroline at least, completely meaningless.

"Aha!" exclaimed Lerougetel warmly. "The triumph of reason!"

"What on earth," asked Caroline, "do you mean by that?"

Without waiting to be invited, the artist pulled up a chair, and sat down, and regarded them both with an expression of great benevolence.

"Your fiançailles," he explained. "Your marriage that is going to take place. I read of it in the newspaper. Allow me, Miss Drew, to congratulate you very heartily indeed."

"Thank you," said Caroline, still slightly bewildered. "But what do you mean by reason? The triumph of reason—?"

Lerougetel settled himself more comfortably in his chair.

"I will tell you," he said. "Or rather, you shall tell me. Why are you to marry my friend Jimmy Bolt? Because he is a talented and serious young man, with whom you can look forward to a safe and prosperous future—"

"Oh, no!" cried Caroline.

The artist sat up.

"No? Then why?"

"Because I fell in love with him, of course."

Lerougetel waved his big hands impatiently.

"As you say, of course! But the reason you fell in love was because, as I say, he is an excellent and prudent young man, who—"

"No!" repeated Caroline. "Oh, no!"

"Then in the name of heaven, why?"

"Because," said Caroline firmly, "he has such a nice face."

For nearly a minute Lerougetel stared speechlessly. Then laughter overwhelmed him. He laughed till he nearly fell off his chair, till he had to get up and throw himself down on the grass in order to laugh at his ease.

"You English!" he roared. "You Anglo-Saxons! You are too much even for me!"

Scandalized, discomfited, but still tolerant, Jimmy turned to his fiancée.

"You mustn't mind," he said apologetically. "You see, he's French..."

Insect Menace

Continued from page 15

Silverfish are given all the starch they can eat and codling moths are provided fresh fruit. From the insect's point of view, facilities are beyond compare. There is only one drawback—insects must pay for their fun with their lives.

Each year more than a thousand basic new chemicals, supplied by the company's 28 laboratories, are tested. Some of these tests are shots in the dark, chemists hoping to discover some previously unknown toxic qualities. Others consist of modifying an already known poison. Perhaps a spray that might be valuable in the war on bean beetles refuses to mix with water. That property must be conferred upon it. Or maybe a likely-looking household insecticide stains fabrics. That must be corrected. A single chemical has been modified as many as 286 times to get it right.

To get a better picture of how this search for sudden death proceeds, let's follow the development of a new fly spray through the Du Pont laboratory. Flies, note in passing, cost us \$66,000,000 a year, including their portion of the cost of screening, money spent for sprays and a share of the cost of such fly-spread diseases as typhoid fever, dysentery, enteritis and diarrhea.

The fly spray must be deadly for insects but harmless to man. It must be cheap and nonstaining. Furthermore, the active principle of the spray—the poison part—must be soluble in some inexpensive fluid like kerosene.

The most common poison that answers these specifications is pyrethrum, an extract derived from a species of chrysanthemum known mostly in Japan. It is a "contact" poison—that is, it kills without being taken into the stomach. If a single leg of a fly is immersed in this potent stuff the fly is paralyzed. Death follows. Common fly sprays are a mixture of this material and an odorless, colorless kerosene that contributes to the insect slaughter by producing a suffocating film over their bodies.

In our fly spray the problem presented the laboratory was to find something at least as deadly as pyrethrum which could be made here in quantities and relieve us of dependence on an import that had wide variations in price and in quality.

A Lethal Chamber for Flies

Scores of new materials went through routine testing for their effect on man and domestic animals. Their fly-killing qualities rested on the verdict of a specially built lethal chamber, a six-by-six-foot cube. Flies are introduced 500 at a time and gassed by atomizers which send a fog of spray into the enclosure. The kill thus made under standard conditions is checked against results with sprays already known.

The major part of the laboratory's work, however, is with agricultural pests. For the bedbug and the fly, though annoying creatures, do not have the economic importance of their outdoor brothers. The boll weevil, for example, does about \$120,000,000 worth of damage a year, and the corn-ear worm chalks up another \$100,000,000. Altogether, insects cost the United States about \$2,000,000,000 a year.

The boll weevil slipped in from Mexico in 1893 and the bean beetle came from the same country in 1920. Hungary sent us the corn borer and Japan presented us with the orchard-eating Japanese beetle in 1912. The newly arrived pink bollworm is an increasing problem on Texas cotton plantations. When he arrives, planters say, the boll weevil has

to carry his food with him, for the pink bollworm leaves nothing behind. The white-fringed beetle arrived from South America some time in the last half-dozen years. He now infests Gulf Coast states and is a problem of such proportions that he is being fought with flame throwers and miles of poisoned quarantine ditches.

In its grub—or worm—stage, this subterranean pest consumes the roots of cotton, peanuts and nearly every other crop. As a crawling adult beetle he eats whatever vegetation is left above ground. The force of his numbers is indicated by the fact that in one badly infested area a man collected 80,000 beetles off one half-acre cotton patch in four hours' time.

The point with all these newly introduced varieties is that they left their natural insect and animal enemies behind. With our country providing limitless food and no enemies, they reproduce at shocking rates. One entomologist calculated that one almost microscopic plant louse could *potentially* produce 822 million tons of descendants in a single season. Natural factors, of course, prevent proliferation on quite such a large scale.

Our Only Weapon—Poison

Until natural enemies can be imported, colonized and set to work, poisons represent the only weapon against insects. Broadly speaking, insects fall into two general classifications: the chewers and the suckers. The boll weevil is an example of the former, the plant louse of the latter. The chewer can be killed with stomach poisons dusted or sprayed on the leaves he eats. The sap-sucking insect must be destroyed with poisons that kill simply by contact with his body—poisons like sulphur and nicotine.

Any poison used must be able to destroy insects and still be present on fruits and vegetables in quantities small enough to be deemed harmless to human beings by federal pure-food legislation.

It is fortunate for man that only a few of the 600,000 insects so far classified must be reckoned as competitors for the world's supply of food. But the expense involved in fighting these few is staggering. A few selected items will indicate the scope of the chemical warfare.

Each year the United States uses about 40,000,000 pounds of lead arsenate and 43,000,000 pounds of lime sulphur to control agricultural pests. Households use 16,000,000 pounds of naphthalene against moths and 10,000,000 pounds of pyrethrum against flies and mosquitoes.

These expenditures are directed not so much toward eradication as "control." The average householder doesn't object too strenuously to a few cockroaches or ants. The line is drawn only with bedbugs. For his part, the farmer is usually satisfied if he can limit insect damage to ten per cent of his crop.

The entomologist, a more hopeful fellow, strives for actual eradication of newly introduced varieties. He has at least one such victory to his credit. The campaign against the Mediterranean fruit fly, which invaded Florida a few years ago, ended in complete success. Chances for similar successes elsewhere are small indeed. Man will have to learn to live with his insects, competing with these old residents every inch of the way. Ingenuity and alertness are required but man should be able to suppress these elements.

GIN QUIZ No 8



Questions and Answers that will help you make better Gin Sours

By JOHN T. FITZGERALD

Chief Instructor
Bartenders School, Inc.
New York City

I In making a Gin Sour, does it matter in what order the various ingredients are put into the shaker?

Yes—the fruit juice and sugar should be put in together to balance each other before the gin is added.

II Which is better—powdered or granulated sugar?

Powdered sugar is better because it dissolves faster. But powdered sugar sometimes has a tendency to cake; so I prefer to use a combination of powdered and granulated sugar.

III Must Italian lemons be used in a Gin Sour?

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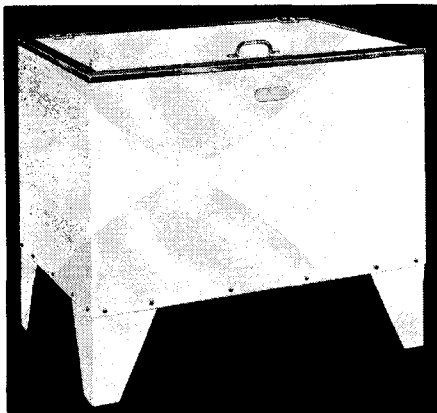
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Wedding in the Clove

Continued from page 14

Elias asked slowly, "The general did that?"

"The letter is in his own hand. Only he and I know of it—and now you."

Elias took time to think. Parson Montanye was known up and down the county as a hot patriot. But it didn't seem the part of good sense for him to be carrying secret messages. Not through the Clove.

Elias rubbed the nail of his thumb along his lower lip and said, "There are safer roads than this one out of Haverstraw."

"This is the one the general told me to follow. Oh, you needn't blame me for it, Elias Cochrane. I warned him the Clove was infested by the Cowboys. I told him how Tories hide in its hills and steal and kill like common outlaws. He said it was not my duty to argue, but to obey. What else could I do?"

"He had a reason for it, then."

THE Parson shook his head sadly. "I fear his reasons are not so sound as they were. The general is an anxious man. He is staking everything on his attack on New York."

Elias looked for a minute as though he hadn't heard right.

"We made out around here," he said, "that it wouldn't be New York. The talk's been that he and the French would go south to help the Marquis Lafayette against Cornwallis."

"The talk's been wrong. I have the proof here."

The parson tapped his black coat over the place where his inside pocket was. "He will try to drive Clinton out of New York. I don't understand it. They call him Old Fox—yet he sends me through this road with such a letter. He could not have done better if it had been his purpose to have me taken by the enemy."

Elias suddenly stopped rubbing his lip with his thumb. He stared at the parson in a new way, thoughtfully, for quite a while. Then he said, picking his words out slowly, "When a man's smart, as smart as the general, and when he's outnumbered, he plays tricks. Maybe that's just what he wanted."

The parson screwed himself around in his saddle and gaped. His jaw fell limp, and the two white spots under his high cheekbones showed whiter than ever. "Do you suppose that would be it?" he stammered. "God's mercy, do you suppose that would be it? A letter direct from the general, to be taken by the Tories and sent to Clinton in New York? That *would* be a trick. It would throw them entirely off the track. It—" But he stiffened then, looking out over Elias' head, and the color came back into his cheeks. "No—no, I fear not. I should like to believe I had some part in it, but I am the most unlikely person the general could select. Even the Cowboys would hardly suspect a minister of the gospel."

It seemed to Elias that the more unlikely the person was, the more honest the letter would look to whoever got hold of it. He gave the parson a quick sideways glance, lifted his rifle into the crook of his arm and said, "We'd best get on to the house. The letter's your business. The wedding's mine."

Johanna came out to meet them as they reached the house. Elias went straight to her and put his arm around her waist and lifted her up to him in a hungrier way than he'd ever done before. She struggled a little, laughing in embarrassment at having him kiss her so outright in front of the parson. But Elias only laughed, too, and the parson, smiling

at Johanna, said gravely that he'd never seen a prettier bride.

They all sat watching her while she moved about inside the house putting food in the trencher on the table. Elias watched her more than the others. It hardly seemed possible that before another day she would be his wife.

He ate a little now, though, between turns of his head to listen for sounds in the quiet outside, while talk ran between John Bernt and the parson. Bernt had stuck his crippled foot out in front of him under the table, damning the war all ways at once and badgering the parson into admitting that things had been no better off since the French came.

"It'll be the same, with no shirts for their backs or bread for their bellies, whether they're in Haverstraw or hell. And to make it worse, Johanna's set her mind on getting wed. She'll come to her senses when the Hessians and Cowboys are running her husband through the county with the rest, like hounds hot after otters. That's what the end'll be."

The parson said, "These two love each other, John Bernt. It takes courage to love in days like these, and we can all use our share of courage, God knows. We should give them credit for facing into the future."

"Credit!" The little man rolled a head as round as a cannonball and as black, with eyes that burned like live coals. "Maybe you've forgot the chain," he sneered.

"No, John Bernt," said the parson swiftly. "No, I haven't forgotten it."

"Iron chain." Bernt snarled, without waiting for him. "To lock the Hudson at the Point, they told us. Keep the red-coats bottled downriver. With every furnace in the Ramapos roaring white-hot, dawn and dark. Three hundred pounds to the link, and when one of the oxcarts hauling 'em away upended in the snow I got this for my thanks." His crippled foot scrawled patterns on the planking of the floor. "You can all forget that, and how the blood ran out of my boot, but none of you forgot what happened after."

HE DIDN'T say Benedict Arnold's name, but the three of them knew what he meant—only last year, it was: how the man who had whipped British Burgoyne at Saratoga had come within an eyelash of selling chain and West Point and the whole of the Hudson Valley to Clinton at New York.

"There's your credit, and where's the good of it?" John Bernt spat viciously into the fireplace and glared at each of them in turn. "It takes the guts out of a man, and the heart too! They'll win, and who's to stop 'em? Nobody!"

The knife Johanna was using while she sliced more bread wavered in her hand. But she steadied it and it went true, cutting firm and even. She said, "I'm proud of the chain. It's still there, and there are others besides Elias and me who think it will stay there. If Elias thought the way you do, I wouldn't marry him."

They could tell she meant it, and her father's anger fell off into a muttering. The sound of it had a pleased gruffness, though, and he made no move when the parson got to his feet.

"We are told it is a holy thing to have faith," said the parson. "Johanna Bernt, I will wed you and Elias if you wish."

Johanna put down the knife and the pulse throbbed under the fair skin of her throat while she thanked the parson with her eyes. Everything got so still Elias could hear the bubbling of the falls out beyond the road.

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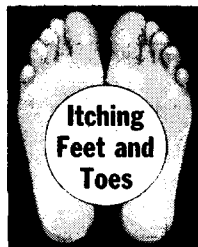


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"I do wish it," said Johanna. "Elias has had my promise."

Her saying of it was not bold or forward, but very calm, so that a tenderness hung in the shadows of the room after she had said it.

She smiled at Elias and slipped away to change into her wedding dress, and the parson stepped over with his back to the fireplace, and John Bernt hunched his stool forward and growled, "There's talk of a march to Virginia."

The parson studied his fingernails. "Or an attack on New York. Half the troops are laying wagers one way, and half the other. No one knows but the general."

"There's been camp kitchens laid out in the Jerseys," said Bernt. "Those'd be for him to use if he went for New York. But we've heard Virginia." He cackled sharply, slapping at a skinny thigh. "Lord, Lord, what I'd give if he'd laid out those kitchens just to fool 'em!"

Elias caught at his breath to keep himself from blurting out what was none of

the way an organ sounds in a church.

Johanna's voice shook a little when it came time for her to speak. But she raised her face to Elias while he fitted the ring on her finger, and her eyes told him how it was going to be.

The parson finished his prayer and said they were man and wife just as Adam Creiger and three other men crowded in at the door.

John Bernt saw them before Elias did.

He yelped, "Cowboys!" and tried to get off his stool and fell back again, pulling at the air with his fingers.

Johanna's lips went cold under Elias' and he felt her arms fall from around his neck as he made a jump for his rifle over in the corner. He got hold of it all right, but there were four muskets laid at him when he turned, and he saw it was no use. He clubbed the rifle, though, and came forward, his legs straddled wide.

The men herded on into the room then, and things happened in a hurry, with John Bernt squealing "God save the king!" until one of them—Martin Owl it must have been—gave him a shove and rolled him in a heap on the hearth. Parson Montanye snatched up the stool and stood over him swinging it like a man who hadn't thought to be surprised at what he was doing, and Johanna ran in under to kneel by her father while Adam Creiger and Eliphalet Matthews tried to get at Elias past the table he'd kicked over.

AFTER a while Adam Creiger roared once or twice and the room got quieter. Creiger was a big man and when he roared there wasn't much to do but listen. He waited until the only sound was the quick grunt of breathing, and he looked at Elias meaningfully and said, "Seems like we've made a haul, bagging one of Townsend's rangers."

Martin Owl chuckled: "Yeh. Good to haul up."

He put his hands to his neck under his beard and made himself choke, jerking his head like a man hanging, and then laughed.

"Heard there was someone rode into the Clove this afternoon, coming from Haverstraw," said Creiger. "Never thought it would be a man as smart as Elias, though."

He let his eyes stop on Johanna, keeping them fastened where the slope of her shoulder showed bare above the line of her dress. "Well, maybe you had your reasons for it, at that."

Elias felt the skin prickle across the flat muscles over his belly, but he held on to himself and didn't answer.

Martin Owl said, "Let his reasons be, Adam, we've got better ones. Bring him outside. There's a rope in the shed."

Elias drew in his breath and his eyes got narrow, knowing what needed to be done. Here were the Cowboys and here was the parson, the way it had been intended or he'd never have been sent like that, and though it wasn't for Elias to meddle, maybe, they would have taken the parson anyway if he'd kept on the road, and if they took him in John Bernt's house there was no difference, and it might stop the talk of hanging.

Elias smiled through his teeth. "You'd be wasting the rope," he said. "There's a bigger haul here than me."

"That's likely," said Creiger, speaking hard. "Who else would it be?"

Elias caught the parson's eye. It was staring at him the way a rabbit stares at a weasel. Elias stared back and then looked at Creiger again.

"It would be somebody you'd get more good out of than out of me," he said. "General Clinton in New York might think so, too."

Elias saw the quick greed in Adam Creiger's face. The word was that Clinton paid well for information.

"I'll trade," Elias said. "I'll trade with



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"Be sure to awaken me when we arrive. I may take a little nap"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

his affair. John Bernt had hit smack on it. Elias would have taken oath to that. The camp kitchens in the Jerseys were part of the trick, and they hitched up square with the parson's being sent with the letter through the Clove.

"Well, he'd best fool 'em," John Bernt said. "He'd best make 'em guess, and guess wrong. If he ain't sly he'll have Clinton ready and waiting for him, whichever he does."

And then Johanna put back the curtain from the door, her wedding dress of white-sprigged muslin falling softly around her like a cloud, and the talk stopped short.

None of them, not even Elias, had known she could look like that.

She came toward them shyly, her breasts rising and falling a little quicker and her lips a little parted, the red in them the color of young rose thorns in May. And Elias, going to her like a man drawn by a magnet, took her by the hand and led her forward, never moving his eyes from her face.

The still gleam of the candles made a glory about her hair as she and Elias stood up before the parson. The parson said the words of the marriage ceremony from memory, his deep voice sounding

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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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you on your promise, Adam Creiger. Let me go free and you'll get full measure and over."

Johanna was pressing forward, her two hands at her throat. Elias could feel her eyes fixed wonderingly on him, but there wasn't time to think of that.

"You can trade with me," he said, "or try to take me. If you try to take me, some of you will get hurt. You'd do better to trade."

Adam Creiger was a shrewd man for all his bulk, and shrewd men don't take any more chances than they have to. He considered Elias' shoulders, and the long rifle and ice-blue eyes. After a little he nodded, short.

"It's a trade. If you're not lying."

"I'm not lying," said Elias, and told them about the parson.

There was a dead silence while they searched him.

They took a Shorter Westminster Catechism and an English Reader from the parson's pockets, and then they unbuttoned his coat and fumbled inside it and found the general's letter.

Adam Creiger spelled it aloud to the others. It was addressed to a friend in Morristown and it mentioned that plans were in readiness for an attack against New York. It spoke of the camps already being laid out in the Jerseys, and of matters of men and supplies, and hoped the venture would be attended with success. When Creiger got that far he broke off his reading and stuffed the letter into his shirt and swore.

"By gad, you weren't lying, boy! We've laid hold of a prize!"

After that it wasn't any time at all until they were out the door with Parson Montanye between them, and their voices were dying away in the night down the Ramapo road. Elias moved to the door and stood, framed in it against the candlelight behind him, looking after them.

He heard Johanna's step in the room behind him and he turned around to her, his heart beginning to pound at the thought of having her near him. It took him a blink or two of his eyes to see that she'd reached over and got the rifle he'd rested against the overturned table. She was keeping it with the muzzle toward him, and she had pulled back the hammer and had her finger on the trigger.

ELIAS laughed to see her, not so as to hurt her, but gently, with a kind of contentment. He told her, "You won't need that for a while now." He looked at the rifle again and said, "You're a good wife, Johanna. You'll stand by a man."

She didn't move, and when he would have gone over to her she brought him up short. "I'm not standing by you. Not after this."

She held her head high and angry, with pride and shame blazing in her cheeks. "You're a coward. A bought coward. I want you to get out of our house."

John Bernt, behind her, gave a shrill, ugly cackle. "There's your patriot for you! Like all the rest! Save his own neck and to hell with the liberty talk!"

Elias stared from one to the other and shook his head. "It wasn't that. I couldn't tell you. I didn't have a chance to say anything."

"You said enough to sell them the letter," said Johanna. "Just as surely as— as Benedict Arnold was going to sell the Point. You're no better than he was."

"That's not right, Johanna. You know that's not right. The parson was—"

"I can tell what I see. Go down to the British and help them shoot colonists when they march to New York. You'll be welcome there."

"You can't talk like that, Johanna. I'm your husband."

"Not any more. I married a man with faith in something—in the thing my father was crippled for, in the thing we've

been fighting and praying for these years. I want you to go, Elias."

"Johanna, listen."

"Don't!"

She jerked the rifle higher, not letting him approach her.

Elias, gray and hard around the lips, swung sharp on his heel and strode out the door.

DURING the next two days word began to trickle into the Clove that General Washington's army was on the move.

The whole countryside was astir. The Cowboys kept out of sight and men came down the Ramapo road by twos and threes. They were grim, hard-bitten men trailing muskets or rifles in their fists, and some of them, knowing John Bernt, stopped by to wet their thirst and pass the time of day. It was pretty sure by now, they said, that it was to be New York, for the Tories had been boasting of knowing it, and the talk was spread all over the county that Clinton had pulled in his outposts from Kingsbridge and White Plains.

Johanna went about her housework dull and lifeless, her whole body numb with an ache that bit deeper into her with every night and morning. She even tried to hope, for a while at first, that she had been wrong somehow, that she had dreamed the part about Elias and the letter.

But by the end of the second day she knew there was no hoping. It had not been a dream, but had happened as she remembered it, along with her memory of Elias and how he used to look when he would talk of their being married—it seemed so long ago, now—and about freedom for the colonies.

By the third day the men stopped going through, and all day long no news came to Johanna and her father, and the Clove lay deserted and silent, like an old empty scabbard dropped among the hills. Bernt stayed beside his door and waited—they didn't know for what—and Johanna came out to sit by him. She stared straight ahead of her, her hands lying listless, palms up, in her lap.

An hour or two went by like that, but along toward the end of the afternoon, down where the road curled out of sight around a rock jut, there was a faint running rattle of musket fire. A single volley, a scattered shot or so, and then silence again.

Johanna got to her feet.

"The ragtails!" her father said, and cocked an ear to listen, but the silence held. "Somebody giving 'em Godspeed. Taste of what they'll get from Clinton."

Johanna said, "There wouldn't be fighting, not up here. . . . Not unless—"

"There'll be fighting. Plenty of it for all of 'em, before they get New York." The little man threw a swift glance at her. "Weren't figuring anything else, were you, girl?"

"No," said Johanna dully. "No, I wasn't figuring anything."

He rubbed the back of his hand under his chin from ear to ear and fidgeted restlessly, and Johanna knew he was as taut as she, in spite of his talk. She stood looking down the road for a long time, her back pressed against the round logs of the house as though each bullet from the musket volley had found its way into her body. Then she turned and went into the house, for she didn't want her father to see her cry. She had not cried before, not all these three days, but now there was nothing left except the sick, horrible sureness of what Elias had done. It was like a murder.

She was still in the house when she heard her father scream.

She ran out again and saw him sprawled on the ground, flailing his arms. Three men stood over him. Martin Owl was trying to pin him down, and Adam

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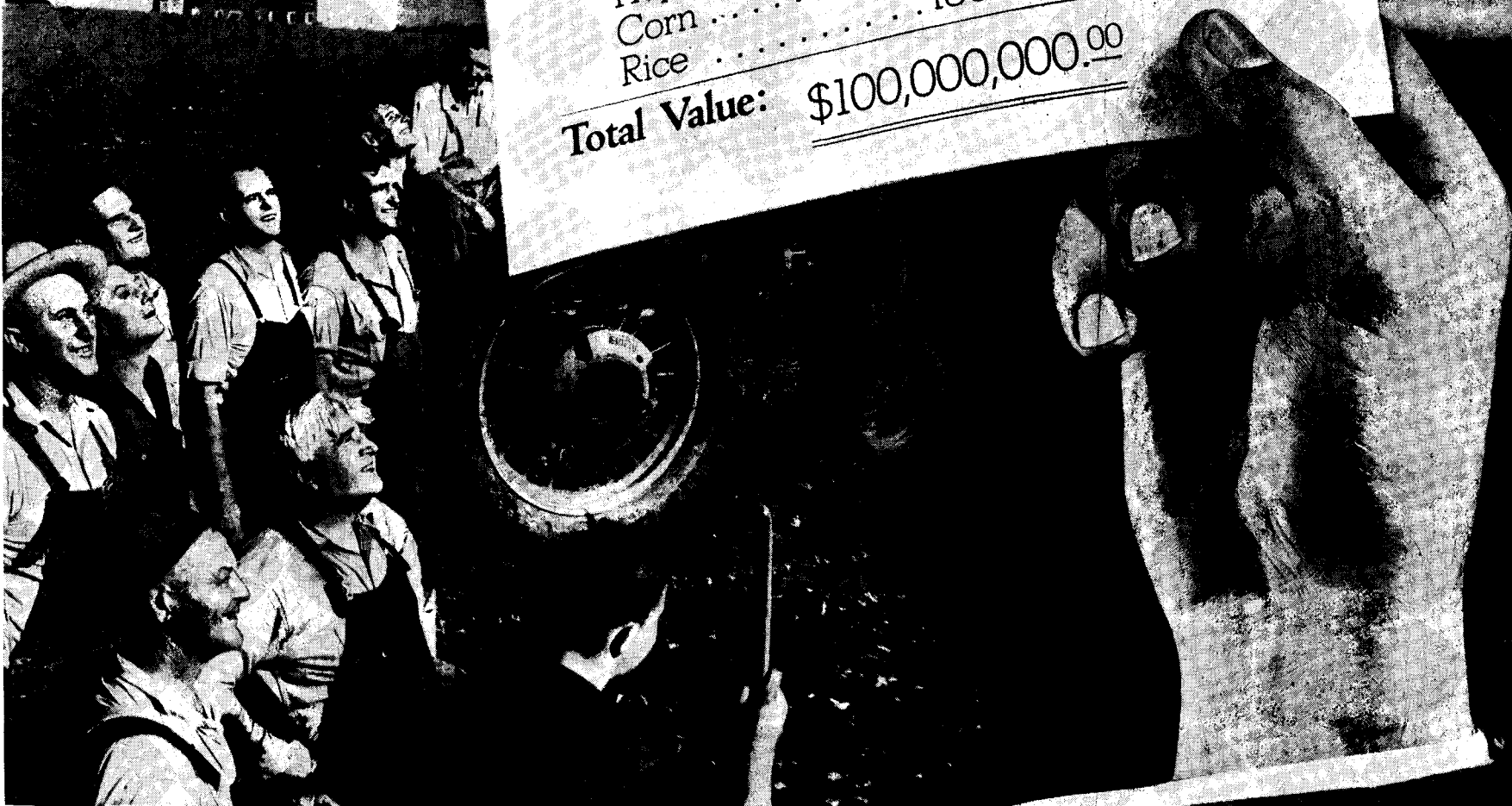
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Creiger and Eliphalet Matthews were watching with their guns.

Adam Creiger caught hold of Johanna as soon as she ran outside. She would have fought back, seeing things in their eyes that made her afraid of what they had come to do. But Adam Creiger kept his hold on her, and presently Martin Owl got her father by the belt and hoisted him upright, and Creiger reached over and slapped him across the face.

"You and your parson and your damned letter!"

Bernt strained away from him, the cords standing out on his wiry arms. "Drunk or mad, the lot of you! Leave us alone!"

"Why don't ye trade now, John Bernt? Trade with us and laugh."

"I never traded, as God is my judge! It was none of my doing!"

"With Washington halfway through the Jerseys on his way to Virginia, and Clinton waiting for him in New York and never raising a hand to stop him! That's what you and your parson are to be thanked for!"

In spite of the pain where Creiger's fingers bit into the flesh of her arm, a sudden wild gladness swept over Johanna to hear what Creiger was saying. It wasn't to be New York. That was what Elias had tried to tell her. It wasn't to be New York. He had known it, from Mr. Townsend most likely, and the letter was meant to be false. Elias had been right. Her mind said the words over and over. Elias had been right. He had done the only thing he could do, and she had sent him away from her on their wedding night.

She twisted away from Creiger's grip, thinking only of Elias, wanting to see him again, to go into his arms and beg forgiveness of him. She would make it up to him for misjudging him so, she would make it up to him a thousand times over, if the war ever finished, if ever they were alone together on the farm along the Walkill.

But the war was here, all around her now, with the farm along the Walkill something very far away, and her father was pleading with her, pinned against Martin Owl's chest:

"Johanna, tell 'em! Tell 'em we had no part in it!"

THEY were silent, waiting for her to speak. She said, "It's true. We didn't know about the parson's letter." She lifted her head, and there was a new kind of pride in the gesture. "The parson came to marry us, Elias and me. I am Elias' wife."

Her father cried out to stop her from saying that, but he was too late.

After a minute Creiger began to laugh, tilting back his head until she could see the whiskery lump working up and down in his heavy neck. "Married, and no bridegroom for the honeymoon. Well, don't cry about that, girl."

He caught at her again, and drew her around to him. She tried to pull away from him and her eyes went to her father and the other men, pleading for help. But her father was powerless to help her, and the others just stood laughing. There wasn't anything she could do to save herself. Creiger laughed some more and started to push his face down to her lips.

Then, while her mind whirled desperately, she remembered Elias' rifle. It was still inside the house where she had put it that night: loaded, by the side of the fireplace. The powder charge would still be dry, in the hot weather.

With a sharpness that took Adam Creiger by surprise she jerked back, freeing herself, and ran as fast as she could toward the house door. She could hear the pound of his feet behind her on the hard ground. She'd left the door standing open when she came out and she got to it before he could catch up

with her, but he was so close there wasn't time to shut it.

Adam Creiger saw her turn with the rifle, and he dodged smartly to one side. In another instant he had charged in at her, still swearing, and had her by the shoulder.

The rifle roared as he jerked at it.

The charge went off into the fireplace and the stock flew up and struck her on the side of the head. She swayed with the blow of it, and the ashes that billowed out of the fireplace strangled her in a coughing cloud. She wasn't conscious of anything after that except the roar of the rifle echoing out the door and down along the road. It went on echoing forever, not dying out the way it should, but getting louder and louder, with Elias' voice seeming to come from somewhere in the middle of it. She knew it couldn't be his voice, though, and the last thing she heard was a louder roar as the ashes rose up around her and choked out her senses.

WHEN at last she opened her eyes again she was lying in her own bed, and Elias was standing by it.

She didn't recognize him at first, for his face looked drawn and set, as if he had not slept. But when she knew for certain, she breathed a little sigh and let her head lie back relaxed on the pillow.

"It was you, then," she said.

He came and sat on the bed, beside her. "The militia company took Creiger and the others along with them. They're going into camp at New Windsor, at the head of the Clove. I stayed here."

She lay still, happy just to have him there, happy in the peace his being there gave her. She didn't try to think, much. There was enough merely in seeing him.

After a little he said, without looking at her, "We can go on to the farm tomorrow. I've talked with your father and we think it's best. You'll be safer farther north, both of you."

"Yes," she said. "Yes, we'll be safer, farther north."

There was a silence. Neither of them quite knew what words to use. It wasn't a time, really, for words. But presently Johanna stirred and said, "Is that the only reason for taking me? Because it will be safer?"

"There's another reason. If you want it that way."

She felt his fingers tighten along the edge of the bed. He was looking at her now, waiting for her to answer. She lifted her own fingers until they met his, and laid the warm tips of them on the hardness of his knuckles.

"I'd want it to be that other reason. I was wrong, Elias. I wanted you to come, so I could tell you."

She heard the drawing-in of his breath, but he did not move. He stayed as he was, with their fingers touching.

"General Heath's to stay here with half the army," Elias said. "To keep the highlands. General Washington's gone to where they've got Cornwallis bottled up in Virginia. A place called Yorktown. Mr. Townsend says with luck this will be the end. He's given me leave of a week."

He studied the candle unsteadily. "It will be a good day for journeying tomorrow, by the looks. The farm's not far."

Johanna tried to answer him but she could not. Suddenly she could not speak. She could only watch the beating of his heart beneath the smooth stretch of shirt across his chest, and the hot color that went up into his cheeks and into his forehead under the tan of his skin.

That was all she had time to see, for Elias, straightening all at once, drove the palm of his hand down against the wick of the candle with a strong, impatient movement, smothering it out before he took the one quick step back to her in the dark.

Rare Musical Bird

Continued from page 11

enter slowly, to let the applause build up. Stokowski is on the podium before you can bring your palms together, and he gives the players the signal to start almost before both his feet have landed. A big performance nearly came to grief once because of Stokowski's rapid-fire start. As the orchestra began to play, he opened the music in front of him and was horrified to discover the wrong score. He whispered instructions to a violinist in the front row, and continued to conduct. The fiddler plowed through the aisle of players, stumbled up to Stokowski's dressing room, tore through the orchestra again, turning pages furiously, and laid the score on Stokowski's desk. Stokowski gave no hint of being perturbed. Later he called the fiddler to his dressing room, shook his hand gravely and said, "You saved the performance."

Stokowski behaves as if waste of time or energy were a cardinal sin. At rehearsals, for example, he works only on essentials, but intensely. If the men rehearse the full two and a half hours, they feel, they say, as if they had been digging ditches from 8 to 5. He does not hesitate to knock off ahead of time, whereas some conductors keep going over and over a passage, as if they were dealing with a bunch of amateurs, instead of a crack professional orchestra.

How to Treat Good Music

At one time Stokowski cut down his use of energy by devising a traffic-light system. The assistant conductor rehearsed the orchestra, while Stokowski sat in the rear of the auditorium, making notes and operating a series of buttons connected with the conductor's desk. A red light was a signal to slow the men down, a green light meant faster, and there was a stop signal for a pause.

Stokowski's concern with the conservation of time and energy does not mean that he lets himself or his men off easily. He does not take for granted music that he has been conducting for more than thirty years in Cincinnati, Philadelphia, New York and points south, north and west. There was the time when the Philadelphia Orchestra was rehearsing Schubert's Unfinished Symphony. They could play it by heart and maybe, on a bet, backward. But Stokowski felt that one of the loveliest melodies was being treated too casually by the violins, as if they were looking

at a beautiful woman for the hundredth time and not really seeing her.

Stokowski stopped the men. He pointed to the first violinist. "You," he said, "play that melody."

The first violinist did.

Stokowski shook his head. "Too brilliant."

He motioned to another fiddler, then criticized his playing of the melody. Every one of the thirty-six violinists was ordered to play the tune alone; for each there was a criticism.

The simple melody was not played indifferently again. That is one of the secrets of Stokowski's power; he knows how to make each problem concrete and dramatic, and he has a sharp eye for detail. He was riding along, hatless and shirt open at the throat, in a friend's new open roadster one day, commenting on the number and bright hues of the gadgets on the dashboard. A car full of young women came up and, since it was a broad road, drove parallel to the roadster. Stokowski seemed not to notice the neighboring car but kept studying the instrument panel.

"See the girl at the rear right?" he said to his surprised companion, who wasn't sure that Stokowski had observed any of the girls. "Her hair is the color of the knob marked 'Throttle'."

Stokowski is a confirmed enemy of stale tradition. He urges his instrumentalists to remember that music must be meaningful to them and their audiences. He tells them—in rehearsal, of course—that music is not a dull, academic affair, but that it represents things as vibrant as a mountain peak covered with snow, a young girl's first love, a brilliant sunset, the embrace of a man and a maid. One season he advised the men to take vacations abroad, not to listen to music but to look at paintings by Watteau and Fragonard at the Louvre, to read novels, plays and poems of the time, to visit in the old cities where the men who wrote great music lived. He himself had made many such voyages of discovery.

Vitality and individuality are Stokowski's watchwords. He outlawed the unanimous bowings common to orchestras, which make the fiddlers move their bows with the precision of the Radio City Music Hall Rockettes. He said that the bowings were a distraction to the eye. When a young fellow played a passage in a certain way, Stokowski glared and asked why. When the young fellow said, "I felt it like that," Stokowski

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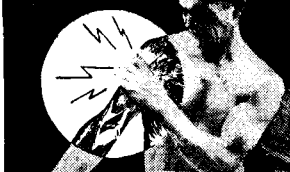
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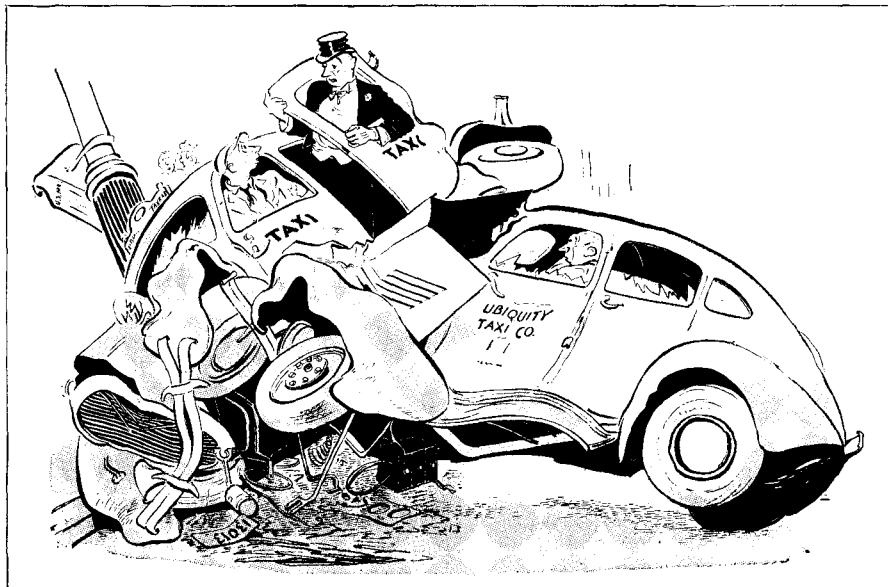


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replied, "That's the only excuse." When one of his protégés, Jan Savitt, left the orchestra and became the leader of a jazz band because he wanted to express his own feelings toward music, he went with Stokie's blessing.

Stokowski is interested in originality, whether it be in serious music or in swing. Years ago he told the men of his orchestra that there were remarkable virtuosos of the trombone, clarinet and trumpet in jazz—fellows who played with more individuality than most symphonic musicians. "If you want to know what I mean, go and hear a trombone player I heard the other day," he said, referring to a chap who was then relatively unknown. "His name is Tommy Dorsey."

Stokie is progressive in his music and in his private life. In music he has changed the conventional way of seating the orchestra. He has pioneered with recordings. He has welcomed radio and has not turned up his nose in high-brow disdain at commercially sponsored broadcasts. He has made himself an expert in the science of acoustics, and he has tried out new electrical instruments. He plays new music, and he has always hired young fellows for his orchestra. Some of them, like Jacques Singer in Dallas, have gone on, with Stokie's recommendation, to become conductors of their own orchestras.

A Born Experimenter

A friend once said of him, with some exaggeration. "One week Stokie is a Confucianist, the next week a Buddhist and the third an early Christian." The experiments with new ideas and philosophies in his private life may lead him to contradictions, but that does not worry him. Anyhow, there is consistency in his open-mindedness. For a time he ate only vegetables, and even his bread was made of some vegetable compound. Later he about-faced and his diet leaned heavily on meat.

Stokie's hours are remarkably regular. Whatever the diet, he always eats moderately. Before a concert he lies down in his dressing room for some minutes of absolute relaxation. After a concert he has a masseur rub him down. He does setting-up drills in the morning.

At the age of 57 he retains the tall, slender figure that made him look like a young romantic poet when he came to this country to become organist at

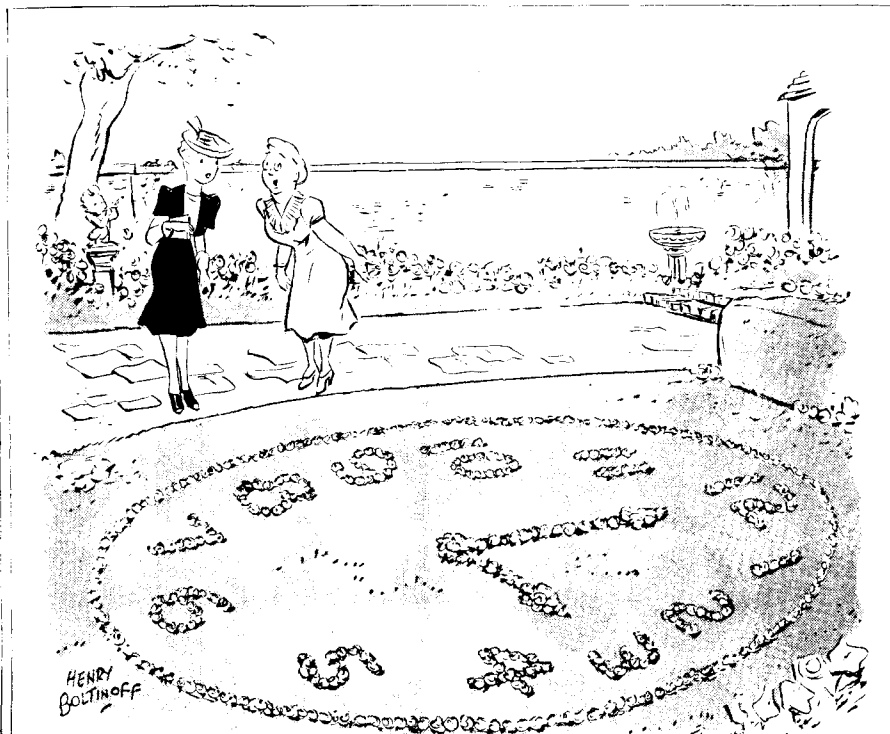
fashionable St. Bartholomew's Church in New York City in 1905.

Stokowski wishes his audiences to respect great music as he does. That is why he has talked to his listeners at concerts. He has chided them for making noises during the music, and he has praised them for hissing a new work, on the ground that the bird was better than apathy.

One of Stokowski's pervading ambitions is to bring good music to everybody. He is happy that he lives in an age when the phonograph, radio and movies have made it possible to reach the vast majority of Americans. He talks with immense persuasiveness about the possibilities of music. His enthusiasm was sufficiently catching to cause Walt Disney to change a plan for a short into a project for a full-length feature. Disney engaged Stokowski to conduct the orchestra for the sound track of a short on The Sorcerer's Apprentice. But Disney and Stokowski are now making what they call, for the time being, Concert Feature. It will contain at least seven compositions besides The Sorcerer's Apprentice, and will be shown alone, like Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. And Stokie is not merely the musical director, but is helping with ideas for animation.

He responds to simplicity. When he saw the opulent set that was meant to be his home in 100 Men and a Girl, he objected violently. He said he never lived in such a joint and never would. He gave in when the director insisted that the set was necessary for photographic effect.

His humor is inclined to be quiet and subtle, but it bears the stamp "Made in America." When the Philadelphia Orchestra was on tour, the train stopped early in the morning for a few minutes. Most of the musicians were still snoring cozily in their berths. One instrumentalist happened to be up and dressed, and hopped out onto the platform for the morning air. He saw Stokie there, chipper as a fourteen-year-old on the first day of spring. The august conductor was pumping his right arm in a windup, like Dizzy Dean, and throwing an imaginary ball. The young musician set himself for the imaginary pitch, made an imaginary catch and flipped the non-existent ball back to Stokie. The conductor received expertly, dropped the imaginary ball into his pocket, winked at the young musician and strolled down the platform.



"It's decorative, but doesn't go, of course"

HENRY BOLTINOFF

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IODENT
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NO. 1 FOR TEETH EASY TO BRYTEN NO. 2 FOR TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN

Pioneer Lady

Continued from page 19

He wanted to see Ivy again. She *might* be the one. . . .

The last time . . . a month ago . . . Ivy had let him talk to her about himself. She didn't laugh when he said he was going to make apricots his lifework. She was little and soft and gentle, with big eyes. Pete could imagine her on the ranch. She wasn't like the others. . . .

Ivy looked like her name . . . like a girl who'd stick.

Natalie Chadwick's driveway was clogged with cars. Pete left the dusty little roadster between a Rolls and a Hispana-Suiza that looked like a stripped pipe organ. Apparently, the party was on. And, apparently, Natalie had changed her mind . . . it wasn't dinner . . . it was a snatch-as-snatch-can buffet and dancing. A merry little evening for two hundred guests.

Natalie was tangoing with a fat boy. She waggled her fingers at Pete. Her nails were long as a mandarin's, crimson-tipped. . . . If there was anything on earth Pete hated it was long red fingernails.

"Ivy's in the library," Natalie called over the fat boy's shoulder.

"Thanks," Pete said.

NATALIE was the trouble with the girls in this town. . . . They followed her like sheep, tried to be like her. . . . Natalie this . . . Natalie that. . . . Her polo ponies. Her fast plane. Her clothes. Her parties.

Pete eyed her bitterly.

If it weren't for girls like her, there'd be more happy marriages. She capitalized her arrogance, her beauty, her money. The newspapers called her a glamor girl. Well, the public could have her . . . her mane of black hair, her painted mouth, her crazy clothes . . . Pete didn't want her.

He found Ivy. And when she saw him, something happened . . . her eyes accepted him . . . he knew she had been thinking of him. . . . He went straight to her and brushed her partner aside and took her into his arms.

"Hello, Ivy."

"Hello, Pete."

"You didn't forget?"

"No."

She melted against him, the way girls do when they want to be held. . . . Her feet followed his, instinctively. Her body, yielding and flexible, obeyed every signal. Her hair, flaxen, fine as silk, touched his chin.

They danced through the French windows out onto the terrace and then, with one accord, ran down the stone steps into the flickering star-darkness of the garden. And Pete kissed her.

He had forgotten how hungry he was, how alone, how deprived. But even in the glorious excitement of the moment he thought: "I've got to be honest with her . . . I've got to tell her. It wouldn't be fair to catch her first and tell her later."

Cuddled against the white armor of his shirt front, Ivy whispered:

"That was wonderful, Pete. I guess I'm going to marry you."

"Little sweetheart. You'll love the ranch."

"Where is it, Pete?"

He told her. All about the wide slopes of chaparral, the stream of melted snow water that tumbled down through the canyon into a pool deep enough for high diving. The cool shade of the old live oaks, even in midsummer.

"It's a garden of Eden, sweetheart."

"How far is it," Ivy wanted to know, "from here?"

"Forty—fifty miles."

"Are we . . . going to live there?"

"All our lives."

He took her hands . . . incredibly, unbelievably small hands. And, thank God, her nails were short and pink.

"Yippy!" Pete shouted.

"What on *earth's* the matter?"

"I'll bet you're a good cook."

"I'm a terrible cook," Ivy insisted.

"But we can dine out rather often, can't we? Natalie says . . ."

She paused and sighed.

"Natalie says *what*?"

"You know how she is . . . she says any girl who marries you will be bushed."

Ivy caught her breath sharply.

"That's not true, is it, Pete? We'll be able to . . . to go places . . . have fun. . . . After all, darling, I'm young, and I'm pretty. . . ."

"I suppose you are," Pete said grimly. He held her hands tightly between his own. "Look here," he went on quickly. "I'll try to make you happy. But if you think you can't live on a ranch, you'd better say so now, before it's too late."

Ivy held her eyes on his face.

"Oh, Pete, you're so good-looking . . . I wish . . . Maybe I could drive over tomorrow and see the ranch . . . ?"

"That's a cinch. I'll call for you in the morning. We'll spend the day. Alone. You'll hear the silence. You'll smell all those sweet country smells. I'll kiss you ten thousand times."

"Oh, Pete!"

Ivy looked a little frightened. The pupils of her eyes were dilated and her breath came fast and shallow.

"Let's dance," she said. "It's sort of . . . safer . . . isn't it?"

The big Italian drawing room, with its sixteenth-century portraits and silver lamps and wine-colored velvets, was crowded to suffocation. A swing band from Hollywood gave out hot licks to Begin the Beguine. Ivy slipped into Pete's arms. But not for long. Harvey Paine tapped out "Gimme" in the dancer's Morse code, and Pete surrendered her with a groan.

"Dance with Natalie!" Ivy signaled. "Your hostess!"

Of course. His hostess! He must.

He made his way across the room to the hall and touched Erny Lisle on the shoulder. Erny surrendered, and Pete felt Natalie flow against him.

"Hello, Columbus," she said. "I'll consider you've done your duty. Just lead me over to the stag line and somebody'll put you out of your misery."

"What's the big idea?" Pete demanded coldly, "telling Ivy she'd be bushed if she married me?"

HE FELT the tension of Natalie's muscles and the momentary dig of her long red fingernails into the back of his hand.

"I suppose it *wasn't* any business of mine," she said. "But what's the big idea of trying to turn a girl like Ivy into a pioneer wife?"

"Leave that to me," Pete said. "Please."

He met the level darkness of her eyes.

"Okay," she said. "I will. . . . Hello, Erny; we meet again!"

Erny swept her away.

Just before midnight, Ivy said she was sleepy. She yawned like a kitten, showing two rows of perfect, small, white teeth.

"Take me to Natalie," she commanded, "and we'll both say good night."

Natalie was in the bar, surrounded by stags . . . a black and white phalanx. . . .

"Have a champagne cocktail," she

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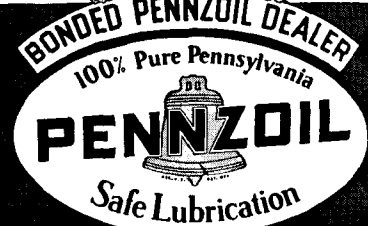
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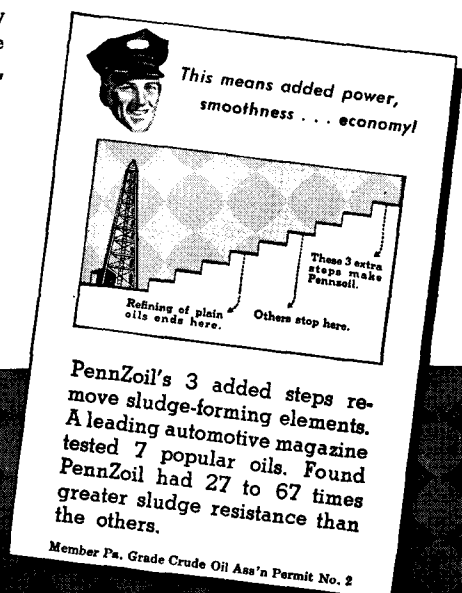
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said. "I'm tired of dancing. How about a swim? The pool's marvelous at night."

"Thank you," Ivy said sweetly, "but I'm getting up early tomorrow, to drive over to Pete's ranch."

"In his car?" Natalie cried.

"In my car, yes," Pete said grimly.

"Have you seen it? No top. No tires. No brakes. . . . I'll fly you over after lunch and set you down in Pete's bean field. You won't lose a hairpin."

Suddenly she turned to Pete, all sweetness and ingratiation.

"I was a louse, Pete," she said, "to try to scare Ivy off. I'm sorry. I'll deliver her, safe and sound . . . then maybe you'll forgive me?"

PETE was home, as he had promised Eric, before dawn. The big brown dog leaped from the porch and knocked Pete down. They rolled in ecstatic reunion all over the okra.

"Listen, Eric," Pete gasped, sitting on the Doberman at last. "I found a girl tonight. She's coming here to live. A frau, Eric! Get it? Here!"

Early in the afternoon, above the drone of the tractor, he heard the staccato exhaust of a plane and saw a shadow undulate swiftly across the clearing. . . . Squinting into the sun, his hand over his eyes, Pete watched Natalie's neat little cabin monoplane circling overhead. It wasn't the first time Natalie Chadwick had flown over the range into the valley. Always, Pete hated her easy desecration of the wilderness. . . .

If Ivy came, he could forgive the intrusion . . . otherwise . . . He shut off the tractor and started across the fields toward the house.

Natalie's ship was in a flat glide, banking for the approach. The sun glinted along the polished sides of the ship. She cleared the fence by the height of her landing gear, and bounced swiftly down the rows of beans toward the house. . . .

When Pete got there, Natalie, a cigarette between the scarlet of her painted lips, was talking to Eric, while Ivy, in a big hat, stood in front of the shack, surveying it dismally. . . .

"Hello, Pete!" Ivy said. She made a little gesture. Her lips trembled. "Is this . . . the house?"

"Yep," Pete said. He nodded to Natalie. "Howdy."

"I like your dog," Natalie said. "What's his name?"

"Eric von Stroheim."

He turned to Ivy and put his arm through hers. "Why," he said, "there are two rooms in that house, sweetheart! It's a palace. . . . I'll add to it some day, of course."

"Some day?"

"Clearing and planting come first."

He thought desperately that if only he had Ivy alone, he could talk to her, explain things, stir up some of last night's magic.

But Natalie wouldn't leave them. She followed them through the house and through the orchard and up to the barn. Lighting one cigarette from another, asking foolish questions, making the whole place look like a dump. Pete wanted to sock her.

When Pete showed them the precious creek, Ivy said:

"Do you drink it? It's full of water bugs!"

"So it is," Pete said. "I hadn't noticed."

To him, it had always been a crystal-clear stream, a voice in the silence.

He led the way to the canyon, his canyon, with its misty-gray arches of live oak and lacy stalactites of Spanish moss. Ivy shivered.

"It's creepy, isn't it?"

Natalie tossed down a lighted cigarette and Pete stamped it out, grinding the tip savagely into the earth.

"No smoking here!"

He wanted to take Ivy up on the mountainside to show her the cave with the Indian paintings. But Ivy said please no, not today, she had on high heels and, besides, look at the poison oak. . . .

And so Pete gave up.

On the way down the trail, Eric walked beside Natalie, pretending he was in the Englischer Garten. He liked Natalie's looks. Immaculate. Perfumed. Chic. The sort of woman that officers on parade turn to stare at.

"If you'll wait a few minutes," Pete said desperately, "I'll make you a cup of tea."

But Natalie glanced at her wrist and shook her head.

"We'd better take off, if we're going to make Goleta airport before dark."

They went toward the plane.

"Well," Pete said, "how do you like the place, Ivy?"

"Oh, Pete," Ivy said.

Her eyes were full of tears.

"I'm so sorry . . . but I couldn't . . ."

"That's okay," Pete interrupted. He felt a little sick. As if he might faint or something. He knew, abruptly, how terribly he had wanted her to like it. He gave her a hand into the cabin and she leaned down to him, the tears splashing over and tangling, like drops of quicksilver, in her lashes.

"I'm sure," she said. "Father could get you a job in San Francisco. . . . He owns a lot of hotels up there. . . ."

"Thanks," Pete said. "No."

Natalie warmed up the motor.

"Your field's too short," she yelled.

"It's a bean field," Pete retorted, "not an airport!"

She couldn't hear him. He saw the flash of her smile. Then he grabbed Eric's collar as the plane taxied down the field crushing the young limas . . . his limas! At the far end, she swung the tail of the ship around. Pete went back to the house and watched from the doorway. The motor of the little monoplane roared. Pete could see it leap forward.

THINGS happen fast in flying. The plane had covered two thirds the length of the field, when Pete caught the jamb of the doorway in anxiety.

The bean field sloped uphill toward the house. The soil, finely pulverized, dragged at the wheels. The wind, which had been brisk a moment before, suddenly failed.

The ship had its tail up. Now it was off. She cleared the fence. They were so near Pete could see the set, white pre-occupation of Natalie's face.

For an instant, Pete thought she'd make it. Then the wind puffed down the canyon . . . a sharp gust up over the house . . . the ship mushed heavily. . . .

Only then, Pete realized . . . he was trapped.

The plane plunged at the shack; its landing gear struck out, taut as the talons of a chicken hawk. Pete cringed, braced himself . . . then like the judgment day came the impact.

Out of oblivion he became conscious of hearing himself called by name: "Pete! Pete!" Someone was drawing nails, tossing lumber . . . smashing things. . . .

"Pete," came the agonized voice again. "Pete! Answer me!"

Natalie.

Consciousness returned like the jerking up of a Venetian blind, letting in the facts. The plane had plunged into the house. He was at the bottom of the pile. Obviously. He managed to groan.

"Oh, thank God," Natalie said, from somewhere.

"How about you?"

"I'm all right. Ivy bumped her head. I'll dig you out as fast as I can. . . ."

"Cheerio," Pete said.

He tried to move. He couldn't move anything. To breathe at all he had to lift

an enormous weight. He couldn't see. And this frightened him.

"Natalie! I can't see!"

Natalie laughed.

"Of course you can't. It's dark. Has been for an hour. But I can't light a fire. There's gasoline all over the place."

Pete sniffed. He realized that he had smelled gasoline all along but that he hadn't bothered to add it up.

"Good girl," he thought, "she cut the motor."

There was an interminable racket, then, of shingles being torn off and tossed down. Claustrophobia gripped Pete.

"Can't you get me out of here? I'm suffocating. . . ."

"I'm hurrying all I can," Natalie gasped. "I've got to tear off the shingles . . . to get at the furring strips. One whole wall and the roof are folded over you. . . ."

"Think you could get the flivver started?" Pete said with difficulty. "The battery's low, but maybe it'll kick over. Then you could drive up and have a light. . . ."

THERE was a silence. She was gone. Pete could hear the labored beating of his own heart. And Ivy, somewhere, whimpering. Bumped her head. . . . He supposed he ought to be sorry, but for some reason he wasn't. Then he heard the familiar crescendo of the roadster, roaring down from the barn. A glint of light struck through and Pete could see the grain of the floor pressed tight against his face.

"Atta girl!" he shouted.

Ounce by ounce, the weight lessened. Natalie worked on the furring strips, prying them off . . . with what? Perhaps the broken end of a two-by-four.

"There's a wrecking bar in the lean-to," he said finally, summoning his strength to make her hear.

She got it, and the howl of drawn nails increased, rose to a piercing screech.

"This is swell," Natalie panted. "Any minute now, Pete. Lie still and count sheep."

But it was a full half-hour later when she cried:

"Quick, Pete, get out! I'll take the weight!"

And Pete crawled out, lifting himself stiffly through the wreckage, while Eric licked his ears.

He didn't laugh when he saw Natalie's grimy, dust-streaked face. Her torn stockings. Her tangled hair.

"Got a cigarette?" she said.

Pete gave her one. His hands shook, but he managed to strike a match. And he saw, in the sudden glare, that Natalie's fingernails weren't long any more. They were broken and torn to the quick. The enamel was chipped, scratched, gone. . . . The crimson was blood. . . .

"I thought I'd killed the last pioneer," she said, her teeth chattering. And suddenly she began to cry and to laugh. "Do you mind if I lean on you? My knees . . ."

He caught her. Just in time. She put her head against him and sighed deeply.

"You haven't fainted, have you?"

She shook her head.

"I just wanted you to hold me like this . . . Pete . . . would I do? Here on the ranch?"

"I thought you hated ranching. . . ."

She lifted her head and looked at him.

"I didn't want *her* to get you, did I?"

Ivy was in the roadster, tooting impatiently.

"Your dog likes me," Natalie said. "If you'll let me stay, I'll give my money away . . . I'll wear a Mother Hubbard and a sunbonnet . . . Oh, Pete, I'm a swell cook and I love you. . . ."

"Here goes," Pete said.

He kissed her. Very gently and softly and kindly for a long time, and then fiercely and proudly and gladly because he loved her, too. . . . She was a pioneer and a lady. She'd do.



"WE HAVE A grand time!" says Father—and Mother and the youngsters agree! For this jolly family knows the secret of starting every day right. For breakfast, they have the most delightfully crisp and delicious cereal you ever tasted—Post's 40% Bran Flakes. And Post's Bran Flakes help to keep them feeling shipshape, too!

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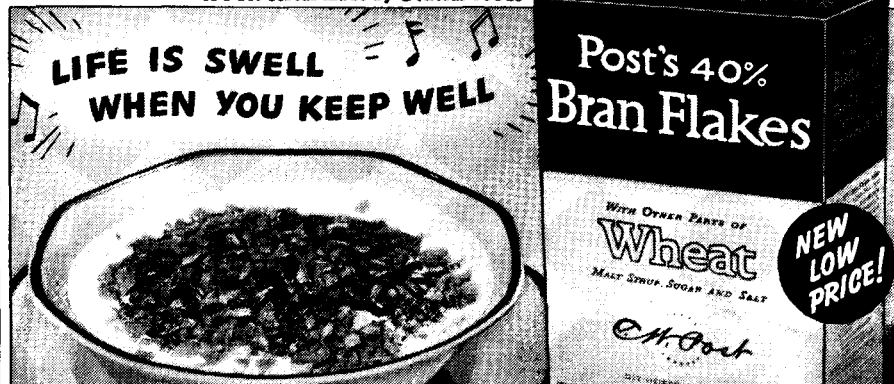
THE SECOND BENEFIT, for youngsters especially, is very valuable: Post's Bran Flakes are a good cereal source of phosphorus, iron, Vitamin B₁ to help maintain good appetite, and Vitamin G to help promote growth and vigor. And how Tommy and Betty go for the *bran muffins* Mother makes with Post's Bran Flakes, too! (The recipe's right on the package.)



BACK IN DECEMBER Mother discovered Post's Bran Flakes, and since then she's been serving them every day, as a cereal or in muffins. "And those TWO EXTRA BENEFITS," she says,

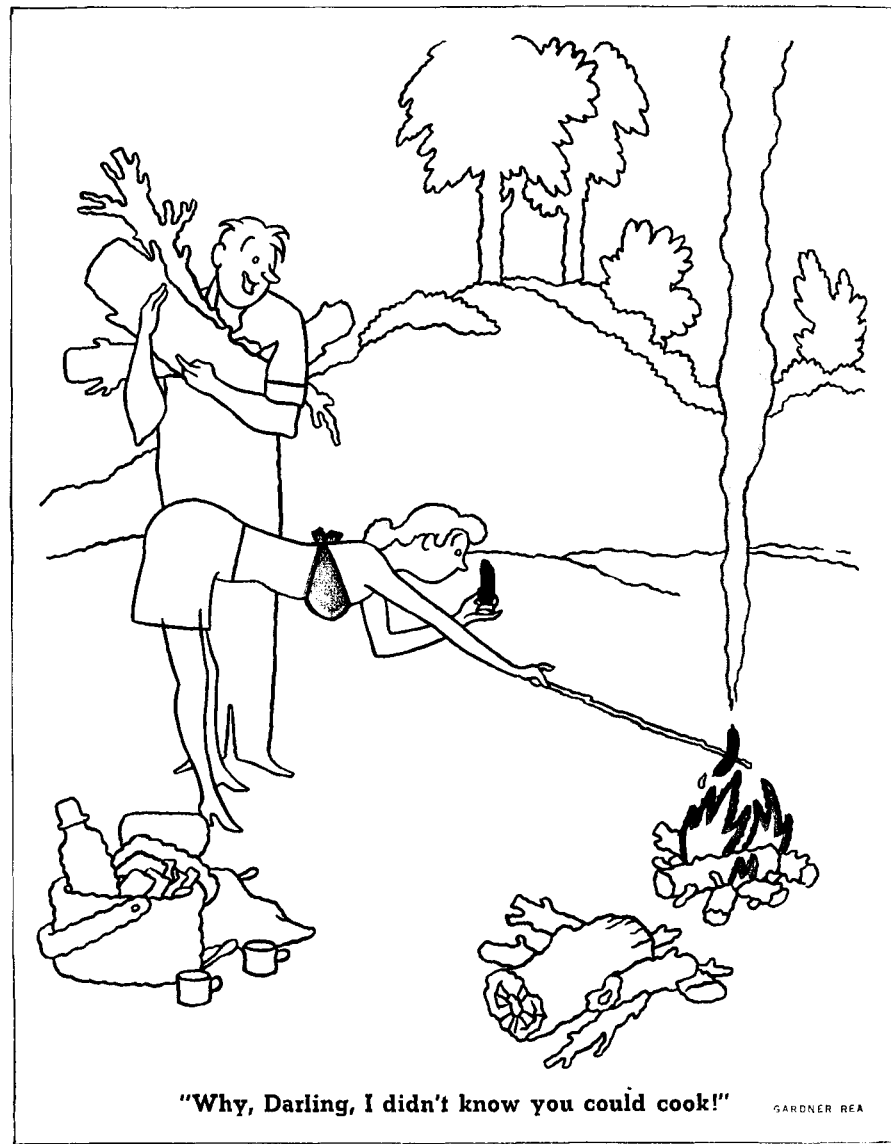
"seem to have made a lot of difference in our family's well-being!" P. S. Your grocer now has Post's Bran Flakes at a *new low price*.

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"Why, Darling, I didn't know you could cook!"

GARDNER REA

The CCC— Indispensable?

IT'S just as well to hesitate a long time before you call any person or any human institution indispensable. We're inclined to doubt that such a compliment ever is deserved.

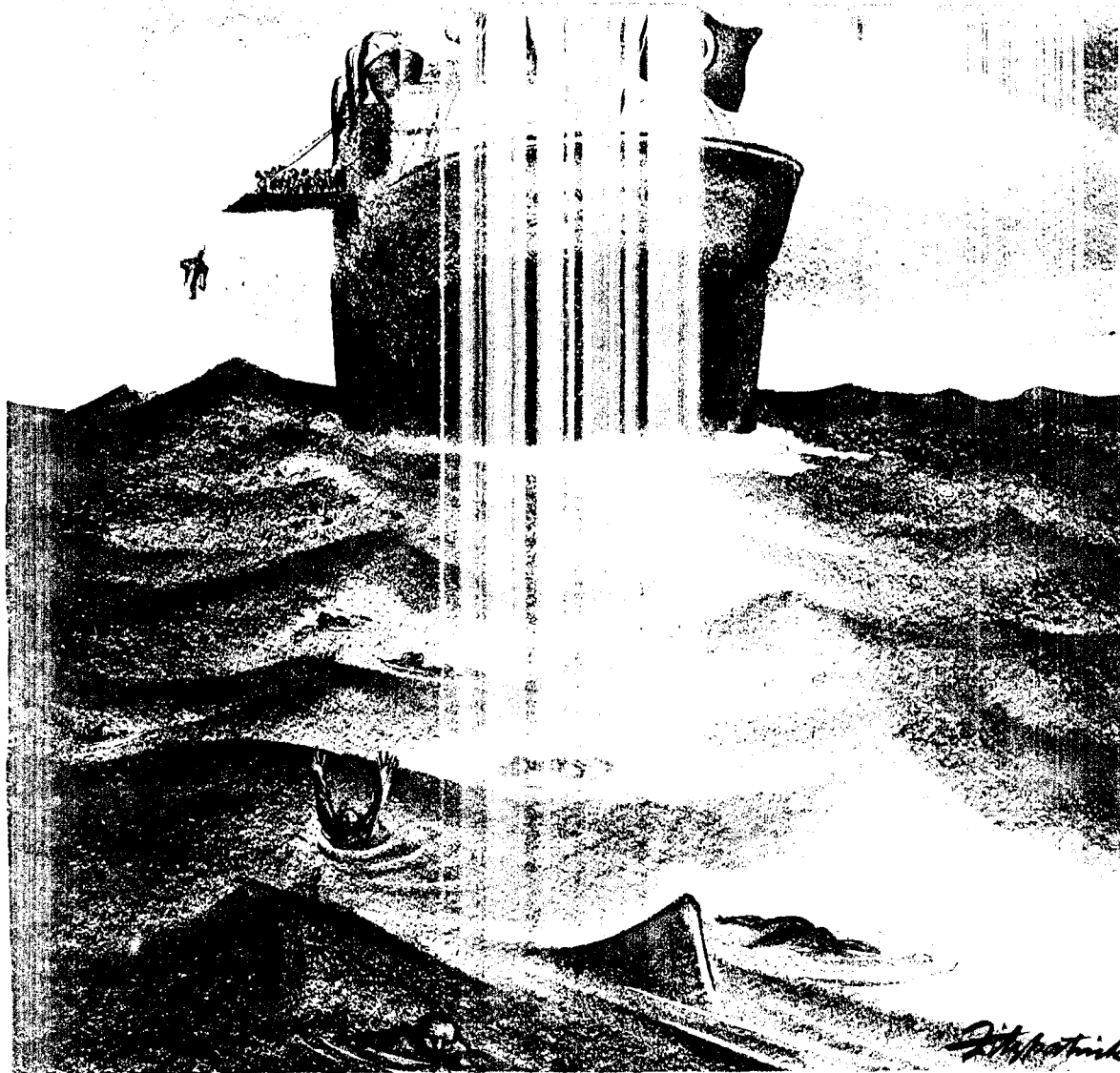
But in the case of the Civilian Conservation Corps—CCC—we're almost persuaded. We feel that way on account of CCC Director Robert Fechner's recent detailed report covering the CCC's first six years' work. Here are the high lights:

1,741,000,000 trees planted . . .
104,000 miles of truck trails or minor roads built . . . 71,692 miles of telephone lines strung . . . 45,000 buildings put up . . . 40,000 bridges . . .
5,000,000 flood-control check dams and other types of dams installed . . .
16,000,000 rods of fence constructed . . .
20,084 springs, wells, water holes and small reservoirs developed . . .
fire hazards reduced on about 2,000,000 acres of land . . . soil-conservation work of various kinds performed under Federal Soil Conservation Service supervision on 13,000,000 acres of farm and grazing lands . . .
help to farmers all over the country in gully control, terrace construction, tree planting and other kinds of soil-binding work.

These figures—we see no point in making restrained, dignified remarks about them—are colossal, stupendous, sensational: a splendid record of conservation and improvement of the land that supports us all, whether we realize it or not.

It was work that had to be begun on a nationwide scale larger than anything previously attempted if our basic natural resources weren't to be leeched away under our feet. It is work that has to be kept up. The CCC is the one New Deal mechanism to which we have never heard an objection that sounded sensible.

Add to all this the facts that the CCC has saved 2,500,000 young Americans from the worst corruptions of the Great Depression, and that it has nicked more than \$500,000,000 out of their pay to send to their families—and we have a notion you'll agree that the CCC comes as near to being indispensable to the welfare of the United States as anything we've ever tried.



"Flotsam"

ERICH MARIA REMARQUE'S novel, *Flotsam*, now running serially in Collier's, seems to us as exciting, poignant and significant a novel as we have published in some time. We're glad to have been able to bring to Collier's readers this latest product of the distinguished author of *All Quiet on the Western Front*, glad the readers approve as heartily as the fan mail indicates.

A couple of comments on this book seem in order here:

For one—we'll have to differ with those who see *Flotsam* as a preachment against German Nazism alone. The same kind of novel could be written about people in disfavor with the government of any other totalitarian country—Italy, Russia, Spain, and, to almost the same extent, Greece, Poland, Rumania.

Just change the hero, for example, to a hounded two-cow peasant, a Socialist or a Trotskyite, and shift the scenery from Germany and Austria to Russia, and you'd have a story as true about Bolshevik Russia as *Flotsam* is true about Nazi Germany. You wouldn't have to change a single major incident.

So if *Flotsam* is propaganda at all, it is propaganda against any and all forms of dictatorship. Dictatorship necessarily means that those the government doesn't like, for whatever reasons, are out of luck—pushed around, robbed, jailed, killed.

The other comment we'd like to make on *Flotsam* is keyed to this question: Why did the horrors depicted in this book come to pass at all?

We think the answer can be traced back to the World War. Rather, the answer IS the war.

The war was going to settle a lot of things—minority and boundary stresses, tyrannies overdue at the chopping block, leftovers and hang-overs from the Middle Ages and the Napoleonic wars, and so on. What the war did was to ravage Europe and stimulate European birth rates. Also, it piled up huge debts and blasted huge reservoirs of wealth.

Is it any wonder that Europe, for twenty-one years come November 11th, has resembled an overcrowded and undergrassed wilderness, with all the animals fighting for existence and the strong inevitably trampling on the rights of the weak?

If the war hadn't happened, most of Europe's prewar problems could most likely have been worked out calmly—because the people would have had enough to live on in reasonable comfort while working away toward solution of those problems.

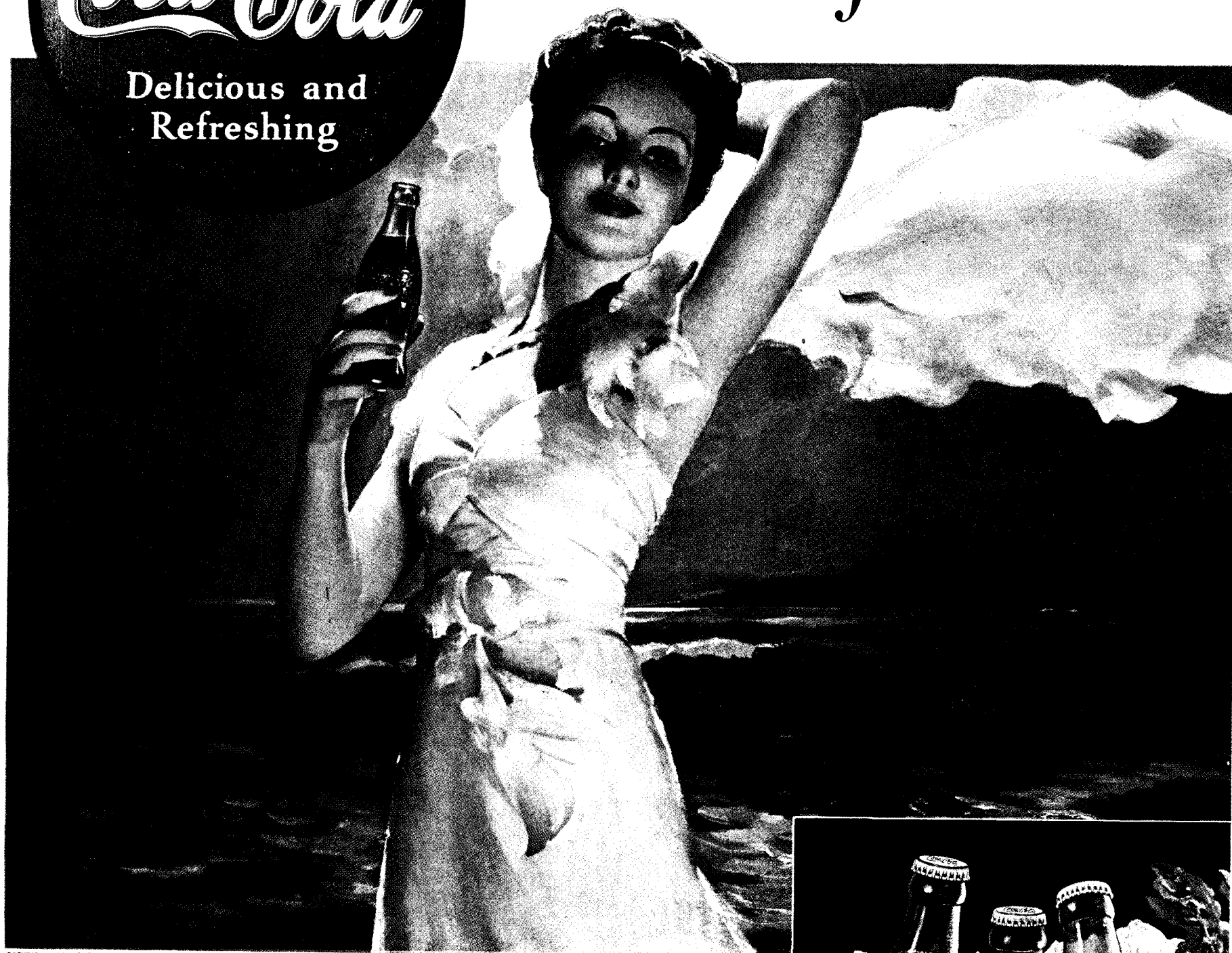
Now it looks as if Europe will be squabbling and squirming, if not actually blowing more people and houses and iron and money to the jackals, throughout all the human lives now in being on the earth.

There are those who think that another war—a real, bang-up war this time, with the United States jumping into it at the start instead of later on—would settle the problems, the dilemmas, the ideological conflicts and the plain scarcity or maldistribution of things to eat and things to wear that we inherited from the last great war.

In our opinion, such a war would only furnish the raw material for aftermath novels that would make *Flotsam* look like the old-time inspirational, sweetness-and-light stories that magazines used to publish back about 1910.



The pause that refreshes



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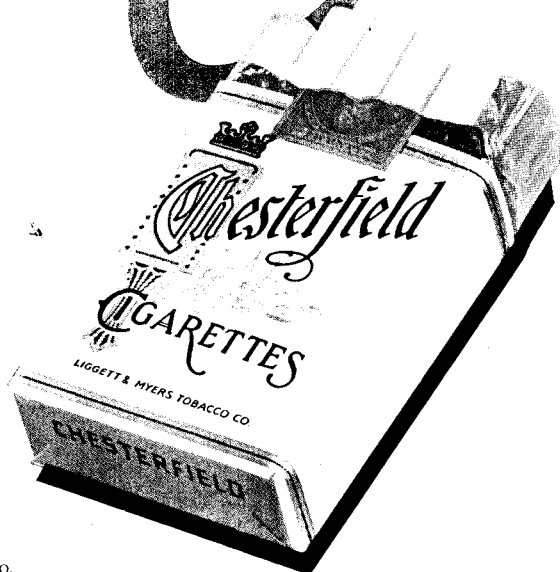


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